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Gulielmus Drummond.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

OF HAWTHORNDEN.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

OF HAWTHORNDEN.

53701

EDITED BY

WILLIAM B. TURNBULL.

9x819

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.
1856.

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Dru/Poe
53701

TUCKER AND CO., PRINTERS,
PERRY'S PLACE, OXFORD STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

FEW materials exist for a Life of WILLIAM DRUMMOND; and with the little that is known the public has long been familiar, both by the biography prefixed to the folio edition of his works by Bishop Sage, and the more recent, yet scarcely more novel sketches that have from time to time appeared in the various compilations devoted to the memories of our more distinguished countrymen. What little else can be derived from his autograph *Adversaria*, preserved in the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, has been carefully culled by the minute accuracy of Mr. Laing, illustrative of his extracts from them in the Transactions of that body, subsequently referred to. From the like source the same gentleman has, with equal felicity, prepared for the Shakespeare Society that very interesting volume of the series of its publications which records the Conversations of our poet with his friend and admirer—Benjamin Jonson.

Descended lineally from one of the most ancient families in Scotland, of which the elder branch had been matrimonially linked with the throne of that kingdom, the father of the poet is found, very naturally, the possessor of wealth and honour flowing from the Crown. The second son of Sir Robert Drummond of Carnock, John—who acquired the estate, and founded the family of Hawthornden—was, in 1590, appointed Gentleman Usher to James VI; and, on his sovereign's accession to the English sceptre, received from him the rank of knighthood. He married Susannah Fowler, daughter of a respectable burgess of Edinburgh, who subsequently had also the accolade, and served as Secretary to Queen Anne; and by her he had a family of four sons and three daughters, of which issue William was the eldest. The outline of his life may be concisely drawn.

Born on the 13th of December, 1585, and educated at the High School of Edinburgh, Drummond took his degree of M.A. at the University of that city on the 27th of July, 1605. On leaving college, he was sent to study civil law at Bruges, and he appears to have resided in France for nearly three years. But the Muses, rather than Themis, were the objects of his devotion; and after his return to Scotland in 1609, the death of his father in the following year enabled him to retire to that family seat which his name has rendered classic ground, for the express purpose of indulging in his favourite pursuits. Hither, some nine years later, to visit him in his umbra-

geous retreat, came "rare" Ben Jonson; and the sentiments which prompted this distant pedestrian tour expanded into a mutual admiration and attachment, which form one of the most interesting episodes in the literary history of the seventeenth century.

In this his studious retirement he became enamoured of Mary Cunningham, daughter of the *laird* of Barns; the nuptial day was fixed, but ere it arrived a fever carried off the mistress of his heart. Towards alleviating in some measure the severity of this affliction, Drummond had recourse to travelling on the Continent, which occupied him for several years subsequent to 1623, and enabled him to make the acquaintance of many of the most learned men in France, Italy, and Germany. Shortly after his return he married, in 1632, Elizabeth Logan, a person of humble extraction—being, according to Father Hay, the daughter of a minister by one whose sire was a shepherd. She bore to him five sons and four daughters.

After the commencement of the civil war, Drummond resided for some time with his brother-in-law, Sir John Scot, of Scotstarvet, author of *The Staggering State of Scots Statesmen*, during which he composed his *History of Scotland* from 1423 to 1542, and various political tracts on the side of the royal cause. He died, 4th December 1649, in his 64th year. His health had been for some time declining; and although his death may not have been the result of excessive grief for the fate of his

sovereign, which Bishop Sage inclines to assign as the cause, yet it may have been accelerated by the action of the rude events of the time on an acutely sensitive and overwrought frame. He was interred in the family vault at Lasswade, about two miles from the house of Hawthornden; and, unlike most poets, appears to have left considerable property.

Much diversity of opinion exists as to the merits of Drummond as a poet. By some they have been as greatly exaggerated, as by others they have been undervalued. But without affecting the partiality of enthusiastic admiration, or the frigidity of a hair-balanced criticism, the decision of his own countryman, Dr. Leyden, may be fairly accepted. "The Scottish Court of James the Sixth," says that competent judge and much-lamented author, "in the midst of pedantry, scholastic jargon, and polemic theology, produced several poets by no means devoid of genius. Some possessed quaintness of wit, some easy versification, and some the power of affecting the emotions of the heart; but the various talents of the poets were seldom concentrated in the same person. The rays of poetical light were refracted and divided among several poets. *In Drummond alone were they united, and displayed the solar radiance of fancy.*"[1] And the elegant-minded Mr. Aris Wilmott more recently has remarked, that "if Drummond's verses 'smelled' of the 'schooles,' they were generally the schools of Nature. Not one of his

[1] Scottish Descriptive Poems, p. 254.

contemporaries had a heart more susceptible of her music, or looked out upon her beauty less frequently through the 'spectacles of books.'"

The poetical works of Drummond were published in their Author's lifetime in the following order:—

TEARES ON THE DEATH OF MELIADES. Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart, and are to bee sold at his shop on the north-side of the high-streete, a little beneath the Crosse, 1613, 4to. *Of this there was a second impression, no copy of which has been discovered.*

TEARES ON THE DEATH OF MOELIADES. By William Drummond, of Hawthornden. The third Edition. Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart, 1614, 4to. *Of this a copy on large paper, which seems to have been previously unknown to exist, was sold at the recent sale of the library of the late Robert Pitcairn, Esq. F.S.A. Scot.* (17 *Nov.* 1855) for £6. 16*s.* 6*d.*

POEMS: Amorous, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall, in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, Madrigals. By W. D., the Author of the *Teares on the Death of Mœliades.* Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart, 1616, 4to. *The only perfect copy of this edition known, produced* £16 *at the sale of the Gordonstoun Library, in* 1816.

POEMS. By William Drummond, of Hawthorn-denne. The second Impression. Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart, 1616, 4to. *There are copies of this on large paper, but it is uncertain whether the volume*

is a reprint or merely the former edition with a new title.

FORTH FEASTING. A Panegyricke to the King's most excellent Majestie. Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart, 1617, 4to. *There are copies of this on large paper.*

THE SAME, included in Adamson's *Muses Welcome to King James.* Edinb. 1618, folio.

FLOWERS OF SION. By William Drummond, of Hawthornedenne, to which is adjoyned his Cypresse Grove. [Edinburgh] 1623, 4to. *There are copies on fine paper, which have an engraved border round the title, facsimiled in the Maitland Club edition.*

THE SAME. Edenbovrgh, printed by John Hart, 1630, 4to. *There are copies on large paper, one of which was bound up with the copy of the "Teares on the Death of Moeliades," sold among Mr. Pitcairn's books, as above noticed.*

THE ENTERTAINMENT of the high and mighty Monarch, CHARLES, King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, into his auncient and royall citie of Edinbvrgh, the fifteenth of June, 1633. Printed at Edinbvrgh by Iohn Wreittoun, 1633, 4to.

TO THE EXEQUIES OF THE HONOVRABLE S^R. ANTONYE ALEXANDER, Knight, &c. A Pastorall Elegie. Edinbvrgh, printed in King James his College, by George Anderson, 1638, 4to.

In 1656; seven years after his death, Drummond's poems—theretofore printed separately—were published in one volume, octavo, by Edward Phillips, nephew of Milton, and author of the *Theatrum Poetarum.* They were again printed, with greater accuracy, in folio, in 1711, under the supervision of Bishop Sage and Thomas Ruddiman: and a very wretched edition in 12mo appeared at London in 1791, to which was prefixed a brief memoir, reprinted from Mr. Neve's *Cursory Remarks on some of the Ancient English Poets.* They have also been included in the ponderous collections of Anderson and Chalmers. An edition, with a more elaborate Life, was likewise published by Mr. P. Cunningham, in 1833.

But the first complete collected edition of Drummond's Poetical Works was privately printed in 1832 by the late Mr. Macdowall, of Garthland, for presentation to his fellow-members of the Maitland Club. This elegant quarto was jointly edited by Mr. Thomas Maitland (afterwards one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Scotland, by the title of Lord Dundrennan) and Dr. David Irving, librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, so well known by his *Lives of the Scottish Poets,* and other works. The arrangement and text adopted in that very rare volume have been followed in the present edition, wherein the whole poems of the author are only now made accessible to the general public; and, with the exception of modernising the orthography, and the omission of the "Cypress Grove," with nine sonnets—for the reasons indicated in the proper

place—no farther liberty has been taken. For such alteration of the orthography, in an edition intended for popular use, no apology seems to be necessary, any more than it would be for the rejection of the original spelling of the works of Shakespeare and Jonson.

The Miscellaneous Poems, not contained in the volumes published during the author's life, were printed in those of Phillips and of Sage, and have been included in this and the edition of the Maitland Club. The other Posthumous ones which accompany them are extracted from the Hawthornden MSS. preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and were originally selected and printed, with a valuable Memoir and Notices, by Mr. David Laing, in the fourth volume of the Transactions of that body.

The earliest edition of the *Polemo-Middinia* was printed at Edinburgh in 1684 anonymously; and was first published with Drummond's name by Dr. Gibson, afterwards Bishop of London, at Oxford, in 1691.

The portrait prefixed to this volume has been reduced from that which adorns the Maitland Club edition. The original is a miniature, one of three portraits of Drummond preserved at Hawthornden.

Dec. 1855.

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POEMS IN COMMENDATION OF THE AUTHOR,

[REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF M.DC.LVI.]

UPON THE INCOMPARABLE POEMS OF MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

TO praise these poems well, there doth require
The selfsame spirit, and that sacred fire
That first inspir'd them; yet I cannot choose
But pay an admiration to a Muse
That sings such handsome things; never brake forth,
From climes so near the Bear, so bright a worth;
And I believe that Caledonian bow'rs
Are full as pleasant and as rich in flow'rs
As Tempe e'er was fam'd, since they have nourish'd
A wit the most sublime that ever flourish'd.
There 's nothing cold or frozen here contain'd,
Nothing that 's harsh, unpolish'd, or constrain'd,
But such an ardour as creates the spring,
And throws a cheerfulness on every thing;
Such a sweet calmness runs through every verse,
As shows how he delighted to converse
With silence and his Muse, among those shades
Which care nor busy tumult e'er invades.
There would he oft the adventures of his loves
Relate unto the fountains and the groves
In such a strain as Laura had admir'd
Her Petrarch more, had he been so inspir'd.
Some Phœbus gives a smooth and streaming vein,
A great and happy fancy some attain,
Others unto a soaring height he lifts;
But here he hath so crowded all his gifts,

As if he had design'd in one to try
To what a pitch he could bring poetry:
For every grace should he receive a crown,
There were not bays enough in Helicon.
Fame courts his verse, and with immortal wings
Hovers about his monument, and brings
A deathless trophy to his memory;
Who for such honour would not wish to die?
Never could any times afford a story
Of one so match'd unto great Sidney's glory,
Or fame so well divided as between
Penshurst's renowned shades and Hawthornden.

EDWARD PHILLIPS.

JOANNI SCOTO SCOTO-TARVATIO, EQUITI PRÆLUSTRI, DE LITERATURA OPTIME MERITO.

TARVATI, immensos recolens labores,
Jure queis partes potiore primas
Asseram, haud vanis dubie laborant
Pectora curis;

Sive quod divæ cathedra renidens
Ultimæ terras habitantis, annos
Ter quater ternos, veluti sacer fons
Juris et æqui;

Sive quod cæcos patriæ recessus
Ut stilo pingat mage qui polito,
Tesqua et incultas salebras recenti
Inserat Orbi;

Sive quod vates patriæ minores,
Forte noscendi serius nec ipsis
Civibus, toto celebrentur orbe
Vindice Scoto.

Blandiores quid memorem Camœnas,
Oris antiqua prope sede pulsas,
Sedibus priscis prope restitutas,
Auspice Scoto?

Orphanos sanis quod et instruendos
Artibus curæ tibi censibus, quos
Ambitu pravo repulere Musis
Gymnasiarchæ.

Sit licet rarum putatis horum
Quodlibet curæ specimen, fatiscunt
Dum frui postliminio recordor
Te duce fratrem.

Nempe sic olim studio et labore
Torvus Alcides Stygiis ab undis
Reddidit terris domito trifauci
Thesea monstro.

Sic eat; clari hæc monumenta vatis
Nesciant ævi imperium severi
Regia, ac spernant Phlegetonta, et Orci
Jura superbi.

D. F.

DE GULIELMO DRUMMONDO.

Quæsivit Latio Buchananus carmine laudem,
Et patrios dura respuit aure modos;
Cum possit Latiis Buchananum vincere Musis
Drummondus, patrio maluit ore loqui:
Major ut est, primus hinc defert Scotia, vates,
Vix inter Latios ille secundus erat.

[Arturus Jonstous.]

TO W. D.

SOME will not leave that trust to friend nor heir,
But their own winding-sheet themselves prepare,
Fearing perhaps some coarser cloth might shroud
The worms descended from their noble blood:
And shalt not thou, that justlier may'st suspect
Far coarser stuff, in such a dull neglect
Of all the arts, and dearth of poetry,
Compose before hand thine own elegy?
Who but thyself is capable to write
A verse, or, if they can, to fashion it
Unto thy praises? None can draw a line
Of thy perfections but a hand divine.
If thou wilt needs impose this task on us,
A greater work than best wits can discuss,
We will but only so far emblem thee,
As in a circle men the Deity.
A wreath of bays we 'll lay upon thy hearse,
For that shall speak thee better than our verse:
That art in number of those things whose end
Nor whose beginning we can comprehend;
A star which did the other day appear
T' enlighten up our darken'd hemisphere;
Nor can we tell nor how nor whence it came,
Yet feel the heat of thy admired flame.
'Twas thou that thaw'd our north, 'twas thou didst clear
The eternal mists which had beset us here,
Till by thy golden beams and powerful ray
Thou chas'd hence darkness, and brought out the day.
But as the sun, though he bestow all light
On us, yet hinders by the same our sight
To gaze on him; so thou, though thou dispense
Far more on us by thy bright influence,
Yet, such is thy transcendent brightness, we
Thereby are dazzled, and cannot reach thee:
Then art thou lessen'd, should we bound thy praise

T' our narrow dull conceit, which cannot raise
Themselves beyond a vulgar theme, nor fly
A pitch like unto thine in poesy;
Yet, as the greatest kings have sometimes deign'd
The smallest presents from a poor man's hand,
When pure devotion gave them, it may be
Your genius will accept a mite from me;
It speaks my love, although it reach not you,
And you are praised when I would so do.

JOHN SPOTSWOOD.

TO WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

I NEVER rested on the Muses' bed,
Nor dipt my quill in the Thessalian fountain;
My rustic muse was rudely fostered,
And flies too low to reach the double mountain:
Then do not sparks with your bright suns compare,
Perfection in a woman's work is rare;
From an untroubled mind should verses flow,
My discontents make mine too muddy show,
And hoarse encumbrances of household care;
Where these remain, the Muses ne'er repair.
If thou dost extol her hair,
Or her ivory forehead fair,
Or those stars whose bright reflection
Thralls thy heart in sweet subjection;
Or when to display thou seeks
The snow-mix'd roses on her cheeks,
Or those rubies soft and sweet,
Over those pretty rows that meet;
The Chian painter as asham'd
Hides his picture so far fam'd;
And the queen he carv'd it by,
With a blush her face doth dye,
Since those lines do limn a creature
That so far surpass'd her feature.

When thou show'st how fairest Flora
Prank'd with pride the banks of Ora,
So thy verse her streams doth honour,
Strangers grow enamoured on her:
All the swans that swim in Po,
Would their native brooks forego,
And, as loathing Phœbus' beams,
Long to bathe in cooler streams.
Tree-turn'd Daphne would be seen
In her groves to flourish green,
And her boughs would gladly spare
To frame a garland for thy hair,
That fairest nymphs with finest fingers,
May thee crown the best of singers.
But when thy Muse dissolv'd in show'rs,
Wails that peerless prince of ours,
Cropp'd by too untimely fate,
Her mourning doth exasperate
Senseless things to see thee moan,
Stones do weep, and trees do groan;
Birds in air, fishes in flood,
Beasts in field forsake their food;
The nymphs, foregoing all their bow'rs,
Tear their chaplets deck'd with flowers;
Sol himself with misty vapour
Hides from earth his glorious taper,
And, as mov'd to hear thee plain,
Shows his grief in show'rs of rain.

MARY OXLIE OF MORPET.

POEMS:

BY

WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

OF

Hawthorne-Denne.

The Second Impression.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by ANDRO HART. 1616.

TO THE AUTHOR.

WHILE thou dost praise the roses, lilies, gold,
Which in a dangling tress and face appear,
Still stands the sun in skies thy songs to hear,
A silence sweet each whispering wind doth hold;
Sleep in Pasithea's lap his eyes doth fold,
The sword falls from the God of the fifth sphere,
The herds to feed, the birds to sing, forbear,
Each plant breathes love, each flood and fountain cold;
And hence it is, that that once nymph, now tree,
Who did th' Amphrysian shepherd's sighs disdain,
And scorn'd his lays, mov'd by a sweeter vein,
Is become pitiful, and follows thee,
Thee loves, and vaunteth that she hath the grace,
A garland for thy locks to interlace.

PARTHENIUS.

POEMS.

THE FIRST PART.

SONNET.

IN my first years, and prime yet not at height,
When sweet conceits my wits did entertain,
Ere beauty's force I knew, or false delight,
Or to what oar she did her captives chain,
Led by a sacred troop of Phœbus' train,
I first began to read, then lov'd to write,
And so to praise a perfect red and white,
But, God wot, wist not what was in my brain:
Love smil'd to see in what an awful guise
I turn'd those antiques of the age of gold,
And, that I might more mysteries behold,
He set so fair a volume to mine eyes,
That I (quires clos'd which dead, dead sighs but breath)
Joy on this living book to read my death.

SONNET.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days;
I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of spright which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
And that nought lighter is than airy praise;
I know frail beauty's like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
Where sense and will invassal reason's power:
Know what I list, this all can not me move,
But that, O me! I both must write and love.

SONNET.

YE who so curiously do paint your thoughts,
Enlight'ning ev'ry line in such a guise,
That they seem rather to have fallen from skies,
Than of a human hand be mortal draughts;
In one part Sorrow so tormented lies,
As if his life at ev'ry sigh would part;
Love here blindfolded stands with bow and dart,
There Hope looks pale, Despair with rainy eyes:
Of my rude pencil look not for such art,
My wit I find now lessened to devise
So high conceptions to express my smart,
And some think love but feign'd, if too too wise.
These troubled words and lines confus'd you find,
Are like unto their model, my sick mind.

SONNET.

FAIR is my yoke, though grievous be my pains,
Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply smart,
My bit is gold, though shortened be the reins,
My bondage brave, though I may not depart:
Although I burn, the fire which doth impart
Those flames, so sweet reviving force contains,
That, like Arabia's bird, my wasted heart,
Made quick by death, more lively still remains.
I joy, though oft my waking eyes spend tears,
I never want delight, even when I groan,
Best companied when most I am alone;
A heaven of hopes I have midst hells of fears.
Thus every way contentment strange I find,
But most in her rare beauty, my rare mind.

SONNET.

HOW that vast heaven intitled First is roll'd,
If any other worlds beyond it lie,
And people living in eternity,
Or essence pure that doth this all uphold;
What motion have those fixed sparks of gold,
The wand'ring carbuncles which shine from high,
By sprights, or bodies, contrariwise in sky
If they be turn'd, and mortal things behold;
How sun posts heaven about, how night's pale queen
With borrowed beams looks on this hanging round,
What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen
In air's large fields of light, and seas profound,
Did hold my wand'ring thoughts, when thy sweet eye
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee.

SONNET.

VAUNT not, fair heavens, of your two glorious lights
Which, though most bright, yet see not when they shine,
And shining, cannot show their beams divine
Both in one place, but part by days and nights;
Earth, vaunt not of those treasures ye enshrine,
Held only dear because hid from our sights,
Your pure and burnish'd gold, your diamonds fine,
Snow-passing ivory that the eye delights;
Nor, seas, of those dear wares are in you found,
Vaunt not rich pearl, red coral, which do stir
A fond desire in fools to plunge your ground.
Those all, more fair, are to be had in her;
Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns, gold,
Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair, are to behold.

SONNET.

THAT learned Grecian, who did so excel
In knowledge passing sense, that he is nam'd
Of all the after-worlds divine, doth tell,
That at the time when first our souls are fram'd,
Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that eternal light,
And others see, know, love, in heaven's great height,
Not toil'd with aught to reason doth rebel.
Most true it is, for straight at the first sight
My mind me told, that in some other place
It elsewhere saw the idea of that face,
And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight;
No wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
Sith I her lov'd ere on this earth she came.

SONNET.

Now while the night her sable veil hath spread,
And silently her resty coach doth roll,
Rousing with her from Tethys' azure bed
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole;
While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad,
The Latmian shepherd in a trance descries,
And whiles looks pale from height of all the skies,
Whiles dyes her beauties in a bashful red;
While sleep, in triumph, closed hath all eyes,
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,
And Proteus' monstrous people in the deep,
The winds and waves, husht up, to rest entice;
I wake, muse, weep, and who my heart hath slain
See still before me to augment my pain.

SONNET.

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest;
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possest,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spares, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

SONNET.

FAIR Moon, who with thy cold and silver shine
Makes sweet the horror of the dreadful night,
Delighting the weak eye with smiles divine,
Which Phœbus dazzles with his too much light;
Bright Queen of the first Heaven, if in thy shrine,
By turning oft, and Heaven's eternal might,
Thou hast not yet that once sweet fire of thine
Endymion forgot, and lover's plight;
If cause like thine may pity breed in thee,
And pity somewhat else to it obtain,
Since thou hast power of dreams, as well as he
Who paints strange figures in the slumb'ring brain,
Now while she sleeps, in doleful guise her show
These tears, and the black map of all my woe.

SONNET.

LAMP of heaven's crystal hall that brings the hours,
Eye-dazzler, who makes the ugly night
At thine approach fly to her slumb'ry bow'rs,
And fills the world with wonder and delight;
Life of all lifes, death-giver by thy flight
To southern pole from these six signs of ours,
Goldsmith of all the stars, with silver bright
Who moon enamels, Apelles of the flow'rs;
Ah! from those watery plains thy golden head
Raise up, and bring the so long lingering morn;
A grave, nay, hell, I find become this bed,
This bed so grievously where I am torn:
But, woe is me! though thou now brought the day,
Day shall but serve more sorrow to display.

SONG.

It was the time when to our northern pole
The brightest lamp of heaven begins to roll;
When earth more wanton in new robes appeareth,
And scorning skies her flow'rs in rainbows beareth,
On which the air moist sapphires doth bequeath,
Which quake to feel the kissing zephyrs' breath;
When birds from shady groves their love forth warble,
And sea, like heaven, looks like smoothest marble;
When I, in simple course, free from all cares,
Far from the muddy world's captiving snares,
By Ora's flow'ry banks alone did wander,
Ora that sports her like to old Meander;
A flood more worthy fame and lasting praise
Than that which Phaeton's fall so high did raise,
Into whose moving glass the milk-white lilies
Do dress their tresses and the daffodillies.
Where Ora with a wood is crown'd about,
And seems forget the way how to come out,
A place there is, where a delicious fountain
Springs from the swelling paps of a proud mountain,
Whose falling streams the quiet caves do wound,
And make the echoes shrill resound that sound.
The laurel there the shining channel graces,
The palm her love with long stretch'd arms embraces,
The poplar spreads her branches to the sky,
And hides from sight that azure canopy;
The streams the trees, the trees their leaves still nourish,
That place grave winter finds not without flourish.
If living eyes Elysian fields could see,
This little Arden might Elysium be.

Here Dian often used to repose her,
And Acidalia's queen with Mars rejoice her;
The nymphs oft here do bring their maunds with flow'rs,
And anademes weave for their paramours;
The Satyrs in those shades are heard to languish,
And make the shepherds partners of their anguish,
The shepherds who in barks of tender trees
Do grave their loves, disdains, and jealousies,
Which Phillis, when there by her flocks she feedeth,
With pity whiles, some time with laughter readeth.
Near to this place, when sun in midst of day
In highest top of heaven his coach did stay,
And, as advising, on his carrier* glanced
The way did rest, the space he had advanced
His panting steeds along those fields of light,
Most princely looking from that ghastly height;
When most the grasshoppers are heard in meadows,
And lofty pines have small, or else no shadows,
It was my hap, O! woful hap! to bide
Where thickest shades me from all rays did hide,
Into a shut-up place, some Sylvan's chamber,
Whose ceiling spread was with the locks of amber
Of new-bloom'd sycamores, floor wrought with flowers
More sweet and rich than those in princes' bowers.
Here Adon blush't, and Clitia all amazed
Look'd pale, with him who in the fountain gazed;
The amaranthus smil'd, and that sweet boy
Which sometime was the god of Delos' joy;
The brave carnation, speckled pink here shined,
The violet her fainting head declined

* *Pro* carcer—*carrière*, Fr.

Beneath a drowsy chasbow, all of gold,
The marigold her leaves did here unfold.
Now, while that ravish'd with delight and wonder,
Half in a trance I lay those arches under,
The season, silence, place, did all entice
Eyes' heavy lids to bring night on their skies,
Which softly having stolen themselves together,
Like evening clouds, me plac'd I wot not whither.
As cowards leave the fort which they should keep,
My senses one by one gave place to Sleep,
Who followed with a troop of golden slumbers,
Thrust from my quiet brain all base encumbers,
And thrice me touching with his rod of gold,
A heaven of visions in my temples roll'd,
To countervail those pleasures were bereft me;
Thus in his silent prison clos'd he left me.
Me thought through all the neighbour woods a noise
Of quiristers, more sweet than lute or voice
(For those harmonious sounds to Jove are given
By the swift touches of the nine-string'd heaven,
Such are, and nothing else) did wound mine ear,
No, soul, that then became all ear to hear:
And whilst I list'ning lay, O ghastly wonder!
I saw a pleasant myrtle cleave asunder;
A myrtle great with birth, from whose rent womb
Three naked nymphs more white than snow forth come,
For nymphs they seem'd; about their heavenly faces
In waves of gold did flow their curling tresses;
About each arm, their arms more white than milk,
Each wore a blushing armlet of silk.
The goddesses such were that by Scamander
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander;

Aglaia, and her sisters, such perchance
Be, when about some sacred spring they dance.
But scarce the grove their naked beauties graced,
And on the amorous verdure had not traced,
When to the flood they ran, the flood in robes
Of curling crystal to breasts' ivory globes
Who wrapt them all about, yet seem'd take pleasure
To show warm snows throughout her liquid azure.
Look how Prometheus' man, when heavenly fire
First gave him breath, day's brandon did admire,
And wondred of this world's amphitheatre;
So gaz'd I on those new guests of the water.
All three were fair, yet one excell'd as far
The rest as Phœbus doth the Cyprian star,
Or diamonds small gems, or gems do other,
Or pearls that shining shell is call'd their mother.
Her hair, more bright than are the morning's beams,
Hang in a golden shower above the streams,
And, sweetly tous'd, her forehead sought to cover,
Which seen did straight a sky of milk discover,
With two fair brows, love's bows, which never bend
But that a golden arrow forth they send;
Beneath the which two burning planets glancing,
Flash'd flames of love, for love there still is dancing.
Her either cheek resembl'd a blushing morn,
Or roses gules in field of lilies borne,
Betwixt the which a wall so fair is raised,
That it is but abased even when praised;
Her lips like rows of coral soft did swell,
And th'one like th'other only doth excel:
The Tyrian fish looks pale, pale look the roses,
The rubies pale, when mouth's sweet cherry closes.

Her chin like silver Phœbe did appear
Dark in the midst to make the rest more clear;
Her neck seemed fram'd by curious Phidias' master,
Most smooth, most white, a piece of alabaster.
Two foaming billows flow'd upon her breast,
Which did their tops with coral red encrest;
There all about, as brooks them sport at leisure,
With circling branches veins did swell in azure:
Within those crooks are only found those isles
Which Fortunate the dreaming old world styles.
The rest the streams did hide, but as a lily
Sunk in a crystal's fair transparent belly.
I, who yet human weakness did not know,
For yet I had not felt that archer's bow,
Nor could I think that from the coldest water
The winged youngling burning flames could scatter,
On every part my vagabonding sight
Did cast, and drown mine eyes in sweet delight.
What wondrous thing is this that beauty's named?
Said I; I find I heretofore have dreamed,
And never known in all my flying days
Good unto this, that only merits praise.
My pleasures have been pains, my comforts crosses,
My treasures poverty, my gains but losses.
O precious sight! which none doth else descry,
Except the burning sun, and quivering I.
And yet, O dear-bought sight! O would for ever
I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never!
O happy flood! if so ye might abide,
Yet ever glory of this moment's pride,
Adjure your rillets all now to behold her,
And in their crystal arms to come and fold her;

And sith ye may not aye your bliss embrace,
Draw thousand portraits of her on your face,
Portraits which in my heart be more apparent,
If like to yours my breast but were transparent.
O that I were, while she doth in you play,
A dolphin to transport her to the sea,
To none of all those gods I would her render,
From Thule to Ind though I should with her wander.
Oh! what is this? the more I fix mine eye,
Mine eye the more new wonders doth espy;
The more I spy, the more in uncouth fashion
My soul is ravish'd in a pleasant passion.
But look not, eyes: as more I would have said,
A sound of whirling wheels me all dismay'd,
And with the sound forth from the timorous bushes,
With storm-like course, a sumptuous chariot rushes,
A chariot all of gold, the wheels were gold,
The nails, and axle gold on which it roll'd;
The upmost part a scarlet veil did cover,
More rich than Danaë's lap spread with her lover:
In midst of it, in a triumphing chair,
A lady sat, miraculously fair,
Whose pensive countenance, and looks of honour,
Do more allure the mind that thinketh on her,
Than the most wanton face and amorous eyes,
That Amathus or flow'ry Paphos sees.
A crew of virgins made a ring about her,
The diamond she, they seem the gold without her.
Such Thetis is, when to the billows' roar
With mermaids nice she danceth on the shore:
So in a sable night the sun's bright sister
Among the lesser twinkling lights doth glister.

Fair yokes of ermelines, whose colour pass
The whitest snows on aged Grampius' face,
More swift than Venus' birds this chariot guided
To the astonish'd bank whereat it bided:
But long it did not bide, when poor those streams
Ay me! it made, transporting those rich gems,
And by that burthen lighter, swiftly drived
Till, as me thought, it at a tower arrived.
Upon a rock of crystal shining clear,
Of diamonds this castle did appear,
Whose rising spires of gold so high them reared,
That, Atlas-like, it seem'd the heaven they beared.
Amidst which heights on arches did arise,
Arches which gilt flames brandish to the skies,
Of sparking topazes, proud, gorgeous, ample,
Like to a little heaven, a sacred temple,
Whose walls no windows have, nay all the wall
Is but one window; night there doth not fall
More when the sun to western worlds declineth,
Than in our zenith when at noon he shineth.
Two flaming hills the passage strait defend
Which to this radiant building doth ascend,
Upon whose arching tops, on a pilaster,
A port stands open, rais'd in love's disaster;
For none that narrow bridge and gate can pass,
Who have their faces seen in Venus' glass.
If those within but to come forth do venture,
That stately place again they never enter.
The precinct strengthened with a ditch appears,
In which doth swell a lake of inky tears
Of madding lovers, who abide there moaning,
And thicken even the air with piteous groaning.

This hold, to brave the skies, the Destines fram'd,
The world the Fort of Chastity it nam'd.
The Queen of the third Heaven once to appal it
The god of Thrace here brought, who could not thrall it,
For which he vow'd ne'er arms more to put on,
And on Rhiphean hills was heard to groan;
Here Psyche's lover hurls his darts at random,
Which all for nought him serve as doth his brandon.
What bitter anguish did invade my mind,
When in that place my hope I saw confin'd,
Where with high-tow'ring thoughts I only reach'd her,
Which did burn up their wings when they approach'd her!
Methought I sat me by a cypress shade,
And night and day the hyacinth there read;
And that bewailing nightingales did borrow
Plaints of my plaint, and sorrows of my sorrow.
My food was wormwood, mine own tears my drink,
My rest on death and sad mishaps to think.
And for such thoughts to have my heart enlarged,
And ease mine eyes with briny tribute charged,
Over a brook, me thought, my pining face
I laid, which then, as griev'd at my disgrace,
A face me show'd again so overclouded,
That at the sight mine eyes afraid them shrouded.
This is the guerdon, Love, this is the gain
In end which to thy servants doth remain,
I would have said, when fear made sleep to leave me,
And of those fatal shadows did bereave me.
But ah, alas! instead to dream of love,
And woes, me made them in effect to prove;
For what into my troubled brain was painted,
I waking found that time and place presented.

SONNET.

Ah! burning thoughts, now let me take some rest,
And your tumultuous broils a while appease;
Is 't not enough, stars, fortune, love molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease?
Let hope, though false, yet lodge within my breast,
My high attempt, though dangerous, yet praise.
What though I trace not right heaven's steepy ways?
It doth suffice, my fall shall make me blest.
I do not doat on days, nor fear not death,
So that my life be brave, what though not long?
Let me renown'd live from the vulgar throng,
And when ye list, Heavens! take this borrowed breath.
Men but like visions are, time all doth claim;
He lives, who dies to win a lasting name.

MADRIGAL.

A Dædal of my death,
Now I resemble that subtle worm on earth,
Which, prone to its own evil, can take no rest;
For with strange thoughts possest,
I feed on fading leaves
Of hope, which me deceives,
And thousand webs doth warp within my breast:
And thus in end unto myself I weave
A fast-shut prison, no, but even a grave.

SEXTAIN.

THE heaven doth not contain so many stars,
So many leaves not prostrate lie in woods,
When autumn 's old, and Boreas sounds his wars,
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my rent mind hath torments all the night,
And heart spends sighs, when Phœbus brings the light.

Why should I been a partner of the light,
Who, crost in birth by bad aspects of stars,
Have never since had happy day nor night?
Why was not I a liver in the woods,
Or citizen of Thetis' crystal floods,
Than made a man, for love and fortune's wars?

I look each day when death should end the wars,
Uncivil wars, 'twixt sense and reason's light;
My pains I count to mountains, meads, and floods,
And of my sorrow partners make the stars;
All desolate I haunt the fearful woods,
When I should give myself to rest at night.

With watchful eyes I ne'er behold the night,
Mother of peace, but ah! to me of wars,
And Cynthia queen-like shining through the woods,
When straight those lamps come in my thought, whose light
My judgment dazzl'd, passing brightest stars,
And then mine eyes en-isle themselves with floods.

Turn to their springs again first shall the floods,
Clear shall the sun the sad and gloomy night,
To dance about the pole cease shall the stars,
The elements renew their ancient wars
Shall first, and be depriv'd of place and light,
Ere I find rest in city, fields, or woods.

End these my days, indwellers of the woods,
Take this my life, ye deep and raging floods;
Sun, never rise to clear me with thy light,
Horror and darkness, keep a lasting night;
Consume me, care, with thy intestine wars,
And stay your influence over me, bright stars!

In vain the stars, indwellers of the woods,
Care, horror, wars, I call, and raging floods,
For all have sworn no night shall dim my sight.

SONNET.

O SACRED blush, impurpling cheeks' pure skies
With crimson wings which spread thee like the morn;
O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes,
Which, though cast down on earth, couldst heaven adorn;
O tongue, in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn;
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood ere that her words were born,
And you her words, words, no, but golden chains,
Which did captive mine ears, ensnare my soul,
Wise image of her mind, mind that contains
A power, all power of senses to control;
Ye all from love dissuade so sweetly me,
That I love more, if more my love could be.

SONNET.

Nor Arne, nor Mincius, nor stately Tiber,
Sebethus, nor the flood into whose streams
He fell who burnt the world with borrow'd beams,
Gold-rolling Tagus, Munda, famous Iber,
Sorgue, Rhone, Loire, Garron, nor proud-banked Seine,
Peneus, Phasis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
Nor she whose nymphs excel her who lov'd Adon,
Fair Tamesis, nor Ister large, nor Rhine,
Euphrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Gange,
Pearly Hydaspes, serpent-like Meander,
The gulf bereft sweet Hero her Leander,
Nile, that far far his hidden head doth range,
Have ever had so rare a cause of praise,
As Ora, where this northern Phœnix stays.

SONNET.

To hear my plaints, fair river crystalline,
Thou in a silent slumber seems to stay;
Delicious flow'rs, lily and columbine,
Ye bow your heads when I my woes display;
Forests, in you the myrtle, palm, and bay,
Have had compassion list'ning to my groans;
The winds with sighs have solemniz'd my moans
'Mong leaves, which whispered what they could not say;
The caves, the rocks, the hills, the Sylvans' thrones,
(As if even pity did in them appear,)
Have at my sorrows rent their ruthless stones;
Each thing I find hath sense except my dear,
Who doth not think I love, or will not know
My grief, perchance delighting in my woe.

SONNET.

SWEET brook, in whose clear crystal I mine eyes
Have oft seen great in labour of their tears;
Enamell'd bank, whose shining gravel bears
These sad characters of my miseries;
High woods, whose mountain tops menace the spheres;
Wild citizens, Amphions of the trees,
You gloomy groves at hottest noons which freeze,
Elysian shades which Phœbus never clears;
Vast solitary mountains, pleasant plains,
Embroid'red meads that ocean-ways you reach;
Hill, dales, springs, all that my sad cry constrains
To take part of my plaints, and learn woe's speech,
Will that remorseless fair e'er pity show?
Of grace now answer if ye ought know. No.

SONNET.

WITH flaming horns the Bull now brings the year,
Melt do the horrid mountains' helms of snow,
The silver floods in pearly channels flow,
The late-bare woods green anademes do wear;
The nightingale, forgetting winter's woe,
Calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear;
Those flow'rs are spread which names of princes bear,
Some red, some azure, white, and golden grow;
Here lows a heifer, there bewailing strays
A harmless lamb, not far a stag rebounds;
The shepherds sing to grazing flocks sweet lays,
And all about the echoing air resounds.
Hills, dales, woods, floods, and every thing doth change,
But she in rigour, I in love am strange.

SONNET.

When Nature now had wonderfully wrought
All Auristella's parts, except her eyes,
To make those twins two lamps in beauty's skies,
She counsel of her starry senate sought.
Mars and Apollo first did her advise
In colour black to wrap those comets bright,
That Love him so might soberly disguise,
And unperceived, wound at every sight.
Chaste Phœbe spake for purest azure dyes,
But Jove and Venus green about the light
To frame thought best, as bringing most delight,
That to pin'd hearts hope might for aye arise:
Nature, all said, a paradise of green
There plac'd to make all love which have them seen.

MADRIGAL.

To the delightful green
Of you, fair radiant eyne,
Let each black yield beneath the starry arch.
Eyes, burnish'd heavens of love,
Sinople lamps of Jove,
Save that those hearts which with your flames ye parch,
Two burning suns you prove,
All other eyes compar'd with you, dear lights,
Be hells, or if not hells, yet dumpish nights.
The heavens, if we their glass
The sea believe, be green, not perfect blue:
They all make fair what ever fair yet was,
And they be fair because they look like you.

SONNET.

In vain I haunt the cold and silver springs,
To quench the fever burning in my veins;
In vain, love's pilgrim, mountains, dales, and plains,
I overrun; vain help long absence brings:
In vain, my friends, your counsel me constrains
To fly, and place my thoughts on other things.
Ah! like the bird that fired hath her wings,
The more I move, the greater are my pains.
Desire, alas! Desire, a Zeuxis new,
From Indies borrowing gold, from western skies
Most bright cynoper, sets before mine eyes
In every place, her hair, sweet look, and hue;
That fly, run, rest I, all doth prove but vain,
My life lies in those looks which have me slain.

SONNET.

All other beauties, howsoe'er they shine
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,
Or cheeks more fair than fairest eglantine,
Or hands like hers who comes the sun before;
Match'd with that heavenly hue, and shape divine,
With those dear stars which my weak thoughts adore,
Look but like shadows, or if they be more,
It is in that, that they are like to thine.
Who sees those eyes, their force and doth not prove,
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' son intrench'd therein,
Or hath not sense, or knows not what is love.
To see thee had Narcissus had the grace,
He sure had died with wond'ring on thy face.

SONNET.

My tears may well Numidian lions tame,
And pity breed into the hardest heart
That ever Pyrrha did to maid impart,
When she them first of blushing rocks did frame.
Ah! eyes which only serve to wail my smart,
How long will you mine inward woes proclaim?
Let it suffice, you bear a weeping part
All night, at day though ye do not the same:
Cease, idle sighs, to spend your storms in vain,
And these calm secret shades more to molest;
Contain you in the prison of my breast,
You not do ease but aggravate my pain;
Or, if burst forth you must, that tempest move
In sight of her whom I so dearly love.

SONNET.

Nymphs, sister nymphs, which haunt this crystal brook,
And, happy, in these floating bowers abide,
Where trembling roofs of trees from sun you hide,
Which make ideal woods in every crook;
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide,
Or pearly letters seek in sandy book,
Or count your loves when Thetis was a bride,
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.
Read in mine eyes mine agonizing cares,
And what ye read recount to her again:
Fair nymphs, say, all these streams are but my tears,
And if she ask you how they sweet remain,
Tell, that the bitterest tears which eyes can pour,
When shed for her do cease more to be sour.

MADRIGAL.

LIKE the Idalian queen,
Her hair about her eyne,
With neck and breast's ripe apples to be seen,
At first glance of the morn,
In Cyprus' gardens gathering those fair flow'rs
Which of her blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw, my paramours.
The Graces naked danc'd about the place,
The winds and trees amaz'd
With silence on her gaz'd;
The flow'rs did smile, like those upon her face,
And as their aspen stalks those fingers band,
That she might read my case,
A hyacinth I wish'd me in her hand.

SONNET.

THEN is she gone? O fool and coward I!
O good occasion lost, ne'er to be found!
What fatal chains have my dull senses bound,
When best they may, that they not fortune try?
Here is the flow'ry bed where she did lie,
With roses here she stellified the ground,
She fix'd her eyes on this yet smiling pond,
Nor time, nor courteous place, seem'd ought deny.
Too long, too long, Respect, I do embrace
Your counsel, full of threats and sharp disdain;
Disdain in her sweet heart can have no place,
And though come there, must straight retire again:
Henceforth, Respect, farewell, I oft hear told
Who lives in love can never be too bold.

SONNET.

In mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
And vively see how my best days are spent,
What clouds of care above my head are roll'd,
What coming harms which I can not prevent!
My begun course I, wearied, do repent,
And would embrace what reason oft hath told;
But scarce thus think I, when love hath controll'd
All the best reasons reason could invent.
Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine,
That only death can be my last relief:
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow shot in laughter's place,
Malgré my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

SONNET.

Dear quirister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing dawn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends.
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing) for what thou thus complains,
Sith, winter gone, the sun in dappled sky
Now smiles on meadows, mountains, woods, and plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sobb'd forth, I love, I love!

SONNET.

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides which on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd;
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their burning rays behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes:
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flow'rs,
Shall once, ay me! not spare that spring of yours.

SONNET.

THAT I so slenderly set forth my mind,
Writing I wot not what in ragged rhymes,
And charg'd with brass into these golden times,
When others tower so high, am left behind;
I crave not Phœbus leave his sacred cell
To bind my brows with fresh Aonian bays;
Let them have that who tuning sweetest lays
By Tempe sit, or Aganippe's well;
Nor yet to Venus' tree do I aspire,
Sith she for whom I might affect that praise
My best attempts with cruel words gainsays,
And I seek not that others me admire.
Of weeping myrrh the crown is which I crave,
With a sad cypress to adorn my grave.

SONNET.

SOUND hoarse, sad lute, true witness of my woe,
And strive no more to ease self-chosen pain
With soul-enchanting sounds; your accents strain
Unto these tears incessantly which flow.
Shrill treble, weep; and you, dull basses, show
Your master's sorrow in a deadly vein;
Let never joyful hand upon you go,
Nor consort keep but when you do complain,
Fly Phœbus' rays, nay, hate the irksome light;
Woods, solitary shades, for thee are best,
Or the black horrors of the blackest night,
When all the world, save thou and I doth rest:
Then sound, sad lute, and bear a mourning part,
Thou hell mayst move, though not a woman's heart.

SONNET.

YOU restless seas, appease your roaring waves,
And you who raise huge mountains in that plain,
Air's trumpeters, your blust'ring storms restrain.
And listen to the plaints my grief doth cause.
Eternal lights, though adamantine laws
Of destinies to move still you ordain,
Turn hitherward your eyes, your ax-trees pause,
And wonder at the torments I sustain.
Earth, if thou be not dull'd by my disgrace,
And senseless made, now ask those powers above,
Why they so crost a wretch brought on thy face,
Fram'd for mishap, th' anachorite of love?
And bid them, if they would more Ætnas burn,
In Rhodope or Erimanth' me turn.

SONNET.

WHAT cruel star into this world me brought?
What gloomy day did dawn to give me light?
What unkind hand to nurse me, orphan, sought,
And would not leave me in eternal night?
What thing so dear as I hath essence bought?
The elements, dry, humid, heavy, light,
The smallest living things by nature wrought,
Be freed of woe, if they have small delight.
Ah! only I, abandon'd to despair,
Nail'd to my torments, in pale Horror's shade,
Like wand'ring clouds see all my comforts fled,
And evil on evil with hours my life impair:
The heaven and fortune which were wont to turn,
Fix't in one mansion stay to cause me mourn.

SONNET.

DEAR eye, which deign'st on this sad monument
The sable scroll of my mishaps to view,
Though with the mourning Muses' tears besprent,
And darkly drawn, which is not feign'd, but true;
If thou not dazzled with a heavenly hue,
And comely feature, didst not yet lament,
But happy liv'st unto thy self content,
O let not Love thee to his laws subdue.
Look on the woful shipwreck of my youth,
And let my ruins for a Phare thee serve,
To shun this rock Capharean of untruth,
And serve no god who doth his church-men starve;
His kingdom is but plaints, his guerdon tears,
What he gives more are jealousies and fears.

SONNET.

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my spright with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
If this vain world be but a sable stage
Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars;
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serve to hold our thoughts in wars;
If time can close the hundred mouths of fame,
And make, what long since past, like that to be;
If virtue only be an idle name,
If I, when I was born, was born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

SONNET.

Let fortune triumph now, and Iö sing,
Sith I must fall beneath this load of care;
Let her, what most I prize of ev'ry thing,
Now wicked trophies in her temple rear.
She, who high palmy empires doth not spare,
And tramples in the dust the proudest king,
Let her vaunt how my bliss she did impair,
To what low ebb she now my flow doth bring;
Let her count how, a new Ixion, me
She in her wheel did turn, how high nor low
I never stood, but more to tortur'd be:
Weep, soul, weep, plaintful soul, thy sorrows know;
Weep, of thy tears till a black river swell,
Which may Cocytus be to this thy hell.

SONNET.

O cruel beauty, meekness inhumane,
That night and day contend with my desire,
And seek my hope to kill, not quench my fire,
By death, not balm, to ease my pleasant pain;
Though ye my thoughts tread down which would aspire,
And bound my bliss, do not, alas! disdain
That I your matchless worth and grace admire,
And for their cause these torments sharp sustain.
Let great Empedocles vaunt of his death,
Found in the midst of those Sicilian flames,
And Phaëton, that heaven him reft of breath,
And Dædal's son who nam'd the Samian streams:
Their haps I envy not; my praise shall be,
The fairest she that liv'd gave death to me.

SONNET.

The Hyperborean hills, Ceraunus' snow,
Or Arimaspus cruel, first thee bred;
The Caspian tigers with their milk thee fed,
And Fauns did human blood on thee bestow;
Fierce Orithyia's lover in thy bed
Thee lull'd asleep, where he enrag'd doth blow;
Thou didst not drink the floods which here do flow,
But tears, or those by icy Tanais' head.
Sith thou disdains my love, neglects my grief,
Laughs at my groans, and still affects my death,
Of thee, nor heaven, I'll seek no more relief,
Nor longer entertain this loathsome breath,
But yield unto my star, that thou mayst prove
What loss thou hadst in losing such a love.

SONG.

PHŒBUS, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,
That she thy carrier may with roses spread;
The nightingales thy coming each where sing;
Make an eternal spring,
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And, emperor like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates not hope betray),
Which, only white, deserves
A diamond for ever should it mark:
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see, than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise;
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.

Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise;
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay;
Let zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes these purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair,
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels;
The fields with flow'rs are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue:
Here is the pleasant place,
And ev'ry thing, save her, who all should grace.

SONNET.

WHO hath not seen into her saffron bed
The morning's goddess mildly her repose,
Or her, of whose pure blood first sprang the rose,
Lull'd in a slumber by a myrtle shade?
Who hath not seen that sleeping white and red
Makes Phœbe look so pale, which she did close
In that Ionian hill, to ease her woes,
Which only lives by nectar kisses fed?
Come but and see my lady sweetly sleep,
The sighing rubies of those heavenly lips,
The Cupids which breast's golden apples keep,
Those eyes which shine in midst of their eclipse,
And he them all shall see, perhaps, and prove
She waking but persuades, now forceth love.

SONNET.

Of Cytherea's birds, that mild-white pair,
On yonder leafy myrtle-tree which groan,
And waken, with their kisses in the air,
Enamour'd zephyrs murmuring one by one,
If thou but sense hadst like Pigmalion's stone,
Or hadst not seen Medusa's snaky hair,
Love's lessons thou might'st learn; and learn, sweet fair,
To summer's heat ere that thy spring be grown.
And if those kissing lovers seem but cold,
Look how that elm this ivy doth embrace,
And binds, and clasps with many a wanton fold,
And courting sleep o'ershadows all the place;
Nay, seems to say, dear tree, we shall not part,
In sign whereof, lo! in each a leaf a heart.

SONNET.

The sun is fair when he with crimson crown,
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed;
Fair is Thaumantius in her crystal gown,
When clouds engemm'd hang azure, green, and red:
To western worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from Heaven's windows each star shows her head,
Earth's silent daughter, night, is fair, though brown;
Fair is the moon, though in love's livery clad;
Fair Chloris is when she doth paint April,
Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods are fair;
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair,
And apples' queen when rose-cheek'd she doth smile.
That heaven, and earth, and seas are fair is true,
Yet true that all not please so much as you.

MADRIGAL.

WHEN as she smiles I find
More light before mine eyes,
Nor when the sun from Ind
Brings to our world a flow'ry Paradise:
But when she gently weeps,
And pours forth pearly showers
On cheeks' fair blushing flowers,
A sweet melancholy my senses keeps.
Both feed so my disease,
So much both do me please,
That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burn,
Like love to see her smile, or pity mourn.

SONNET.

SLIDE soft, fair Forth, and make a crystal plain,
Cut your white locks, and on your foamy face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The boat that earth's perfections doth contain.
Winds, wonder, and through wond'ring hold your peace;
Or if that ye your hearts cannot restrain
From sending sighs, mov'd by a lover's case,
Sigh, and in her fair hair yourselves enchain;
Or take these sighs which absence makes arise
From mine oppressed breast, and wave the sails,
Or some sweet breath now brought from Paradise:
Floods seem to smile, love o'er the winds prevails,
And yet huge waves arise; the cause is this,
The ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.

SONNET.

Ah! who can see those fruits of Paradise,
Celestial cherries, which so sweetly swell,
That sweetness' self confined there seems to dwell,
And all those sweetest parts about despise?
Ah! who can see and feel no flame surprise
His hardened heart? for me, alas! too well
I know their force, and how they do excel:
Now burn I through desire, now do I freeze;
I die, dear life, unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flow'rs,
Or as the silver drops of Iris' showers,
Or as the stars in all-embracing heaven;
And if, displeas'd, ye of the match complain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

SONNET.

Is 't not enough, ay me! me thus to see
Like some heaven-banish'd ghost still wailing go,
A shadow which your rays do only show?
To vex me more, unless ye bid me die,
What could ye worse allot unto your foe?
But die will I, so ye will not deny
That grace to me which mortal foes even try,
To choose what sort of death should end my woe.
One time I found when as ye did me kiss,
Ye gave my panting soul so sweet a touch,
That half I swoon'd in midst of all my bliss;
I do but crave my death's wound may be such;
For though by grief I die not and annoy,
Is 't not enough to die through too much joy?

MADRIGAL.

SWEET rose, whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell,
And whence this form and gracing grace in you?
In flow'ry Pæstum's field perhaps ye grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon slew;
Or hath the queen of love you dy'd of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red?
No, none of those, but cause more high you blest,
My lady's breast you bare, and lips you kiss'd.

SONNET.

SHE whose fair flow'rs no autumn makes decay,
Whose hue celestial, earthly hues doth stain,
Into a pleasant odoriferous plain
Did walk alone, to brave the pride of May;
And whilst through checker'd lists she made her way,
Which smil'd about her sight to entertain,
Lo, unawares, where Love did hid remain,
She spied, and sought to make of him her prey;
For which, of golden locks a fairest hair,
To bind the boy, she took; but he, afraid
At her approach, sprang swiftly in the air,
And mounting far from reach, look'd back and said,
Why shouldst thou, sweet, me seek in chains to bind,
Sith in thine eyes I daily am confin'd?

MADRIGAL.

On this cold world of ours,
Flower of the seasons, season of the flow'rs,
Son of the sun, sweet Spring,
Such hot and burning days why dost thou bring?
Is this for that those high eternal pow'rs
Flash down that fire this all environing?
Or that now Phœbus keeps his sister's sphere?
Or doth some Phaëton
Inflame the sea and air?
Or rather is it, usher of the year,
For that, last day, amongst thy flow'rs alone,
Unmask'd thou saw'st my fair?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd she did thee burn,
And in thy brother Summer doth thee turn?

SONNET.

Dear wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar I estranged live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace;
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my peace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun, progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what is it to be of bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place I first did learn of thee:
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stately courts.

SEXTAIN.

SITH gone is my delight and only pleasure,
The last of all my hopes, the cheeerful sun
That clear'd my life's dark day, nature's sweet treasure,
More dear to me than all beneath the moon,
What resteth now, but that upon this mountain
I weep, till Heaven transform me in a fountain?

Fresh, fair, delicious, crystal, pearly fountain,
On whose smooth face to look she oft took pleasure,
Tell me (so may thy streams long cheer this mountain,
So serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee sun,
So may with gentle beams thee kiss the moon),
Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a treasure?

While she her glass'd in thee, rich Tagus' treasure
Thou envy needed not, nor yet the fountain
In which that hunter saw the naked moon;
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and pleasure,
And I remain like marigold of sun
Depriv'd, that dies by shadow of some mountain.

Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on this mountain
Are wont to dance, showing your beauty's treasure
To goat-feet Sylvans, and the wond'ring sun,
When as you gather flowers about this fountain,
Bid her farewell who placed here her pleasure,
And sing her praises to the stars and moon.

Among the lesser lights as is the moon,
Blushing through scarf of clouds on Latmos' mountain,

Or when her silver locks she looks for pleasure
In Thetis' streams, proud of so gay a treasure,
Such was my fair when she sat by this fountain
With other nymphs, to shun the amorous sun.

As is our earth in absence of the sun,
Or when of sun deprived is the moon;
As is without a verdant shade a fountain,
Or wanting grass, a mead, a vale, a mountain;
Such is my state, bereft of my dear treasure,
To know whose only worth was all my pleasure.

Ne'er think of pleasure, heart; eyes, shun the sun,
Tears be your treasure, which the wand'ring moon
Shall see you shed by mountain, vale, and fountain.

SONNET.

THOU window, once which served for a sphere
To that dear planet of my heart, whose light
Made often blush the glorious queen of night,
While she in thee more beauteous did appear,
What mourning weeds, alas! now dost thou wear?
How loathsome to mine eyes is thy sad sight?
How poorly look'st thou, with what heavy cheer,
Since that sun set, which made thee shine so bright?
Unhappy now thee close, for as of late
To wond'ring eyes thou wast a paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulf thou art, whence clouds of sighs arise;
But unto none so noisome as to me,
Who hourly see my murder'd joys in thee.

SONNET.

ARE these the flow'ry banks, is this the mead,
Where she was wont to pass the pleasant hours?
Did here her eyes exhale mine eyes' salt show'rs,
When on her lap I laid my weary head?
Is this the goodly elm did us o'erspread,
Whose tender rind, cut out in curious flow'rs
By that white hand, contains those flames of ours?
Is this the rustling spring us music made?
Deflourish'd mead, where is your heavenly hue?
Bank, where that arras did you late adorn?
How look ye, elm, all withered and forlorn?
Only, sweet spring, nought altered seems in you;
But while here chang'd each other thing appears,
To sour your streams take of mine eyes these tears.

SONNET.

ALEXIS, here she stay'd; among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines.
She sate her by these musked eglantines,
The happy place the print seems yet to bear;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear.
Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But, ah! what serv'd it to be happy so,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe?

SONNET.

O NIGHT, clear night, O dark and gloomy day!
O woful waking! O soul-pleasing sleep!
O sweet conceits which in my brains did creep,
Yet sour conceits which went so soon away!
A sleep I had more than poor words can say,
For, clos'd in arms, methought, I did thee keep;
A sorry wretch plung'd in misfortunes deep
Am I not wak'd, when light doth lies bewray?
O that that night had ever still been black!
O that that day had never yet begun!
And you, mine eyes, would ye no time saw sun!
To have your sun in such a zodiac:
Lo! what is good of life is but a dream,
When sorrow is a never-ebbing stream.

SONNET.

HAIR, precious hair which Midas' hand did strain,
Part of the wreath of gold that crowns those brows
Which winter's whitest white in whiteness stain,
And lily, by Eridian's bank that grows;
Hair, fatal present, which first caus'd my woes,
When loose ye hang like Danae's golden rain,
Sweet nets, which sweetly do all hearts enchain,
Strings, deadly strings, with which Love bends his bows,
How are ye hither come? tell me, O hair,
Dear armlet, for what thus were ye given?
I know a badge of bondage I you wear,
Yet hair, for you, O that I were a heaven!
Like Berenice's lock that ye might shine,
But brighter far, about this arm of mine.

MADRIGAL.

UNHAPPY light,
Do not approach to bring the woful day,
When I must bid for aye
Farewell to her, and live in endless plight.
Fair moon, with gentle beams
The sight who never mars,
Long clear heaven's sable vault; and you, bright stars,
Your golden locks long glass in earth's pure streams;
Let Phœbus never rise
To dim your watchful eyes:
Prolong, alas! prolong my short delight,
And, if ye can, make an eternal night.

SONNET.

WITH grief in heart, and tears in swooning eyes,
When I to her had giv'n a sad farewell,
Close sealed with a kiss, and dew which fell
On my else-moisten'd face from beauty's skies,
So strange amazement did my mind surprise,
That at each pace I fainting turn'd again,
Like one whom a torpedo stupifies,
Not feeling honour's bit, nor reason's rein.
But when fierce stars to part me did constrain,
With back-cast looks I envied both and bless'd
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Till that sight's shafts their flying object miss'd.
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair,
When eagles' talons bare him through the air.

MADRIGAL.

I FEAR not henceforth death,
Sith after this departure yet I breathe;
Let rocks, and seas, and wind,
Their highest treasons show;
Let sky and earth combin'd
Strive, if they can, to end my life and woe;
Sith grief can not, me nothing can o'erthrow:
Or if that ought can cause my fatal lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

SONNET.

How many times night's silent queen her face
Hath hid, how oft with stars in silver mask
In Heaven's great hall she hath begun her task,
And cheer'd the waking eye in lower place!
How oft the sun hath made by Heaven's swift race
The happy lover to forsake the breast
Of his dear lady, wishing in the west
His golden coach to run had larger space!
I ever count, and number, since, alas!
I bade farewell to my heart's dearest guest;
The miles I compass, and in mind I chase
The floods and mountains hold me from my rest:
But, woe is me! long count and count may I,
Ere I see her whose absence makes me die.

SONNET.

So grievous is my pain, so painful life,
That oft I find me in the arms of Death;
But, breath half-gone, that tyrant called Death
Who others kills, restoreth me to life:
For while I think how woe shall end with life,
And that I quiet peace shall joy by death,
That thought even doth o'erpower the pains of death,
And call me home again to loathed life.
Thus doth mine evil transcend both life and death,
While no death is so bad as is my life,
Nor no life such which doth not end by death,
And Protean changes turn my death and life.
O happy those who in their birth find death,
Sith but to languish Heaven affordeth life!

SONNET.

Fame, who with golden pens abroad dost range
Where Phœbus leaves the night, and brings the day;
Fame, in one place who, restless, dost not stay
Till thou hast flown from Atlas unto Gange;
Fame, enemy to time that still doth change,
And in his changing course would make decay
What here below he findeth in his way,
Even making virtue to herself look strange;
Daughter of heaven, now all thy trumpets sound,
Raise up thy head unto the highest sky,
With wonder blaze the gifts in her are found;
And when she from this mortal globe shall fly,
In thy wide mouth keep long, long keep her name,
So thou by her, she by thee live shall, Fame.

MADRIGAL.

THE ivory, coral, gold,
Of breast, of lips, of hair,
So lively Sleep doth show to inward sight,
That wake I think I hold
No shadow, but my fair:
Myself so to deceive,
With long-shut eyes I shun the irksome light.
Such pleasure thus I have,
Delighting in false gleams,
If Death Sleep's brother be,
And souls reliev'd of sense have so sweet dreams,
That I would wish me thus to dream and die.

SONNET.

I CURSE the night, yet do from day me hide,
The Pandionian birds I tire with moans,
The echoes even are wearied with my groans,
Since absence did me from my bliss divide.
Each dream, each toy my reason doth affright;
And when remembrance reads the curious scroll
Of pass'd contentments caused by her sight,
Then bitter anguish doth invade my soul.
While thus I live eclipsed of her light,
O me! what better am I than the mole,
Or those whose zenith is the only pole,
Whose hemisphere is hid with so long night?
Save that in earth he rests, they hope for sun,
I pine, and find mine endless night begun.

SONNET.

Of death some tell, some of the cruel pain
Which that bad craftsman in his work did try,
When (a new monster) flames once did constrain
A human corpse to yield a brutish cry.
Some tell of those in burning beds who lie,
For that they durst in the Phlegræan plain
The mighty rulers of the sky defy,
And siege those crystal towers which all contain.
Another counts of Phlegethon's hot floods
The souls which drink, Ixion's endless smart,
And his of whom a vulture eats the heart;
One tells of spectres in enchanted woods.
Of all those pains he who the worst would prove,
Let him be absent, and but pine in love.

MADRIGAL.

Tritons, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid plain,
When as ye shall arrive
With tilting tides where silver Ora plays,
And to your king his watery tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midst of all the coldest main.

SONNET.

PLACE me where angry Titan burns the Moor,
And thirsty Afric fiery monsters brings,
Or where the new-born phœnix spreads her wings,
And troops of wond'ring birds her flight adore;
Place me by Gange, or Ind's empamper'd shore,
Where smiling heavens on earth cause double springs;
Place me where Neptune's quire of syrens sings,
Or where, made hoarse through cold, he leaves to roar;
Me place where Fortune doth her darlings crown,
A wonder or a spark in Envy's eye,
Or late outrageous fates upon me frown,
And pity wailing see disaster'd me,
Affection's print my mind so deep doth prove,
I may forget myself, but not my love.

POEMS.

THE SECOND PART.

SONNET.

O F mortal glory, O soon darken'd ray!
O posting joys of man, more swift than wind!
O fond desires, which wing'd with fancies stray!
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind!
Lo! in a flash that light is gone away,
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,
And with that sun, from whence it came, combin'd,
Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.
Let Beauty now be blubber'd cheeks with tears,
Let widow'd Music only roar and plain;
Poor Virtue, get thee wings, and mount the spheres,
And let thine only name on earth remain.
Death hath thy temple raz'd, Love's empire foil'd,
The world of honour, worth, and sweetness spoil'd.

SONNET.

THOSE eyes, those sparkling sapphires of delight,
Which thousand thousand hearts did set on fire,
Which made that eye of heaven that brings the light,
Oft jealous, stay amaz'd them to admire;
That living snow, those crimson roses bright,
Those pearls, those rubies, that did breed desire,
Those locks of gold, that purple fair of Tyre,
Are wrapt, ay me! up in eternal night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of, wretched world,
Sith she, who cursed thee made blest, is gone?
Thine ever-burning lamps, round ever whirl'd,
Can unto thee not model such a one:
For if they would such beauty bring on earth,
They should be forc'd again to make her breath.

SONNET.

O FATE! conspir'd to pour your worst on me,
O rigorous rigour, which doth all confound!
With cruel hands ye have cut down the tree,
And fruit and flower dispersed on the ground.
A little space of earth my love doth bound;
That beauty which did raise it to the sky,
Turn'd in neglected dust, now low doth lie,
Deaf to my plaints, and senseless of my wound.
Ah! did I live for this? Ah! did I love?
For this and was it she did so excel?
That ere she well life's sweet-sour joys did prove,
She should, too dear a guest, with horror dwell?
Weak influence of Heaven! what fair ye frame,
Falls in the prime, and passeth like a dream.

SONNET.

O WOFUL life! Life? No, but living death,
Frail boat of crystal in a rocky sea,
A sport expos'd to Fortune's stormy breath,
Which kept with pain, with terror doth decay:
The false delights, true woes thou dost bequeath,
Mine all-appalled mind do so affray,
That I those envy who are lain in earth,
And pity them that run thy dreadful way.
When did mine eyes behold one cheerful morn?
When had my tossed soul one night of rest?
When did not hateful stars my projects scorn?
O! now I find for mortals what is best;
Even, sith our voyage shameful is, and short,
Soon to strike sail, and perish in the port.

SONNET.

MINE eyes, dissolve your globes in briny streams,
And with a cloud of sorrow dim your sight;
The sun's bright sun is set, of late whose beams
Gave lustre to your day, day to your night.
My voice, now deafen earth with anathems,
Roar forth a challenge in the world's despite,
Tell that disguised grief is her delight,
That life a slumber is of fearful dreams.
And, woful mind, abhor to think of joy;
My senses all now comfortless you hide,
Accept no object but of black annoy,
Tears, plaints, sighs, mourning weeds, graves gaping wide.
I have nought left to wish, my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.

SONNET.

SWEET soul, which in the April of thy years
So to enrich the heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now with golden rays of glory crown'd
Most blest abid'st above the sphere of spheres;
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all upbears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto those tears.
Do not disdain, dear ghost, this sacrifice,
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
Mine offerings take; let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I raise;
And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles and these flow'rs be seen.

MADRIGAL.

THIS life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air,
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath:
And though it sometime seem of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold, to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For even when most admir'd, it in a thought,
As swell'd from nothing, doth dissolve in nought.

SONNET.

O! it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy rosy face;
O! it is not to mè thou leav'st that sea,
And in these azure lists beginn'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place;
And I, dead, from this world am gone away,
Or if I seem, a shadow, yet to stay,
It is a while but to bemoan my case.
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield;
My knowledge doth resemble a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.
So painful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

SONG.

Sad Damon being come
To that for ever lamentable tomb,
Which those eternal powers that all control,
Unto his living soul
A melancholy prison had prescriv'd;
Of hue, of heat, of motion quite depriv'd,
In arms weak, trembling, cold,
A marble, he the marble did infold;
And having made it warm with many a show'r,
Which dimmed eyes did pour,
When grief had given him leave, and sighs them stay'd,
Thus with a sad alas at last he said:
Who would have thought to me
The place where thou didst lie could grievous be?

And that, dear body, long thee having sought,
O me! who would have thought
Thee once to find it should my soul confound,
And give my heart than death a deeper wound?
Thou didst disdain my tears,
But grieve not that this ruthful stone them bears;
Mine eyes serve only now for thee to weep,
And let their course them keep;
Although thou never wouldst them comfort show,
Do not repine, they have part of thy woe.
Ah, wretch! too late I find,
How virtue's glorious titles prove but wind;
For if she any could release from death,
Thou yet enjoy'd hadst breath;
For if she ere appear'd to mortal eyne,
It was in thy fair shape that she was seen.
But, O! if I was made
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead?
Why do outrageous fates, which dimm'd thy sight,
Let me see hateful light?
They without me made death thee to surprise,
Tyrants, perhaps, that they might kill me twice.
O grief! and could one day
Have force such excellence to take away?
Could a swift-flying moment, ah! deface
Those matchless gifts, that grace
Which art and nature had in thee combin'd,
To make thy body paragon thy mind?
Have all past like a cloud,
And doth eternal silence now them shroud?
Is what so much admir'd was nought but dust,
Of which a stone hath trust?

O change! O cruel change! thou to our sight
Shows destine's rigour equal doth their might.
When thou from earth didst pass,
Sweet nymph, perfection's mirror broken was,
And this of late so glorious world of ours,
Like meadow without flow'rs,
Or ring of a rich gem made blind, appear'd,
Or night, by star nor Cynthia neither clear'd.
Love when he saw thee die,
Entomb'd him in the lid of either eye,
And left his torch within thy sacred urn,
There for a lamp to burn:
Worth, honour, pleasure, with thy life expir'd,
Death since, grown sweet, begins to be desir'd.
Whilst thou to us wast given,
The earth her Venus had as well as heaven,
Nay, and her sun, which burnt as many hearts,
As he doth eastern parts;
Bright sun, which, forc'd to leave these hemispheres,
Benighted set into a sea of tears.
Ah, Death, who shall thee fly,
Sith the most worthy be o'erthrown by thee?
Thou spar'st the ravens, and nightingales dost kill,
And triumphs at thy will;
But give thou canst not such another blow,
Because like her earth can none other show.
O bitter sweets of love!
How better is 't at all you not to prove,
Than when we do your pleasure most possess,
To find them then made less?
O! that the cause which doth consume our joy,
Remembrance of it too, would too destroy!

What doth this life bestow
But flowers on thorns which grow,
Which though they sometime blandishing delight,
Yet afterwards us smite?
And if the rising sun them fair doth see,
That planet, setting, too beholds them die.
This world is made a hell,
Depriv'd of all that in it did excel.
O Pan, Pan, winter is fallen in our May,
Turn'd is in night our day;
Forsake thy pipe, a sceptre take to thee,
Thy locks dis-garland, thou black Jove shalt be.
Thy flocks do leave the meads,
And, loathing three-leav'd grass, hold up their heads;
The streams not glide now with a gentle roar,
Nor birds sing as before;
Hills stand with clouds, like mourners, veil'd in black,
And owls on cabin roofs foretel our wrack.
That zephyr every year
So soon was heard to sigh in forests here,
It was for her: that wrapt in gowns of green,
Meads were so early seen,
That in the saddest months oft sung the merles,
It was for her; for her trees dropt forth pearls.
That proud and stately courts
Did envy those our shades, and calm resorts,
It was for her; and she is gone, O woe!
Woods cut again do grow,
Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done,
But we, once dead, no more do see the sun.
Whose name shall now make ring
The echoes? of whom shall the nymphets sing?

Whose heavenly voice, whose soul-invading strains,
Shall fill with joy the plains?
What hair, what eyes, can make the morn in east
Weep, that a fairer riseth in the west?
Fair sun, post still away,
No music here is found thy course to stay.
Sweet Hybla swarms, with wormwood fill your bowers,
Gone is the flower of flowers;
Blush no more, rose, nor, lily, pale remain,
Dead is that beauty which yours late did stain.
Ay me! to wail my plight
Why have not I as many eyes as night,
Or as that shepherd which Jove's love did keep,
That I still still may weep?
But though I had, my tears unto my cross
Were not yet equal, nor grief to my loss:
Yet of your briny showers,
Which I here pour, may spring as many flowers,
As came of those which fell from Helen's eyes;
And when ye do arise,
May every leaf in sable letters bear
The doleful cause for which ye spring up here.

MADRIGAL.

Dear night, the ease of care,
Untroubled seat of peace,
Time's eldest child, which oft the blind do see,
On this our hemisphere
What makes thee now so sadly dark to be?
Com'st thou in funeral pomp her grave to grace?
Or do those stars which should thy horror clear,
In Jove's high hall advise,
In what part of the skies,
With them, or Cynthia, she shall appear?
Or, ah, alas! because those matchless eyes
Which shone so fair, below thou dost not find,
Striv'st thou to make all other eyes look blind?

SONNET.

My lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which us'd in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear:
Be therefore silent as in woods before,
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain.

SONNET.

SWEET spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs;
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Thou turn'st, sweet youth, but, ah! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair;
But she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems, her can restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
While thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

SONNET.

WHAT doth it serve to see sun's burning face,
And skies enamell'd with both the Indies' gold,
Or moon at night in jetty chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods, which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the Sylvans' songs,
The wanton merle, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Sith she for whom those once to me were dear,
No part of them can have now with me here?

MADRIGAL.

THE beauty, and the life
Of life's and beauty's fairest paragon,
O tears! O grief! hang at a feeble thread,
To which pale Atropos had set her knife;
The soul with many a groan
Had left each outward part,
And now did take his last leave of the heart;
Nought else did want, save death, even to be dead;
When the afflicted band about her bed,
Seeing so fair him come in lips, cheeks, eyes,
Cried, ah! and can death enter paradise?

SONNET.

AH! napkin, ominous present of my dear,
Gift miserable, which doth now remain
The only guerdon of my helpless pain,
When I thee got thou show'd my state too clear:
I never since have ceased to complain,
Since I the badge of grief did ever wear;
Joy on my face durst never since appear;
Care was the food which did me entertain.
Now, since made mine, dear napkin, do not grieve
That I this tribute pay thee from mine eyne,
And that, these posting hours I am to live,
I launder thy fair figures in this brine:
No, I must even beg of thee the grace,
That thou wouldst deign in grave to shroud my face.

MADRIGAL.

Poor turtle! thou bemoans
The loss of thy dear love,
And I for mine send forth those smoking groans:
Unhappy widow'd dove!
While all about do sing,
I at the root, thou on the branch above,
Even weary with our moans the gaudy spring.
Yet these our plaints we do not spend in vain,
Sith sighing zephyrs answer us again.

SONNET.

As, in a dusky and tempestuous night,
A star is wont to spread her locks of gold,
And while her pleasant rays abroad are roll'd,
Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her sight;
Fair soul, in this black age so shin'd thou bright,
And made all eyes with wonder thee behold,
Till ugly Death, depriving us of light,
In his grim misty arms thee did enfold.
Who more shall vaunt true beauty here to see?
What hope doth more in any heart remain,
That such perfections shall his reason reign,
If beauty, with thee born, too died with thee?
World, plain no more of Love, nor count his harms:
With his pale trophies Death hath hung his arms.

SONNET.

SITH it hath pleas'd that First and only Fair
To take that beauty to himself again,
Which in this world of sense not to remain,
But to amaze, was sent, and home repair;
The love which to that beauty I did bear
(Made pure of mortal spots which did it stain,
And endless, which even death cannot impair),
I place on Him who will it not disdain.
No shining eyes, no locks of curling gold,
No blushing roses on a virgin face,
No outward show, no, nor no inward grace,
Shall force hereafter have my thoughts to hold:
Love here on earth huge storms of care do toss,
But, plac'd above, exempted is from loss.

MADRIGAL.

MY thoughts hold mortal strife;
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries,
Peace to my soul to bring,
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchise;
But he, grim-grinning king,
Who caitives scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deckt with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

SONG.

It autumn was, and on our hemisphere
Fair Ericyne began bright to appear;
Night westward did her gemmy world decline,
And hide her lights, that greater light might shine;
The crested bird had given alarum twice
To lazy mortals, to unlock their eyes;
The owl had left to plain, and from each thorn
The wing'd musicians did salute the morn,
Who, while she glass'd her locks in Ganges' streams,
Set open wide the crystal port of dreams;
When I, whose eyes no drowsy night could close,
In sleep's soft arms did quietly repose,
And, for that heavens to die me did deny,
Death's image kissed, and as dead did lie.
I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my cares,
And slaked scarce my sighs, scarce dried my tears,
Sleep scarce the ugly figures of the day
Had with his sable pencil put away,
And left me in a still and calmy mood,
When by my bed methought a virgin stood,
A virgin in the blooming of her prime,
If such rare beauty measur'd be by time.
Her head a garland wore of opals bright,
About her flow'd a gown as pure as light,
Dear amber locks gave umbrage to her face,
Where modesty high majesty did grace;
Her eyes such beams sent forth, that but with pain
Here weaker sights their sparkling could sustain.
No deity feign'd which haunts the silent woods
Is like to her, nor syren of the floods:

Such is the golden planet of the year,
When blushing in the east he doth appear.
Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did pass,
Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.
How long wilt thou, said she, estrang'd from joy,
Paint shadows to thyself of false annoy?
How long thy mind with horrid shapes affright,
And in imaginary evils delight;
Esteem that loss which, well when view'd, is gain,
Or if a loss, yet not a loss to plain?
O leave thy tired soul more to molest,
And think that woe when shortest then is best.
If she for whom thou deaf'nest thus the sky
Be dead, what then? was she not born to die?
Was she not mortal born? If thou dost grieve
That times should be in which she should not live,
Ere e'er she was weep that day's wheel was roll'd,
Weep that she liv'd not in the age of gold;
For that she was not then, thou may'st deplore
As duly as that now she is no more.
If only she had died, thou sure hadst cause
To blame the destinies, and heaven's iron laws;
But look how many millions her advance,
What numbers with her enter in this dance,
With those which are to come: shall heavens them stay,
And all fair order break, thee to obey?
Even as thy birth, death, which doth thee appal,
A piece is of the life of this great all.
Strong cities die, die do high palmy reigns,
And, weakling, thou thus to be handled plains.
If she be dead, then she of loathsome days
Hath past the line, whose length but loss bewrays;

Then she hath left this filthy stage of care,
Where pleasure seldom, woe doth still repair.
For all the pleasures which it doth contain,
Not countervail the smallest minute's pain.
And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
This little vapour, smoke, this spark, or fire,
Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath
But some few years which birth draws out to death?
Which if thou paragon with lustres run,
And them whose carrier is but now begun,
In day's great vast they shall far less appear,
Than with the sea when matched is a tear.
But why wouldst thou here longer wish to be?
One year doth serve all natures pomp to see,
Nay, even one day and night: this moon, that sun,
Those lesser fires about this round which run,
Be but the same which, under Saturn's reign,
Did the serpenting seasons interchain.
How oft doth life grow less by living long?
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For age which all abhor, yet would embrace,
Whiles makes the mind as wrinkled as the face;
And when that destinies conspire with worth,
That years not glory wrong, life soon goes forth.
Leave then laments, and think thou didst not live,
Laws to that first eternal cause to give,
But to obey those laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven,
Which can not err, what ever foggy mists
Do blind men in these sublunary lists.

But what if she for whom thou spend'st those groans,
And wastest life's dear torch in ruthful moans,

She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyful light,
Court'st solitary shades, and irksome night,
Doth live? O! if thou canst, through tears, a space
Lift thy dimm'd lights, and look upon this face,
Look if those eyes which, fool, thou didst adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before;
Look if those roses death could aught impair,
Those roses to thee once which seem'd so fair;
And if those locks have lost aught of that gold,
Which erst they had when thou them didst behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be, till thou be like me made.
Alas! while we are wrapt in gowns of earth,
And blind, here suck the air of woe beneath,
Each thing in sense's balances we weigh,
And but with toil and pain the truth descry.
Above this vast and admirable frame,
This temple visible, which world we name,
Within whose walls so many lamps do burn,
So many arches opposite do turn,
Where elemental brethren nurse their strife,
And by intestine wars maintain their life,
There is a world, a world of perfect bliss,
Pure, immaterial, bright, more far from this
Than that high circle, which the rest enspheres,
Is from this dull ignoble vale of tears;
A world, where all is found, that here is found,
But further discrepant than heaven and ground.
It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,
With creatures peopled, stor'd with trees and flow'rs;
It hath a sea, like sapphire girdle cast,
Which decketh of harmonious shores the waste;

It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
Moon, sun, and stars, heavens wonderfully fair:
But there flow'rs do not fade, trees grow not old,
The creatures do not die through heat nor cold;
Sea there not tossed is, nor air made black,
Fire doth not nurse itself on others' wrack;
There heavens be not constrain'd about to range,
For this world hath no need of any change;
The minutes grow not hours, hours rise not days,
Days make no months but ever-blooming Mays.
Here I remain, but hitherward do tend
All who their span of days in virtue spend:
Whatever pleasure this low place contains,
It is a glance but of what high remains.
Those who, perchance, think there can nothing be
Without this wide expansion which they see,
And that nought else mounts stars' circumference,
For that nought else is subject to their sense,
Feel such a case, as one whom some abysm
Of the deep ocean kept had all his time;
Who born and nourish'd there, can scarcely dream
That ought can live without that briny stream;
Cannot believe that there be temples, towers,
That go beyond his caves and dampish bowers,
Or there be other people, manners, laws,
Than them he finds within the roaring waves;
That sweeter flow'rs do spring than grow on rocks,
Or beasts be which excel the scaly flocks;
That other elements be to be found,
Than is the water, and this ball of ground.
But think that man from those abysms were brought,
And saw what curious nature here hath wrought,

'Did see the meads, the tall and shady woods,
The hills did see, the clear and ambling floods;
The diverse shapes of beasts which kinds forth bring,
The feathered troops, that fly and sweetly sing;
Did see the palaces, the cities fair,
The form of human life, the fire, the air,
The brightness of the sun that dims his sight,
The moon, the ghastly splendours of the night:
What uncouth rapture would his mind surprise!
How would he his late-dear resort despise!
How would he muse how foolish he had been
To think nought be, but what he there had seen!
Why did we get this high and vast desire,
Unto immortal things still to aspire?
Why doth our mind extend it beyond time,
And to that highest happiness even climb,
If we be nought but what to sense we seem,
And dust, as most of worldlings us esteem?
We be not made for earth, though here we come,
More than the embryon for the mother's womb;
It weeps to be made free, and we complain
To leave this loathsome jail of care and pain.
But thou who vulgar footsteps dost not trace,
Learn to raise up thy mind unto this place,
And what earth-creeping mortals most affect,
If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect:
O chase not shadows vain, which, when obtain'd,
Were better lost, than with such travail gain'd.
Think that on earth, which humans greatness call,
Is but a glorious title to live thrall;
That sceptres, diadems, and chairs of state,
Not in themselves, but to small minds are great;

How those who loftiest mount do hardest light,
And deepest falls be from the highest height;
How fame an echo is, how all renown
Like to a blasted rose, ere night falls down;
And though it something were, think how this round
Is but a little point, which doth it bound.
O leave that love which reacheth but to dust,
And in that love eternal only trust,
And beauty, which, when once it is possest,
Can only fill the soul, and make it blest.
Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears,
Sighs, plaints, remorse, here have no place, nor tears,
False joys, vain hopes, here be not hate nor wrath;
What ends all love, here most augments it, death.
If such force had the dim glance of an eye,
Which some few days thereafter was to die,
That it could make thee leave all other things,
And like the taper-fly there burn thy wings;
And if a voice, of late which could but wail,
Such pow'r had, as through ears thy soul to steal;
If once thou on that only fair couldst gaze,
What flames of love would he within thee raise?
In what a mazing maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that quire celestial sing?
The fairest shapes on which thy love did seize,
Which erst did breed delight, then would displease,
Then discords hoarse were earth's enticing sounds,
All music but a noise which sense confounds.
This great and burning glass that clears all eyes,
And musters with such glory in the skies;
That silver star which with its sober light
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleasing night;

Those golden letters which so brightly shine
In heaven's great volume *gorgeously divine;*
The wonders all in sea, *in earth, in air,*
Be but dark pictures of *that sovereign Fair;*
Be tongues, which *still thus cry unto your ear,*
(Could ye amidst worlds' *cataracts them hear,*)
From fading things, fond wights, lift your desire,
And in our beauty, his, us made, admire:
If we seem fair, O think how fair is he
Of whose fair fairness shadows, steps, we be.
No shadow can compare it with the face,
No step with that dear foot that did it trace;
Your souls immortal are, then place them hence,
And do not drown them in the must of sense:
Do not, O do not, by false pleasures' might
Deprive them of that true and sole delight.
That happiness ye seek is not below;
Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe.
Here did she pause, and with a mild aspect
Did towards me those lamping twins direct;
The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
To answer make, thrice falt'ring tongue it stay'd;
And while upon that face I fed my sight,
Methought she vanish'd up in Titan's light,
Who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,
Seem'd to have brought the goldsmith's world again.

TO THE AUTHOR OF

TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MŒLIADES.

In waves of woe thy sighs my soul do toss,
And do burst up the conduits of my tears,
Whose rankling wound no soothing balm long bears,
But freshly bleeds when aught upbraids my loss.
Then thou so sweetly sorrow makes to sing,
And troubled passions dost so well accord,
That more delight thine anguish doth afford,
Than others' joys can satisfaction bring.
What sacred wits, when ravish'd, do affect,
To force affections, metamorphose minds,
Whilst numbrous power the soul in secret binds,
Thou hast perform'd, transforming in effect:
For never plaints did greater pity move,
The best applause that can such notes approve.

SIR W. ALEXANDER.

TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MŒLIADES.

O HEAVENS! then is it true that thou art gone,
And left this woful isle her loss to moan,
Mœliades,* bright day-star of the west,
A comet, blazing terror to the east;
And neither that thy sprite so heavenly wise,
Nor body, though of earth, more pure than skies,
Nor royal stem, nor thy sweet tender age,
Of adamantine Fates could quench the rage?
O fading hopes! O short-while-lasting joy
Of earth-born man, which one hour can destroy!
Then even of virtue's spoils death trophies rears,
As if he gloried most in many tears.
Forc'd by grim Destines, Heavens neglect our cries,
Stars seem set only to act tragedies:
And let them do their worst, since thou art gone,
Raise whom they list to thrones, enthron'd dethrone;
Stain princely bowers with blood, and even to Gange,
In cypress sad, glad Hymen's torches change.
Ah! thou hast left to live, and in the time
When scarce thou blossom'd in thy pleasant prime:
So falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
At half that doth her bashful bosom close;

* The name which in these verses is given to Prince Henry, is that which he himself, in the challenges of his martial sports and masquerades, was wont to use, MŒLIADES, PRINCE OF THE ISLES, which, in anagram, maketh MILES A DEO.

So a sweet flourish languishing decays,
That late did blush when kist by Phœbus' rays;
So Phœbus mounting the meridian's height,
Choked by pale Phœbe, faints unto our sight;
Astonish'd nature sullen stands to see
The life of all this all so chang'd to be;
In gloomy gowns the stars about deplore,
The sea with murmuring mountains beats the shore,
Black darkness reels o'er all, in thousand showers
The weeping air on earth her sorrow pours,
That, in a palsy, quakes to find so soon
Her lover set, and night burst forth ere noon:
If Heaven, alas! ordain'd thee young to die,
Why was it not where thou thy might did'st try,
And to the hopeful world at least set forth
Some little spark of thine expected worth?
Mœliades, O that by Ister's streams,
Amongst shrill-sounding trumpets, flaming gleams
Of warm encrimson'd swords, and cannons' roar,
Balls thick as rain pour'd by the Caspian shore,
Amongst crush'd lances, ringing helms, and shields,
Dismember'd bodies ravishing the fields,
In Turkish blood made red like Mars's star,
Thou ended hadst thy life, and Christian war;
Or, as brave Bourbon, thou hadst made old Rome,
Queen of the world, thy triumph's place and tomb!
So heaven's fair face, to the unborn which reads,
A book had been of thine illustrious deeds;
So to their nephews aged sires had told
The high exploits perform'd by thee of old;
Towns raz'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd bands,
Fierce tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd by thy hands;

And in dear arras, virgins fair had wrought
The bays and trophies to thy country brought;
While some new Homer, imping pens to fame,
Deaf Nilus' dwellers had made hear thy name.
That thou didst not attain those honour's spheres,
It was not want of worth, O no, but years.
A youth more brave pale Troy with trembling walls
Did never see, nor she whose name appals
Both Titan's golden bowers, for bloody fights
Must'ring on Mars's field such Mars-like knights.
The heavens had brought thee to the highest height
Of wit, and courage, showing all their might
When they thee fram'd: ay me! that what is brave
On earth, they as their own so soon should crave!
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.
When Forth thy nurse, Forth where thou first didst pass
Thy tender days (who smil'd oft on her glass
To see thee gaze), meand'ring with her streams,
Heard thou hadst left this round, from Phœbus' beams
She sought to fly, but forced to return
By neighbour brooks she gave herself to mourn;
And as she rush'd her Cyclades among,
She seem'd to plain that Heaven had done her wrong.
With a hoarse plaint, Clyde down her steepy rocks,
And Tweed through her green mountains clad with flocks,
Did wound the ocean, murmuring thy death;
The ocean that roar'd about the earth,
And it to Mauritanian Atlas told,
Who shrunk through grief, and down his white hairs roll'd
Huge streams of tears, that changed were in floods,
With which he drown'd the neighbour plains and woods.

The lesser brooks, as they did bubbling go,
Did keep a consort unto public woe;
The shepherds left their flocks with downcast eyes,
Disdaining to look up to angry skies;
Some broke their pipes, and some in sweet-sad lays
Made senseless things amazed at thy praise.
His reed Alexis hung upon a tree,
And with his tears made Doven great to be.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.
Chaste maids which haunt fair Aganippe's well,
And you in Tempe's sacred shade who dwell,
Let fall your harps, cease tunes of joy to sing,
Dishevelled make all Parnassus ring
With anthems sad; thy music Phœbus turn
In doleful plaints, whilst joy itself doth mourn:
Dead is thy darling who decor'd thy bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet lays,
And to a trumpet raise thine amorous style,
That floating Delos envy might this isle.
You Acidalian archers break your bows,
Your brandons quench, with tears blot beauty's snows,
And bid your weeping mother yet again
A second Adon's death, nay Mars's plain.
His eyes once were your darts, nay, even his name,
Wherever heard, did every heart inflame:
Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
But ah! poor lovers, death did them betray,
And, not suspected, made their hopes his prey.
Tagus bewails his loss with golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.

Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.
Delicious meads, whose checker'd plain forth brings
White, golden, azure flowers, which once were kings,
In mourning black their shining colours dye,
Bow down their heads, whilst sighing zephyrs fly.
Queen of the fields, whose blush makes blush the morn,
Sweet rose, a prince's death in purple mourn;
O hyacinths, for aye your AI keep still,
Nay, with more marks of woe, your leaves now fill;
And you, O flower of Helen's tears first born,
Into those liquid pearls again you turn;
Your green locks, forests, cut, in weeping myrrhs,
The deadly cypress, and ink-dropping firs,
Your palms and myrtles change; from shadows dark
Wing'd syrens wail; and you, sad echoes, mark
The lamentable accents of their moan,
And plain that brave Mœliades is gone.
Stay, sky, thy turning course, and now become
A stately arch, unto the earth his tomb;
Over which aye the watery Iris keep,
And sad Electra's sisters which still weep.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.
Dear ghost, forgive these our untimely tears,
By which our loving mind, though weak, appears;
Our loss, not thine, when we complain, we weep;
For thee the glist'ring walls of heaven do keep
Beyond the planets' wheels, above that source
Of spheres, that turns the lower in its course,
Where sun doth never set, nor ugly night
Ever appears in mourning garments dight;

Where Boreas' stormy trumpet doth not sound,
Nor clouds, in lightnings bursting, minds astound;
From care's cold climates far, and hot desire,
Where time is banish'd, ages ne'er expire;
Amongst pure sprights environed with beams,
Thou think'st all things below to be but dreams,
And joy'st to look down to the azur'd bars
Of heaven, indented all with streaming stars;
And in their turning temples to behold,
In silver robe the moon, the sun in gold,
Like young eye-speaking lovers in a dance,
With majesty by turns retire, advance.
Thou wond'rest earth to see hang like a ball,
Clos'd in the ghastly cloister of this all;
And that poor men should prove so madly fond,
To toss themselves for a small foot of ground,
Nay, that they even dare brave the powers above,
From this base stage of change that cannot move.
All worldly pomp and pride thou seest arise
Like smoke, that scatt'reth in the empty skies.
Other hills and forests, other sumptuous towers,
Amaz'd thou find'st, excelling our poor bowers;
Courts void of flattery, of malice minds,
Pleasure which lasts, not such as reason blinds:
Far sweeter songs thou hear'st and carollings,
Whilst heavens do dance, and quire of angels sings,
Than mouldy minds could feign: even our annoy,
If it approach that place, is chang'd in joy.
Rest blessed spright, rest satiate with the sight
Of him whose beams both dazzle and delight,
Life of all lives, cause of each other cause,
The sphere and centre where the mind doth pause;

Narcissus of himself, himself the well,
Lover, and beauty, that doth all excel.
Rest, happy ghost, and wonder in that glass
Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
While shall be, is, or was do pass away,
And nought remain but an eternal day:
For ever rest; thy praise fame may enrol
In golden annals, whilst about the pole
The slow Boötes turns, or sun doth rise
With scarlet scarf, to cheer the mourning skies:
The virgins to thy tomb may garlands bear
Of flowers, and on each flower let fall a tear.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

SONNET.

A passing glance, a lightning 'long the skies,
That, ush'ring thunder, dies straight to our sight;
A spark, of contraries which doth arise,
Then drowns in the huge depths of day and night;
Is this small small call'd life, held in such price
Of blinded wights, who nothing judge aright?
Of Parthian shaft so swift is not the flight
As life, that wastes itself, and living dies.
O! what is human greatness, valour, wit?
What fading beauty, riches, honour, praise?
To what doth serve in golden thrones to sit,
Thrall earth's vast round, triumphal arches raise?
All is a dream, learn in this prince's fall,
In whom, save death, nought mortal was at all.

EPITAPH.

[FROM THE THIRD EDITION OF TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MŒLIADES, EDINBURGH, M.DC.XIV.]

STAY, passenger, see where enclosed lies
The paragon of princes, fairest frame
Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle to fame:
At least that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds, hard like the Destinies:
For as to his brave spirit and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the skies.
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose,
Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,
Spread on this stone, and wash it with thy tears:
Then go and tell, from Gades unto Ind,
Thou saw where earth's perfections were confin'd.

OF JET,
OR PORPHYRY,
OR THAT WHITE STONE
PAROS AFFORDS ALONE,
OR THOSE IN AZURE DYE,
WHICH SEEM TO SCORN THE SKY;
HERE MEMPHIS' WONDERS DO NOT SET,
NOR ARTEMISIA'S HUGE FRAME,
THAT KEEPS SO LONG HER LOVER'S NAME:
MAKE NO GREAT MARBLE ATLAS TREMBLE WITH GOLD,
TO PLEASE A VULGAR EYE THAT DOTH BEHOLD:
THE MUSES, PHŒBUS, LOVE, HAVE RAISED OF THEIR TEARS
A CRYSTAL TOMB TO HIM, THROUGH WHICH HIS WORTH APPEARS.

URANIA, OR SPIRITUAL POEMS.

TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,
Works heavenly wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which sprights divine unto the world set forth;
States, which ambitious minds with blood do raise,
From frozen Tanais to sun-gilded Gange,
Gigantic frames, held wonders rarely strange,
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.
All only constant is in constant change,
What done is, is undone, and when undone,
Into some other fashion doth it range:
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon:
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Thee raise, and steps unknown to nature trace.

* TOO long I follow'd have my fond desire,
And too long panted on deluding streams,
Too long refreshment sought in burning fire,
And hunted joys, which to my soul were blames.
Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a show of mocking dreams.
Henceforth on Thee, mine only good, I 'll think,
For only Thou canst grant what I do crave;

* This, and seven other Sonnets, were subsequently printed in the "FLOWERS OF SION," with a few variations, of which the preferable readings are here transferred, and the Sonnets themselves omitted in the present reprint of that portion of Drummond's works.

Thy nails my pen shall be, thy blood mine ink,
Thy winding-sheet my paper, study, grave.
And till that soul from forth this body flee,
No hope I 'll have, but only onely Thee.

To spread the azure canopy of heaven,
And make it twinkle with those spangs of gold,
To stay this weighty mass of earth so even,
That it should all, and nought should it uphold;
To give strange motions to the planets seven,
Of Jove to make so meek, and Mars so bold;
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their jars that sweet accords are given;
Lord, to thy wisdom nought is, nor thy might:
But that thou shouldst, thy glory laid aside,
Come meanly in mortality to bide,
And die for those deserv'd eternal plight,
A wonder is so far above our wit,
That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

Come forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing bands,
Fair citizens of that immortal town,
Come see that King, who all this all commands,
Now, overcharg'd with love, die for his own:
Look on those nails which pierce his feet and hands,
What a strange diadem his brows doth crown!
Behold his pallid face, his eyes which swoon,
And what a throng of thieves him mocking stands:
Come forth, ye empyrean troops, come forth,
Preserve this sacred blood, which earth adorns;

Gather those liquid roses from his thorns,
O! to be lost they be of too much worth; [charms,
For streams, juice, balm, they are, which quench, kills,
Of God, death, hell, the wrath, the life, the harms.

Soul, which to hell wast thrall,
He, He for thine offence
Did suffer death, who could not die at all.
O sovereign excellence!
O life of all that lives!
Eternal bounty, which all goodness gives!
How could Death mount so high?
No wit this point can reach;
Faith only doth us teach,
For us He died, at all who could not die.

If with such passing beauty, choice delights,
The architect of this great round did frame
This palace visible, which world we name,
Yet silly mansion but of mortal wights;
How many wonders, what amazing lights,
Must that triumphing seat of glory claim,
Which doth transcend all this great all's high heights,
Of whose bright sun ours here is but a beam!
O blest abode! O happy dwelling-place,
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign!
Blest people, who do see true beauty's face,
With whose far dawnings he but earth doth deign,
All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Match'd with your endless bliss and happy life.

Love which is here a care,
That wit and will doth mar,
Uncertain truce, and a most certain war;
A shrill tempestuous wind,
Which doth disturb the mind,
And, like wild waves, all our designs commove;
Among those sprights above
Which see their Maker's face,
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest,
Eternal joy which nothing can molest.

What hapless hap had I now to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days,
Of this else-doating world, when good decays,
Love is quench'd forth, and virtue held a scorn;
When such are only priz'd, by wretched ways
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn,
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And noble minds live orphan-like forlorn?
Why was not I into that golden age,
When gold yet was not known, and those black arts,
By which base mortals vilely play their parts,
And stain with horrid acts earth's stately stage?
Then to have been, heaven! it had been my bliss;
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
Both doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the soft sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs perfum'd, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, falsehoods, slights;
Woods' silent shades have only true delights.

WHY, worldlings, do ye trust frail honour's dreams,
And lean to gilded glories which decay?
Why do ye toil to registrate your names
On icy columns, which soon melt away?
True honour is not here; that place it claims,
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-shining lamp dives in the sea,
But an eternal sun spreads lasting beams.
There it attendeth you, where spotless bands
Of sprights stand gazing on their sovereign bliss,
Where years not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
But who once noble ever noble is:
Look home, lest he your weak'ned wit make thrall,
Who Eden's foolish gard'ner erst made fall.

ASTREA in this time
Now doth not live, but is fled up to heaven;
Or if she live, it is not without crime
That she doth use her power,
And she is no more virgin, but a whore,
Whore prostitute for gold:
For she doth never hold her balance even;
And when her sword is roll'd,
The bad, injurious, false she not o'erthrows,
But on the innocent lets fall her blows.

WHAT serves it to be good? Goodness, by thee
The holy-wise is thought a fool to be;
For thee the man to temperance inclin'd,
Is held but of a base and abject mind;
The continent is thought for thee but cold;
Who yet was good, that ever died old?
The pitiful who others fears to kill,
Is kill'd himself, and goodness doth him ill:
The meek and humble man who cannot brave,
By thee is to some giant's brood made slave.
Poor Goodness, thine thou to such wrongs sett'st forth,
That O! I fear me, thou art nothing worth:
And when I look to earth, and not to heaven,
Ere I were turned dove, I would be raven.

GREAT God whom we with humble thoughts adore,
Eternal, infinite, almighty king,
Whose palace heaven transcends, whose throne before
Archangels serve, and seraphim do sing;
Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ring eyes
We do behold within this spacious round,
Who makes the rocks to rock, and stand the skies,
At whose command the horrid thunders sound;
Ah! spare us worms, weigh not how we, alas!
Evil to ourselves, against thy laws rebel;
Wash off those spots, which still in conscience' glass,
Though we be loth to look, we see too well;
Deserv'd revenge, O do not, do not take:
If thou revenge, what shall abide thy blow?
Pass shall this world, this world which thou didst make,
Which should not perish till thy trumpet blow.
For who is he whom parents' sin not stains,
Or with his own offence is not defil'd?
Though Justice ruin threaten, Justice' reins
Let Mercy hold, and be both just and mild.
Less are our faults far far than is thy love;
O! what can better seem thy pow'r divine,
Than those who evil deserve thy goodness prove,
And where thou thunder shouldst there fair to shine?
Then look, and pity, pitying forgive
Us guilty slaves, or servants, at thy will;
Slaves, if, alas! thou look'st how we do live,
Or doing nought at all, or doing ill,

Of an ungrateful mind a foul effect.
But if thy gifts, which largely heretofore
Thou hast upon us pour'd, thou dost respect,
We be thy servants, nay, than servants more,
Thy children, yes, and children dearly bought;
But what strange chance us of this lot bereaves?
Vile rebels, O! how basely are we brought,
Whom grace made children, sin hath now made slaves;
Sin slaves hath made, but let thy grace sin thrall,
That in our wrongs thy mercy may appear:
Thy wisdom not so weak is, pow'r so small,
But thousand ways they can make men thee fear.
O wisdom boundless! admirable grace!
Grace, wisdom, which do dazzle reason's eye,
And could Heaven's king bring from his placeless place,
On this infamous stage of woe to die,
To die our death, and with the sacred stream
Of blood and water gushing from his side,
To expiate that sin and deadly blame,
Contriv'd first by our first parents' pride?
Thus thy great love and pity, heavenly king,
Love, pity, which so well our loss prevents,
Could even of evil itself all goodness bring,
And sad beginnings cheer with glad events.
O love and pity! ill known of these times,
O love and pity! careful of our bliss,
O goodness! with the heinous acts and crimes
Of this black age that almost vanquish'd is,
Make this excessive ardour of thy love
So warm our coldness, so our lives renew,
That we from sin, sin may from us remove,
Wit may our will, faith may our wit subdue.

Let thy poor love burn up all mortal lust,
That band of ills which thralls our better part,
And fondly makes us worship fleshy dust,
Instead of thee, in temple of our heart.
Grant, when at last the spright shall leave this tomb,
This loathsome shop of sin, and mansion blind,
And call'd before thy royal seat doth come,
It may a saviour, not a judge, thee find.

TO THE AUTHOR.

The sister nymphs who haunt the Thespian springs,
Ne'er did their gifts more liberally bequeath
To them who on their hills suck'd sacred breath,
Than unto thée, by which thou sweetly sings.
Ne'er did Apollo raise on Pegase' wing's
A muse more near himself, more far from earth,
Than thine, if she do weep thy lady's death,
Or sing those sweet-sour pangs which passion brings.
To write our thoughts in verse doth merit praise,
But those our verse to gild in fiction's ore,
Bright, rich, delightful, doth deserve much more,
As thou hast done these thy delicious lays:
Thy muse's morning, doubtless, doth beweray
The near approach of a more glist'ring day.

D. MURRAY.*

* Sir David Murray, of Gorthy, Bart. the author's friend and fellow-bard, whose Poems were reprinted for the Members of the Bannatyne Club in 1823.

MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMS.

THE STATUE OF MEDUSA.

F that Medusa strange,
Who those that did her see in rocks did change
None image carv'd is this;
Medusa's self it is:
For whilst at heat of day,
To quench her thirst, she by this spring did stay,
Her curling snakes beholding in this glass,
Life did her leave, and thus transform'd she was.

THE TROJAN HORSE.

A HORSE I am, whom bit,
Rein, rod, nor spur, not fear;
When I my riders bear,
Within my womb, not on my back, they sit:
No streams I drink, nor care for grass nor corn;
Art me a monster wrought,
All nature's works to scorn:
A mother, I was without mother born;
In end all arm'd my father I forth brought:
What thousand ships, and champions of renown
Could not do free, I captive raz'd a town.

A LOVER'S HEAVEN.

THOSE stars, nay, suns, which turn
So stately in their spheres,
And dazzling do not burn;
The beauty of the morn
Which on those cheeks appears,
The harmony which to that voice is given,
Make me think ye are heaven:
If heaven ye be, O that by pow'rful charms
I Atlas were, to hold you in mine arms!

DEEP IMPRESSION OF LOVE.

WHOM raging dog doth bite,
He doth in water still
That Cerberus' image see:
Love mad, perhaps, when he my heart did smite,
More to dissemble ill,
Transform'd himself in thee,
For ever since thou present art to me:
No spring there is, no flood, nor other place,
Where I, alas! not see thy heavenly face.

THE PORTRAIT OF MARS AND VENUS.

FAIR Paphos' wanton queen,
Not drawn in white and red,
Is truly here, as when in Vulcan's bed
She was of all heaven's laughing senate seen.
Gaze on her hair and eyne,

Her brows, the bows of love,
Her back with lilies spread:
And ye should see her turn, and sweetly move,
But that she neither so will do, nor dare,
For fear to wake the angry god of war.

IÖLAS' EPITAPH.

Here dear Iölas lies,
Who whilst he liv'd, in beauty did surpass
That boy whose heavenly eyes
Brought Cypris from above,
Or him till death who look'd in wat'ry glass,
Even judge the god of love:
And if the nymph once held of him so dear,
Dorin the fair, would here but shed one tear,
Thou shouldst, in nature's scorn,
A purple flower see of this marble born.

UPON THE DEATH OF A LINNET.

If cruel Death had ears,
Or could be pleas'd by songs,
This wing'd musician liv'd had many years,
And Chloris mine had never wept these wrongs.
For when it first took breath,
The heavens their notes did unto it bequeath;
And, if that Samian's sentence be found true,
Amphion in this body liv'd of new:
But Death, for that he nothing spares, nought hears.
As he doth kings, it kill'd, O grief! O tears!

ALCON'S KISS.

WHAT others at their ear,
Two pearls Camilla at her nose did wear;
Which Alcon, who nought saw
(For love is blind), robb'd with a pretty kiss;
But having known his miss,
And felt what ore he from that mine did draw,
When she to charge again him did desire,
He fled, and said, foul water quenched fire.

ICARUS.

WHILST with audacious wings
I sprang those airy ways,
And fill'd, a monster new, with dread and fears,
The feathered people, and their eagle kings;
Dazzled with Phœbus' rays,
And charmed with the music of the spheres,
When pens could move no more, and force did fail,
I measur'd by a fall those lofty bounds:
Yet doth renown my losses countervail,
For still the shore my brave attempt resounds;
A sea, an element doth bear my name;
Who hast so vast a tomb in place or fame?

CHERRIES.

MY wanton, weep no more
The losing of your cherries;
Those, and far sweeter berries,
Your sister in good store,
Hath spread on lips and face:
Be glad, kiss but with me, and hold your peace.

OF THAUMANTIA, BEHOLDING HERSELF IN A MARBLE.

WORLD, wonder not that I
Engrave thus in my breast
This angel face which me bereaves of rest;
Since things even wanting sense cannot deny
To lodge so dear a guest,
And this hard marble stone
Receives the same, and loves, but cannot groan.

LOVE SUFFERETH NO PARASOL.

THOSE eyes, dear eyes, be spheres,
Where two bright suns are roll'd;
That fair hand to behold,
Of whitest snow appears:
Then while ye coyly stand,
To hide from me those eyes,
Sweet, I would you advise
To choose some other fan than that white hand;
For if ye do, for truth most true this know,
That suns ere long must needs consume warm snow.

SLEEPING BEAUTY.

O SIGHT too dearly bought!
She sleeps, and though those eyes,
Which lighten Cupid's skies,
Be clos'd, yet such a grace
Environeth that place,
That I through wonder to grow faint am brought:
Suns, if eclips'd ye have such power divine,
O! how can I endure you when ye shine?

THE QUALITY OF A KISS.

THE kiss with so much strife
Which I late got, sweet heart,
Was it a sign of death, or was it life?
Of life it could not be,
For I by it did sigh my soul in thee;
Nor was it death, death doth no joy impart.
Thou silent stand'st, ah! what thou didst bequeath,
To me a dying life was, living death.

OF PHILLIS.

IN petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eyne,
Phillis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock:
Among that strained moisture, rare delight!
Her hand seem'd milk in milk, it was so white.

KISSES DESIRED.

THOUGH I with strange desire
To kiss those rosy lips am set on fire,
Yet will I cease to crave
Sweet touches in such store,
As he who long before
From Lesbia them in thousands did receive.
Heart mine, but once me kiss,
And I by that sweet bliss
Even swear to cease you to importune more:
Poor one no number is;
Another word of me ye shall not hear
After one kiss, but still one kiss, my dear.

OF DAMETAS.

DAMETAS dream'd he saw his wife at sport,
And found that sight was through the horny port.

THE CANNON.

WHEN first the cannon from her gaping throat,
Against the heaven her roaring sulphur shot,
Jove waken'd with the noise, and ask'd with wonder,
What mortal wight had stolen from him his thunder:
His crystal towers he fear'd; but fire and air
So deep did stay the ball from mounting there.

APELLES ENAMOURED OF CAMPASPE, ALEXANDER'S MISTRESS.

POOR painter, whilst I sought
To counterfeit by art
The fairest frame that nature ever wrought,
And having limn'd each part,
Except her matchless eyes,
Scarce on those twins I gaz'd,
As lightning falls from skies,
When straight my hand benumb'd was, mind amaz'd;
And ere that pencil half them had exprest,
Love all had drawn, no, graven within my breast.

CAMPASPE.

ON stars shall I exclaim,
Which thus my fortune change?
Or shall I else revenge
Upon myself this shame,
Unconstant monarch, or shall I thee blame,

Who lett'st Apelles prove
The sweet delights of Alexander's love?
No, stars, myself, and thee, I all forgive,
And joy that thus I live:
Kings know not beauty, hence mine was despis'd;
The painter did, and me he dearly priz'd.

UNPLEASANT MUSIC.

In fields Ribaldo stray'd
May's tapestry to see,
And hearing on a tree
A cuckoo sing, he sigh'd, and softly said,
Lo! how, alas! even birds sit mocking me!

A JEST.

In a most holy church a holy man
Unto a holy saint, with visage wan,
And eyes like fountains, mumbled forth a prayer,
And with strange words and sighs made black the air;
And having long so stay'd, and long long pray'd,
A thousand crosses on himself he laid;
Then with some sacred beads hung on his arm,
His eyes, his mouth, breast, temples did he charm.
Thus not content (strange worship hath none end),
To kiss the earth at least he did pretend,
And bowing down, besought with humble grace
An aged woman near to give some place:
She turn'd, and turning up her poll beneath,
Said, sir, kiss here, for it is all but earth.

NARCISSUS.

FLOODS cannot quench my flames! ah! in this well
I burn, not drown, for what I cannot tell.

TO THAUMANTIA SINGING.

Is it not too, too much
Thou late didst to me prove
A basilisk of love,
And didst my wits bewitch;
Unless, to cause more harm,
Made Syren too, thou with thy voice me charm?
Ah! though thou so my reason didst control,
That to thy looks I could not prove a mole,
Yet do me not that wrong,
As not to let me turn asp to thy song.

OF HER DOG.

WHEN her dear bosom clips
That little cur, which fawns to touch her lips,
Or when it is his hap
To lie lapp'd in her lap,
O! it grows noon with me;
With hotter-pointed beams
My burning planet streams,
What rays were erst, in lightnings changed be.
When oft I muse, how I to those extremes
Am brought, I find no cause, except that she
In love's bright zodiac having trac'd each room,
To fatal Sirius now at last is come.

A KISS.

Hark, happy lovers, hark,
This first and last of joys,
This sweet'ner of annoys,
This nectar of the gods
Ye call a kiss, is with itself at odds;
And half so sweet is not
In equal measure got
At light of sun, as it is in the dark:
Hark, happy lovers, hark.

CORNUCOPIA.

If for one only horn
Which nature to him gave,
So famous is the noble unicorn,
What praise should that man have,
Whose head a lady brave
Doth with a goodly pair at once adorn?

OF AMINTAS.

Over a crystal source
Amintas laid his face,
Of popling streams to see the restless course.
But scarce he had o'ershadowed the place,
When (spying in the ground a child arise,
Like to himself in stature, face, and eyes),
He rose o'erjoy'd, and cried,
Dear mates, approach, see whom I have descried;
The boy of whom strange stories shepherds tell,
Oft-called Hylas, dwelleth in this well.

PAMPHILUS.

Some ladies wed, some love, and some adore them,
I like their wanton sport, then care not for them.

UPON A GLASS.

If thou wouldst see threads purer than the gold,
Where love his wealth doth show,
But take this glass, and thy fair hair behold:
If whiteness thou wouldst see more white than snow,
And read on wonder's book,
Take but this glass, and on thy forehead look.
Wouldst thou in winter see a crimson rose,
Whose thorns do hurt each heart,
Look but in glass how thy sweet lips do close:
Wouldst thou see planets which all good impart,
Or meteors divine,
But take this glass, and gaze upon thine eyne.
No, planets, rose, snow, gold, cannot compare
With you, dear eyes, lips, brows, and amber hair!

OF A BEE.

As an audacious knight,
Come with some foe to fight,
His sword doth brandish, makes his armour ring;
So this proud bee, at home perhaps a king,
Did buzzing fly about,
And, tyrant, after thy fair lip did sting:
O champion strange as stout!
Who hast by nature found
Sharp arms, and trumpet shrill, to sound and wound.

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OF THAT SAME.

O! do not kill that bee
That thus hath wounded thee!
Sweet, it was no despight,
But hue did him deceive,
For when thy lips did close,
He deemed them a rose.
What wouldst thou further crave?
He wanting wit, and blinded with delight,
Would fain have kiss'd, but mad with joy did bite.

OF A KISS.

Ah! of that cruel bee
Thy lips have suck'd too much,
For when they mine did touch,
I found that both they hurt, and sweeten'd me:
This by the sting they have,
And that they of the honey do receive.
Dear kiss! else by what art
Couldst thou at once both please and wound my heart?

IDMON TO VENUS.

If, Acidalia's queen,
Thou quench in me thy torch,
And with the same Thaumantia's heart shall scorch,
Each year a myrtle-tree
Here I do vow to consecrate to thee;
And, when the meads grow green,
I will of sweetest flowers
Weave thousand garlands to adorn thy bowers.

A LOVER'S PLAINT.

In midst of silent night,
When men, birds, beasts, do rest,
With love and fear possest,
To Heaven and Flore I count my heavy plight.
Again, with roseate wings
When morn peeps forth, and Philomela sings,
Then void of all relief,
Do I renew my grief:
Day follows night, night day, whilst still I prove
That Heaven is deaf, Flore careless of my love.

HIS FIREBRAND.

Leave, page, that slender torch,
And in this gloomy night
Let only shine the light
Of love's hot brandon, which my heart doth scorch:
A sigh, or blast of wind,
My tears, or drops of rain,
May that at once make blind,
Whilst this, like Ætna, burning shall remain.

DAPHNIS' VOW.

When sun doth bring the day
From the Hesperian sea,
Or moon her coach doth roll
Above the northern pole;
When serpents cannot hiss,
And lovers shall not kiss;
Then may it be, but in no time till then,
That Daphnis can forget his Orienne.

OF NISA.

NISA, Palemon's wife, him weeping told,
He kept not grammar rules, now being old:
For why, quoth she, position false make ye,
Putting a short thing where a long should be?

BEAUTY'S IDEA.

WHO would perfection's fair idea see,
Let him come look on Chloris sweet with me.
White is her hair, her teeth white, white her skin,
Black be her eyes, her eyebrows Cupid's inn;
Her locks, her body, hands do long appear,
But teeth short, belly short, short either ear;
The space 'twixt shoulders, eyes, is wide, brows wide,
Strait waist, the mouth strait, and her virgin pride;
Thick are her lips, thighs, with banks swelling there,
Her nose is small, small fingers, and her hair,
Her sugared mouth, her cheeks, her nails be red;
Little her foot, pap little, and her head.
Such Venus was, such was the flame of Troy.
Such Chloris is, my hope and only joy.

CRATON'S DEATH.

AMIDST the waves profound,
Far, far from all relief,
The honest fisher, Craton, ah! is drown'd
Into his little skiff;
The boards of which did serve him for a bier,
So that to the black world when he came near,
Of him no waftage greedy Charon got;
For he in his own boat
Did pass that flood by which the gods do swear,

ARMELINE'S EPITAPH.

NEAR to this eglantine
Enclosed lies the milk-white Armeline,
Once Chloris' only joy,
Now only her annoy;
Who envied was of the most happy swains,
That keep their flocks in mountains, dales, or plains;
For oft she bare the wanton in her arm,
And oft her bed and bosom did he warm:
Now when unkind Fates did him destroy,
Blest dog, he had the grace,
With tears for him that Chloris wet her face.

THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

BREAK not my sweet repose,
Thou whom free will or chance brings to this place;
Let lids these comets close,
O do not seek to see their shining grace;
For when mine eyes thou seest, they thine will blind,
And thou shalt part, but leave thy heart behind.

LILLA'S PRAYER.

LOVE, if thou wilt once more
That I to thee return,
Sweet god! make me not burn
For quivering age that doth spent days deplore;
Nor do not wound my heart
For some inconstant boy,
Who joys to love, yet makes of love a toy:
But, ah! if I must prove thy golden dart,

Of grace, O let me find
A sweet young lover with an aged mind.
Thus Lilla pray'd, and Idas did reply
Who heard, Dear, have thy wish, for such am I.

THE UNKINDNESS OF RORA.

WHILST sighing forth his wrongs,
In sweet, though doleful songs,
Alexis seeks to charm his Rora's ears,
The hills are heard to moan,
To sigh each spring appears;
Trees, even hard trees, through rind distil their tears,
And soft grows every stone;
But tears, sighs, songs cannot fair Rora move;
Proud of his plaints, she glories in his love.

ANTHEA'S GIFT.

THIS virgin lock of hair
To Idmon Anthea gives,
Idmon for whom she lives,
Though oft she mix his hopes with cold despair:
This now; but, absent if he constant prove,
With gift more dear she vows to meet his love.

TO THAUMANTIA.

COME, let us live and love,
And kiss, Thaumantia mine:
I shall the elm be, be to me the vine;
Come let us teach new billing to the dove;
Nay, to augment our bliss,
Let souls even other kiss;

Let love a workman be,
Undo distemper, and his cunning prove,
Of kisses three make one, of one make three:
Though moon, sun, stars, be bodies far more bright,
Let them not vaunt they match us in delight.

EPITAPH.

THIS dear, though not respected earth doth hold
One, for his worth, whose tomb should be of gold.

A WISH.

TO forge to mighty Jove
The thunder-bolts above,
Nor on this round below
Rich Midas' skill to know,
And make all gold I touch,
I do not crave, nor other cunning such;
For all those arts be underneath the sky,
I wish but Phillis' lapidar to be.

A LOVER'S DAY AND NIGHT.

BRIGHT meteor of day,
For me in Thetis' bowers for ever stay:
Night, to this flowery globe
Ne'er show for me thy star-embroider'd robe;
My night, my day, do not proceed from you,
But hang on Mira's brow;
For when she lowers, and hides from me her eyes,
Midst clearest day I find black night arise;
When, smiling, she again those twins doth turn,
In midst of night I find noon's torch to burn.

OF LIDA.

SUCH Lida is, that who her sees,
Through envy, or through love, straight dies.

THE STATUE OF ADONIS.

WHEN Venus 'longst that plain
This Parian Adon saw,
She sigh'd, and said, What power breaks Destine's law,
World-mourned boy, and makes thee live again?
Then with stretch'd arms she ran him to enfold;
But when she did behold
The boar whose snowy tusks did threaten death,
Fear closed up her breath:
Who can but grant then that these stones do live,
Sith this bred love, and that a wound did give?

CHLORUS TO A GROVE.

OLD oak, and you thick grove,
I ever shall you love,
With these sweet-smelling briers;
For, briers, oak, grove, ye crowned my desires,
When underneath your shade
I left my woe, and Flore her maidenhead.

A COUPLET ENCOMIASTIC.

LOVE, Cypris, Phœbus, will feed, deck, and crown
Thy heart, brows, verse, with flames, with flow'rs, renown.

ANOTHER.

THY muse not-able, full, il-lustred rhymes,
Make thee the poet-aster of our times.

THE ROSE.

FLOWER, which of Adon's blood
Sprang, when of that clear flood
Which Venus wept another white was born,
The sweet Cynarean youth thou right dost show:
But this sharp-pointed thorn,
Which does so proud about thy crimson grow,
What doth it represent?
Boars' tusks, perhaps, his snowy flank which rent:
O show of shows! of unesteemed worth,
Which both what kill'd and what was kill'd sett'st forth.

TO A RIVER.

SITH she will not that I
Show to the world my joy,
Thou, who oft mine annoy
Hast heard, dear flood, tell Thetis' nymphets bright,
That not a happier wight
Doth breathe beneath the sky;
More sweet, more white, more fair,
Lips, hands, and amber hair,
Tell none did ever touch;
A smaller, daintier waist,
Tell never was embrac'd:
But peace, sith she forbids thou tell'st too much.

THAÏS METAMORPHOSE.

INTO Briareus huge
Thaïs wish'd she might change
Her man, and pray'd him herefore not to grudge,
Nor fondly think it strange:
For if, said she, I might the parts dispose,
I wish you not an hundred arms nor hands,
But hundred things like those
With which Priapus in our garden stands.

UPON A BAY TREE, NOT LONG SINCE GROWING IN THE RUINS OF VIRGIL'S TOMB.

THOSE stones which once had trust
Of Maro's sacred dust,
Which now of their first beauty spoil'd are seen,
That they due praise not want,
Inglorious and remain,
A Delian tree, fair nature's only plant,
Now courts, and shadows with her tresses green:
Sing Iö Pæan, ye of Phœbus' train,
Though envy, avarice, time, your tombs throw down,
With maiden laurels nature will them crown.

EPITAPH.

THEN death thee hath beguil'd,
Alecto's first-born child;
Thou who didst thrall all laws,
Then against worms canst not maintain thy cause;
Yet worms, more just than thou, now do no wrong,
Sith all do wonder they thee spar'd so long,
For though from life but lately thou didst pass,
Ten springs are gone since thou corrupted was.

FLORA'S FLOWER.

VENUS doth love the rose;
Apollo those dear flow'rs
Which were his paramours;
The queen of sable skies
The subtle lunaries;
But Flore likes none of those,
For fair to her no flower seems save the lily:
And why? because one letter turns it Pilly.

MELAMPUS' EPITAPH.

ALL that a dog could have,
The good Melampus had;
Nay, he had more than what in beasts we crave,
For he could play the brave,
And often like a Thraso stern go mad;
And if ye had not seen, but heard him bark,
Ye would have sworn he was your parish clerk.

KALA'S COMPLAINT.

KALA, old Mopsus' wife,
Kala with fairest face,
For whom the neighbour swains oft were at strife,
As she to milk her milk-white flock did tend,
Sigh'd with a heavy grace,
And said, what wretch like me doth lead her life?
I see not how my task can have an end;
All day I draw these streaming dugs in fold,
All night mine empty husband's soft and cold.

THE HAPPINESS OF A FLEA.

How happier is that, flea
Which in thy breast doth play,
Than that pied butterfly
Which courts the flame, and in the same doth die?
That hath a light delight,
Poor fool! contented only with a sight;
When this doth sport, and swell with dearest food,
And if he die, he, knight-like, dies in blood.

OF THAT SAME.

Poor flea! then thou didst die;
Yet by so fair a hand,
That thus to die was Destine to command:
Thou die didst, yet didst try
A lover's last delight,
To vault on virgin plains, her kiss and bite:
Thou diedst, yet hast thy tomb
Between those paps, O dear and stately room!
Flea, happier far, more blest
Than Phœnix burning in his spicy nest!

LINA'S VIRGINITY.

Who Lina weddeth, shall most happy be,
For he a maid shall find,
Though maiden none be she,
A girl, or boy, beneath her waist confin'd;
And though bright Ceres' locks be never shorn,
He shall be sure this year to lack no corn.

LOVE NAKED.

And would ye, lovers, know
Why Love doth naked go?
Fond, waggish, changeling lad!
Late whilst Thaumantia's voice
He wond'ring heard, it made him so rejoice,
That he o'erjoy'd ran mad,
And in a frantic fit threw clothes away,
And since from lip and lap hers cannot stray.

NIOBE.

Wretched Niobe I am;
Let wretches read my case,
Not such who with a tear ne'er wet their face.
Seven daughters of me came,
And sons as many, which one fatal day
(Orb'd mother!) took away.
Thus reft by heavens unjust,
Grief turn'd me stone, stone too me doth entomb;
Which if thou dost mistrust,
Of this hard rock but ope the flinty womb,
And here thou shalt find marble, and no dust.

CHANGE OF LOVE.

Once did I weep and groan,
Drink tears, draw loathed breath,
And all for love of one
Who did affect my death:
But now, thanks to disdain,
I live reliev'd of pain;
For sighs, I singing go,
I burn not as before, no, no, no, no.

WILD BEAUTY.

If all but ice thou be,
How dost thou thus me burn,
Or how at fire which thou dost raise in me,
Sith ice, thyself in streams dost thou not turn,
But rather, plaintful case!
Of ice art marble made to my disgrace?
O miracle of love, not heard till now!
Cold ice doth burn, and hard by fire doth grow!

CONSTANT LOVE.

Time makes great states decay,
Time doth May's pomp disgrace,
Time draws deep furrows in the fairest face,
Time wisdom, force, renown doth take away,
Time doth consume the years,
Time changes works in heaven's eternal spheres:
Yet this fierce tyrant, which doth all devour,
To lessen love in me shall have no power.

TO CHLORIS.

See, Chloris, how the clouds
Tilt in the azure lists,
And how with Stygian mists
Each horned hill his giant forehead shrouds;
Jove thund'reth in the air,
The air, grown great with rain,
Now seems to bring Deucalion's days again.
I see thee quake; come, let us home repair,
Come hide thee in mine arms,
If not for love, yet to shun greater harms.

UPON A PORTRAIT.

THE goddess that in Amathus doth reign,
With silver trammels, and sapphire-colour'd eyes,
When naked from her mother's crystal plain
She first appear'd unto the wond'ring skies,
Or when, the golden apple to obtain,
Her blushing snows amazed Ida's trees,
Did never look in half so fair a guise
As she here drawn, all other ages stain.
O God, what beauties to inflame the soul,
And hold the wildest hearts in chains of gold!
Fair locks, sweet face, love's stately capitol,
Dear neck, which dost that heavenly frame up-hold:
If Virtue would to mortal eyes appear
To ravish sense, she would your beauty wear.

UPON THAT SAME.

IF heaven, the stars, and nature did her grace
With all perfections found the moon above,
And what excelleth in this lower place
Did place in her, to breed a world of love;
If angels' gleams shine on her fairest face,
Which make heaven's joy on earth the gazer prove,
And her bright eyes, the orbs which beauty move,
Do glance like Phœbus in his glorious race,
What pencil paint, what colour to the sight
So sweet a shape can show? The blushing morn
The red must lend, the milky-way the white,
And night the stars which her rich crown adorn,
To draw her right; but then, that all agree,
The heaven the table, Zeuxis Jove must be.

UPON THAT SAME, DRAWN WITH A PANSY.

WHEN with brave art the curious painter drew
This heavenly shape, the hand why made he bear
With golden veins that flower of purple hue,
Which follows on the planet of the year?
Was it to show how in our hemisphere
Like him she shines; nay, that effects more true
Of power and wonder do in her appear,
Whilst he but flowers, she doth brave minds subdue?
Or would he else to virtue's glorious light
Her constant course make known; or is it he
Doth parallel her bliss with Clytia's plight?
Right so; and thus, he reading in her eye
Some woful lover's end, to grace his grave,
For cypress tree this mourning flower her gave.

UPON THAT SAME.

IF sight be not beguil'd,
And eyes right play their part,
This flower is not of art,
But is fair nature's child:
And though when Phœbus from us is exil'd,
She doth not lock her leaves, his loss to moan,
No wonder earth hath now more suns than one.

THIRSIS IN DISPRAISE OF BEAUTY.

THAT which so much the doating world doth prize,
Fond ladies' only care and sole delight,
Soon-fading beauty, which of hues doth rise,
Is but an abject let of nature's might:
Most woful wretch, whom shining hair and eyes
Lead to love's dungeon, traitor'd by a sight
Most woful; for he might with greater ease
Hell's portals enter, and pale death appease.

As in delicious meads beneath the flowers,
And the most wholesome herbs that May can show,
In crystal curls the speckled serpent lowers;
As in the apple, which most fair doth grow,
The rotten worm is clos'd, which it devours;
As in gilt cups with Gnossian wine which flow,
Oft poison pompously doth hide its sours:
So lewdness, falsehood, mischief them advance,
Clad with the pleasant rays of beauty's glance.

Good thence is chas'd where beauty doth appear,
Mild lowliness with pity from it fly;
Where beauty reigns, as in their proper sphere,
Ingratitude, disdain, pride, all descry
The flower and fruit which virtue's tree should bear,
With her bad shadow beauty maketh die:
Beauty a monster is, a monster hurl'd
From angry heaven, to scourge this lower world.

As fruits which are unripe, and sour of taste,
To be confect'd more fit than sweet we prove,

For sweet, in spite of care, themselves will waste,
When they, long kept, the appetite do move;
So in the sweetness of his nectar, Love
The foul confects, and seasons for his feast:
Sour is far better which we sweet may make,
Than sweet which sweeter sweetness will not take.

Foul may my lady be, and may her nose,
A Teneriffe, give umbrage to her chin;
May her gay mouth, which she no time may close,
So wide be that the moon may turn therein;
May eyes and teeth be made conform to those,
Eyes set by chance and white, teeth black and thin;
May all what seen is, and is hid from sight,
Like unto these rare parts be framed right.

I shall not fear, thus though she stray alone,
That others her pursue, entice, admire;
And though she sometime counterfeit a groan,
I shall not think her heart feels uncouth fire,
I shall not stile her ruthless to my moan,
Nor proud, disdainful, wayward to desire:
Her thoughts with mine will hold an equal line,
I shall be hers, and she shall all be mine!

EURYMEDON'S PRAISE OF MIRA.

Gem of the mountains, glory of our plains,
Rare miracle of nature and of love,
Sweet Atlas, who all beauty's heavens sustains,
No, beauty's heaven, where all her wonders move,
The sun from east to west who all doth see,
On this low globe sees nothing like to thee!

One Phœnix only liv'd ere thou wast born,
And earth but did one queen of love admire;
Three Graces only did the world adorn,
But thrice three Muses sung to Phœbus' lyre:
Two Phœnixes be now, love's queens, are two,
Four Graces, Muses ten, all made by you!

For those perfections which the bounteous heaven
To diverse worlds in diverse times assign'd,
With thousands more to thee at once were given,
Thy body fair, more fair they made thy mind;
And that thy like no age should more behold,
When thou wast fram'd they after brake the mould.

Sweet are the blushes on thy face which shine,
Sweet are the flames which sparkle from thine eyes,
Sweet are his torments who for thee doth pine,
Most sweet his death for thee who sweetly dies,
For if he die, he dies not by annoy,
But too much sweetness and abundant joy.

What are my slender lays to show thy worth?
How can base words a thing so high make known?
So wooden globes bright stars to us set forth;
So in a crystal is sun's beauty shown:
More of thy praises if my muse should write,
More love and pity must the same indite.

THAUMANTIA AT THE DEPARTURE OF IDMON.

FAIR Dian, from the height
Of heaven's first orb who cheer'st this lower place,
Hide now from me thy light,
And, pitying my case,
Spread with a skarf of clouds thy blushing face.

Come with your doleful songs,
Night's sable birds, which plain when others sleep,
Come, solemnize my wrongs,
And consort to me keep,
Sith heaven, earth, hell, are set to cause me weep.

This grief yet I could bear,
If now by absence I were only pin'd;
But, ah! worse evil I fear,
Men absent prove unkind,
And change, unconstant like the moon, their mind.

If thought had so much power
Of thy departure, that it could me slay,
How will that ugly hour
My feeble sense dismay,
Farewell, sweet heart, when I shall hear thee say!

Dear life, sith thou must go,
Take all my joy and comfort hence with thee,
And leave with me thy woe,
Which, until I thee see,
Nor time, nor place, nor change shall take from me.

ERYCINE AT THE DEPARTURE OF ALEXIS.

And wilt thou then, Alexis mine, depart,
And leave these flowery meads and crystal streams,
These hills as green as great with gold and gems,
Which court thee with rich treasure in each part?
Shall nothing hold thee, not my loyal heart,
That bursts to lose the comfort of thy beams,
Nor yet this pipe which wildest satyrs tames,
Nor lambkins' wailing, nor old Dorus' smart?
O, ruthless shepherd! forests strange among,
What canst thou else but fearful dangers find!
But, ah! not thou, but honour doth me wrong;
O cruel honour, tyrant of the mind!
This said sad Erycine, and all the flowers
Empearled, as she went, with eyes' salt showers.

ALEXIS TO DAMON.

The love Alexis did to Damon bear
Shall witness'd be to all the woods and plains
As singular, renown'd by neighbouring swains,
That to our relics time may trophies rear:
Those madrigals we sung amidst our flocks,
With garlands guarded from Apollo's beams,
On Ochills whiles, whiles near Bodotria's streams,
Are registrate by echos in the rocks.
Of foreign shepherds bent to try the states,
Though I, world's guest, a vagabond do stray,
Thou mayst that store which I esteem survey,
As best acquainted with my soul's conceits:
Whatever fate heavens have for me designed,
I trust thee with the treasure of my mind.

FORTH FEASTING.

A

PANEGYRICKE

TO THE KINGS

MOST EXCELLENT

MAJESTIE.

Flumina senserunt ipsa.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by ANDRO HART. 1617.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

[From the MUSES WELCOME TO KING JAMES. Edinburgh, MDCXVIII.]

IF in this storm of joy and pompous throng,
This nymph, great King, come ever thee so near
That thy harmonious ears her accents hear,
Give pardon to her hoarse and lowly song:
Fain would she trophies to thy virtues rear,
But for this stately task she is not strong,
And her defects her high attempts do wrong,
Yet as she could she makes thy worth appear.
So in a map is shown this flowery place,
So wrought in arras by a virgin's hand,
With heaven and blazing stars doth Atlas stand,
So drawn by charcoal is Narcissus' face.
She may Aurora be to some bright sun,
Which may perfect the day by her begun.

FORTH FEASTING.

WHAT blust'ring noise now interrupts my sleep,
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deep,
And call me hence from out my watery court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Be these here hurl'd from ev'ry neighbour spring?
With what loud rumours do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tip-toes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glitt'ring throngs, these meteors bright,
This golden people set unto my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
What load-star eastward draweth thus all eyes?
And do I wake, or have some dreams conspir'd
To mock my sense with shadows much desir'd:
Stare I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight wont to amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?

Then is it true, what long I wish'd in vain,
That my much-loving prince is come again?
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun doth roll:
So after tempest to sea-tossed wights
Fair Helen's brothers show their cheering lights:
So come Arabia's marvel from her woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
The feather'd sylvans cloud-like by her fly,
And with applauding clangors beat the sky;
Nile wonders, Serap's priests entranced rave,
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave,
In golden leaves write down the joyful time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.

Let mother earth now deckt with flowers be seen,
And sweet-breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows green,
Let heavens weep rubies in a crimson shower
Such as on Indies shores they use to pour,
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn,
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never hours the web of day out-weave,
May never night rise from her sable cave.
Swell proud, my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are;
For murmurs hoarse sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp.
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair:
Some swiftest-footed get her hence and pray
Our floods and lakes come keep this holiday;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,

Which drink stern Grampius' mists, or Ochills' snows;
Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne tortoise-like that flows,
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
Wild Nevern which doth see our longest day,
Ness smoking sulphur, Leave with mountains crown'd,
Strange Lomond for his floating isles renown'd,
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
The snaky Dun, the Ore with rushy hair,
The crystal-streaming Nid, loud-bellowing Clyde,
Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall divide,
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams,
The Esks, the Solway where they lose their names:
To ev'ry one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs, bid all come, and be our guests;
And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival.
This day shall by our currents be renown'd,
Our hills about shall still this day resound:
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.

To virgins flowers, to sun-burnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amidst the main,
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Please not so much, to us as thy return.
That day, dear Prince, which reft us of thy sight,
Day, no, but darkness, and a cloudy night,
Did freight our breast with sighs, our eyes with tears,
Turn'd minutes in sad months, sad months in years;
Trees left to flourish, meadows to bear flowers,
Brooks hid their heads within their sedgy bowers;
Fair Ceres curst our fields with barren frost,
As if again she had her daughter lost;

The Muses left our groves, and for sweet songs
Sat sadly silent, or did weep their wrongs;
Ye know it, meads, ye murmuring woods, it know,
Hills, dales, and caves, copartners of their woe;
And ye it know, my streams, which from their eyne
Oft on your glass receiv'd their pearled brine.
O Naïads dear, said they, Napæas fair,
O nymphs of trees, nymphs which on hills repair,
Gone are those maiden glories, gone that state,
Which made all eyes admire our hap of late.
As looks the heaven when never star appears,
But slow and weary shroud them in their spheres,
While Tithon's wife embosom'd by him lies,
And world doth languish in a dreary guise;
As looks a garden of its beauty spoil'd;
As wood in winter by rough Boreas soil'd;
As portraits raz'd of colours use to be;
So look'd these abject bounds depriv'd of thee.
While, as my rills enjoy'd thy royal gleams,
They did not envy Tiber's haughty streams.
Nor wealthy Tagus with his golden ore,
Nor clear Hydaspes, which on pearls doth roar,
Empamper'd Gange, that sees the sun new born,
Nor Acheloüs with his flowery horn,
Nor floods which near Elysian fields do fall.
For why?—thy sight did serve to them for all.
No place there is so desert, so alone,
Even from the frozen to the torrid zone;
From flaming Hecla to great Quincy's Lake,
Which thine abode could not most happy make.
All those perfections, which by bounteous Heaven
To diverse worlds in diverse times were given,

The starry senate pour'd at once on thee,
That thou exemplar might'st to others be.
Thy life was kept till the three sisters spun
Their threads of gold, and then it was begun.
With curled clouds when skies do look most fair,
And no disorder'd blasts disturb the air;
When lilies do them deck in azure gowns,
And new-born roses blush with golden crowns;
To bode how calm we under thee should live,
What halcyonean days thy reign should give,
And to two flowery diadems thy right,
The heavens thee made a partner of the light!
Scarce wast thou born, when, join'd in friendly bands,
Two mortal foes with other clasped hands,
With virtue fortune strove, which most should grace
Thy place for thee, thee for so high a place;
One vow'd thy sacred breast not to forsake,
The other on thee not to turn her back,
And that thou more her love's effect might'st feel,
For thee she rent her sail, and broke her wheel.
When years thee vigour gave, O then how clear
Did smother'd sparkles in bright flames appear!
Amongst the woods to force a flying hart,
To pierce the mountain wolf with feather'd dart,
See falcons climb the clouds, the fox ensnare,
Outrun the wind-outrunning dædal hare,
To loose a trampling steed alongst a plain,
And in meand'ring gyres him bring again,
The press thee making place, were vulgar things;
In admiration's air, on glory's wings,
O! thou far from the common pitch didst rise,
With thy designs to dazzle envy's eyes!

Thou sought'st to know this all's eternal source,
Of ever-turning heavens the restless course,
Their fixed eyes, their lights which wand'ring run,
Whence moon her silver hath, his gold the sun;
If destine be or no, if planets can
By fierce aspects force the free-will of man;
The light and spiring fire, the liquid air,
The flaming dragons, comets with red hair,
Heaven's tilting lances, artillery, and bow,
Loud-sounding trumpets, darts of hail and snow,
The roaring element with people dumb,
The earth, with what conceiv'd is in her womb,
What on her moves, were set unto thy sight,
Till thou didst find their causes, essence, might:
But unto nought thou so thy mind didst strain,
As to be read in man, and learn to reign,
To know the weight and Atlas of a crown,
To spare the humble, proudlings pester down.
When from those piercing cares which thrones invest,
As thorns the rose, thou wearied wouldst thee rest,
With lute in hand, full of celestial fire,
To the Pierian groves thou didst retire:
There, garlanded with all Urania's flowers,
In sweeter lays than builded Thebes' towers,
Or them which charm'd the dolphins in the main,
Or which did call Eurydice again,
Thou sung'st away the hours, till from their sphere
Stars seem'd to shoot, thy melody to hear.
The god with golden hair, the sister maids,
Left nymphal Helicon, their Tempe's shades,
To see thine isle, here lost their native tongue,
And in thy world-divided language sung.

Who of thine after-age can count the deeds,
With all that fame in time's huge annals reads,
How by example more than any law,
This people fierce thou didst to goodness draw,
How while the neighbour worlds, tous'd by the Fates,
So many Phaëtons had in their states,
Which turn'd in heedless flames their burnish'd thrones,
Thou, as enspher'd, keep'dst temperate thy zones;
In Afric shores the sands that ebb and flow,
The speckled flowers in unshorn meads that grow,
He sure may count, with all the waves that meet
To wash the Mauritanian Atlas' feet.
Though thou were not a crowned king by birth,
Thy worth deserves the richest crown on earth.
Search this half-sphere and the opposite ground,
Where is such wit and bounty to be found?
As into silent night, when near the bear
The virgin huntress shines at full most clear,
And strives to match her brother's golden light,
The host of stars doth vanish in her sight;
Arcturus dies, cool'd is the lion's ire,
Po burns no more with Phaëtontal fire;
Orion faints to see his arms grow black,
And that his blazing sword he now doth lack:
So Europe's lights, all bright in their degree,
Lose all their lustre paragon'd with thee.
By just descent thou from more kings dost shine
Than many can name men in all their line:
What most they toil to find, and finding hold,
Thou scornest, orient gems and flatt'ring gold;
Esteeming treasure surer in men's breasts
Than when immur'd with marble, clos'd in chests.

No stormy passions do disturb thy mind,
No mists of greatness ever could thee blind:
Who yet hath been so meek? Thou life didst give
To them who did repine to see thee live.
What prince by goodness hath such kingdoms gain'd?
Who hath so long his people's peace maintain'd?
Their swords are turn'd in scythes, in coulters spears,
Some giant post their antique armour bears:
Now, where the wounded knight his life did bleed,
The wanton swain sits piping on a reed;
And where the cannon did Jove's thunder scorn,
The gaudy huntsman winds his shrill-tun'd horn;
Her green locks Ceres without fear doth dye,
The pilgrim safely in the shade doth lie,
Both Pan and Pales careless keep their flocks,
Seas have no dangers save the winds and rocks:
Thou art this isle's palladium, neither can,
While thou art kept, it be o'erthrown by man.
Let others boast of blood and spoils of foes,
Fierce rapines, murders, Iliads of woes,
Of hated pomp, and trophies reared fair,
Gore-spangled ensigns streaming in the air,
Count how they make the Scythian them adore,
The Gaditan, the soldier of Aurore;
Unhappy vauntry! to enlarge their bounds, [wounds,
Which charge themselves with cares, their friends with
Which have no law to their ambitious will,
But, man-plagues, born are human blood to spill:
Thou a true victor art, sent from above,
What others strain by force to gain by love;
World-wand'ring fame this praise to thee imparts,
To be the only monarch of all hearts.

They many fear who are of many fear'd,
And kingdoms got by wrongs by wrongs are tear'd,
Such thrones as blood doth raise, blood throweth down;
No guard so sure as love unto a crown.

Eye of our western world, Mars-daunting King,
With whose renown the earth 's seven climates ring,
Thy deeds not only claim these diadems,
To which Thame, Liffey, Tay, subject their streams,
But to thy virtues rare, and gifts, is due
All that the planets of the year doth view;
Sure, if the world above did want a prince,
The world above to it would take thee hence.

That murder, rapine, lust, are fled to hell,
And in their rooms with us the Graces dwell,
That honour more than riches men respect,
That worthiness than gold doth more effect,
That piety unmasked shows her face,
That innocency keeps with power her place,
That long-exil'd Astrea leaves the heaven,
And useth right her sword, her weights holds even,
That the Saturnian world is come again,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign,
That daily peace, love, truth, delights increase,
And discord, hate, fraud, with incumbers cease,
That men use strength not to shed others' blood,
But use their strength now to do other good,
That fury is enchain'd, disarmed wrath,
That, save by nature's hand, there is no death,
That late grim foes like brothers other love,
That vultures prey not on the harmless dove,
That wolves with lambs do friendship entertain,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.

That towns increase, that ruined temples rise,
And their wind-moving vanes plant in the skies,
That ignorance and sloth hence run away,
That buried arts now rouse them to the day,
That Hyperion far beyond his bed
Doth see our lions ramp, our roses spread,
That Iber courts us, Tiber not us charms,
That Rhine with hence-brought beams his bosom warms,
That evil us fear, and good us do maintain,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
O virtue's pattern, glory of our times!
Sent of past days to expiate the crimes,
Great King, but better far than thou art great,
Whom state not honours, but who honours state;
By wonder born, by wonder first install'd,
By wonder after to new kingdoms call'd,
Young, kept by wonder near home-bred alarms,
Old, sav'd by wonder from pale traitors' harms,
To be for this thy reign which wonders brings,
A king of wonders, wonder unto kings!
If Pict, Dane, Norman thy smooth yoke had seen,
Pict, Dane, and Norman had thy subjects been:
If Brutus knew the bliss thy rule doth give,
Even Brutus joy would under thee to live;
For thou thy people dost so dearly love,
That they a father, more than prince, thee prove.
O days to be desir'd, age happy thrice,
If ye your heaven-sent good could duly prize!
But ye half-palsy-sick, think never right
Of what ye hold, till it be from your sight,
Prize only summer's sweet and musked breath,
When armed winters threaten you with death;

In pallid sickness do esteem of health,
And by sad poverty discern of wealth.
I see an age when after many years,
And revolutions of the slow-pac'd spheres,
These days shall be to other far esteem'd,
And like Augustus' palmy reign be deem'd.
The names of Arthur's fabulous paladins,
Grav'n in Time's surly brows in wrinkled lines,
Of Henrys, Edwards, famous for their fights,
Their neighbour conquests, orders new of knights,
Shall by this prince's name be past as far
As meteors are by the Idalian star.
If grey-hair'd Proteus' songs the truth not miss,
And grey-hair'd Proteus oft a prophet is,
There is a land hence distant many miles,
Outreaching fiction and Atlantic isles,
Which homelings from this little world we name,
That shall emblazon with strange rites his fame,
Shall raise him statues all of purest gold,
Such as men gave unto the gods of old,
Name by him fanes, proud palaces, and towns,
With some great flood, which most their fields renowns.
This is that king who should make right each wrong,
Of whom the bards and mystic sibyls sung,
The man long promis'd, by whose glorious reign
This isle should yet her ancient name regain,
And more of Fortunate deserve the style
Than those where heavens with double summers smile.
Run on, great Prince, thy course in glory's way,
The end the life, the evening crowns the day;
Heap worth on worth, and strongly soar above
Those heights which made the world thee first to love;

Surmount thyself, and make thine actions past
Be but as gleams or lightnings of thy last,
Let them exceed them of thy younger time,
As far as autumn doth the flowery prime.
Through this thy empire range, like world's bright eye,
That once each year surveys all earth and sky,
Now glances on the slow and resty bears,
Then turn to dry the weeping Auster's tears,
Just unto both the poles, and moveth even
In the infigur'd circle of the heaven.
O! long long haunt these bounds, which by thy sight
Have now regain'd their former heat and light!
Here grow green woods, here silver brooks do glide,
Here meadows stretch them out with painted pride,
Embroid'ring all the banks; here hills aspire
To crown their heads with the ethereal fire;
Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls,
Which never fremdling's slight nor sword made thralls;
Each circling flood to Thetis tribute pays,
Men here, in health, outlive old Nestor's days;
Grim Saturn yet amongst our rocks remains,
Bound in our caves with many metal'd chains;
Bulls haunt our shades like Leda's lover white,
Which yet might breed Pasiphaë delight;
Our flocks fair fleeces bear, with which for sport
Endymion of old the moon did court,
High-palmed harts amidst our forests run,
And, not impaled, the deep-mouth'd hounds do shun;
The rough-foot hare him in our bushes shrouds,
And long-wing'd hawks do perch amidst our clouds.
The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring,
Blue, golden, purple flowers shall to thee bring,

Pomona's fruits the panisks, Thetis' girls
Thy Thule's amber, with the ocean pearls;
The Tritons, herdsmen of the glassy field,
Shall give thee what far-distant shores can yield,
The Serean fleeces, Erythrean gems,
Vast Plata's silver, gold of Peru streams,
Antarctic parrots, Æthiopian plumes,
Sabæan odours, myrrh, and sweet perfumes.
And I myself, wrapt in a watchet gown,
Of reeds and lilies on my head a crown,
Shall incense to thee burn, green altars raise,
And yearly sing due pæans to thy praise.
Ah! why should Isis only see thee shine?
Is not thy Forth as well as Isis thine?
Though Isis vaunt she hath more wealth in store,
Let it suffice thy Forth doth love thee more:
Though she for beauty may compare with Seine,
For swans and sea-nymphs with imperial Rhine,
Yet in the title may be claim'd in thee,
Nor she, nor all the world, can match with me.
Now when, by honour drawn, thou shalt away
To her already jealous of thy stay,
When in her amorous arms she doth thee fold,
And dries thy dewy hairs with hers of gold,
Much questioning of thy fare, much of thy sport,
Much of thine absence, long, howe'er so short,
And chides perhaps thy coming to the north,
Loath not to think on thy much-loving Forth.
O! love these bounds, whereof thy royal stem
More than an hundred wore a diadem.
So ever gold and bays thy brows adorn,
So never time may see thy race outworn,

So of thine own still may'st thou be desir'd,
Of strangers fear'd, redoubted, and admir'd;
So memory thee praise, so precious hours
May character thy name in starry flowers;
So may thy high exploits at last make even
With earth thy empire, glory with the heaven.

FLOWERS OF SION;

BY

WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

OF

Hawthorne-Denne.

To which is adjoyned his

CYPRESSE GROVE.

EDINBURGH: Printed by JOHN HART. 1630.

FLOWERS OF SION;

OR SPIRITUAL POEMS.

THE INSTABILITY OF MORTAL GLORY.*

TRIUMPHANT arches, statues crown'd with bays,
etc. etc.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A fabulous thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name,
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

* *Vide* "URANIA," *supra*, p. 81.

THE PERMANENCY OF LIFE.

LIFE a right shadow is,
For if it long appear,
Then is it spent, and death's long night draws near:
Shadows are moving, light,
And is there ought so moving as is this?
When it is most in sight,
It steals away, and none can tell how, where,
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

NO TRUST IN TIME.

LOOK how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so my life, contentments being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
And doth the pilgrim therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day?
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

NATURE MUST YIELD TO GRACE.*

TOO long I followed have on fond desire,
etc. etc.

* *Vide* "URANIA," *supra*, p. 81.

WORLD'S JOYS ARE TOYS.

THE weary mariner so fast not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to attain,
Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
So fast to fold to save his bleating train,
As I, wing'd with contempt and just disdain,
Now fly the world and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes.
Once did this world to me seem sweet and fair,
While sense's light mind's prospective kept blind,
Now like imagin'd landscape in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find;
Or if aught here is had that praise should have,
It is a life obscure, and silent grave.

THE MISERABLE ESTATE OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE INCARNATION OF GOD.

THE grief was common, common were the cries,
Tears, sobs, and groans of that afflicted train,
Which of God's chosen did the sum contain,
And earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were skies;
All good had left the world, each vice did reign
In the most hideous shapes hell could devise,
And all degrees and each estate did stain,
Nor further had to go, whom to surprise;
The world beneath the Prince of Darkness lay,
In every fane who had himself install'd,
Was sacrificed unto, by prayers call'd,
Responses gave, which, fools, they did obey;
When, pitying man, God of a virgin's womb
Was born, and those false deities struck dumb.

THE ANGELS FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.

RUN, shepherds, run where Bethlem blest appears,
We bring the best of news, be not dismay'd,
A Saviour there is born more old than years,
Amidst heaven's rolling heights this earth who stay'd:
In a poor cottage inn'd, a virgin maid
A weakling did him bear, who all upbears;
There is he poorly swaddl'd, in manger laid,
To whom too narrow swaddlings are our spheres:
Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize his birth,
This is that night—no, day, grown great with bliss,
In which the power of Satan broken is;
In heaven be glory, peace unto the earth!
Thus singing, through the air the angels swam,
And cope of stars re-echoed the same.

FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.

O THAN the fairest day, thrice fairer night!
Night to best days in which a sun doth rise,
Of which that golden eye, which clears the skies,
Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light:
And blessed ye, in silly-pastors' sight,
Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies
That heaven-sent youngling, holy-maid-born wight,
Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies:
Blest cottage that hath flowers in winter spread,
Though withered! blessed grass, that hath the grace
To deck and be a carpet to that place!
Thus sang, unto the sounds of oaten reed,
Before the babe, the shepherds bow'd on knees,
And springs ran nectar, honey drop'd from trees.

AMAZEMENT AT THE INCARNATION OF GOD.*

To spread the azure canopy of heaven.
etc. etc.

FOR THE BAPTIST.

The last and greatest herald of heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild:
His food was locusts, and what young doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear long since from earth exil'd.
There burst he forth: "All ye, whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn;
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn."
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their marble caves, "Repent, repent!"

FOR THE MAGDALENE.

These eyes, dear Lord, once brandons of desire,
Frail scouts betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own heart, then others set on fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep;
These locks, of blushing deeds the fair attire,
Smooth-frizzled waves, sad shelves which shadow deep,
Soul-stinging serpents in gilt curls which creep,
To touch thy sacred feet do now aspire.

* *Vide* "Urania," *supra*, p. 82.

In seas of care behold a sinking bark,
By winds of sharp remorse unto thee driven,
O! let me not expos'd be ruin's mark;
My faults confest, Lord, say they are forgiven.
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian fair,
His tear-wet feet still drying with her hair.

FOR THE PRODIGAL.

I COUNTRIES chang'd new pleasures out to find,
But, ah! for pleasures new I found new pain;
Enchanting pleasure so did reason blind,
That father's love and words I scorn'd as vain:
For table rich, for bed, for frequent train
Of careful servants to observe my mind,
These herds I keep my fellows are assign'd,
My bed a rock is, herbs my life sustain.
Now while I famine feel, fear worser harms,
Father and Lord, I turn; thy love, yet great,
My faults will pardon, pity mine estate.
This, where an aged oak had spread its arms,
Thought the lost child, while as the herds he led,
Not far off on the acorns wild them fed,

FOR THE PASSION.

If that the world doth in amaze remain,
To hear in what a sad deploring mood
The pelican pours from her breast her blood,
To bring to life her younglings back again,
How should we wonder of that sovereign good,
Who from that serpent's sting, that had us slain,
To save our lives, shed his life's purple flood,
And turn'd in endless joy our endless pain?
Ungrateful soul, that charm'd with false delight,
Hast long long wander'd in sin's flowery path,
And didst not think at all, or thought'st not right
On this thy Pelican's great love and death,
Here pause, and let, though earth it scorn, heaven see
Thee pour forth tears to him pour'd blood for thee.

AN HYMN OF THE PASSION.

If, when far in the east ye do behold
Forth from his crystal bed the sun to rise,
With rosy robes and crown of flaming gold;
If, gazing on that empress of the skies,
That takes so many forms, and those fair brands
Which blaze in heaven's high vault, night's watchful eyes;
If, seeing how the sea's tumultuous bands
Of bellowing billows have their course confin'd,
How, unsustain'd, the earth still steadfast stands;
Poor mortal wights, ye e'er found in your mind
A thought that some great King did sit above,
Who had such laws and rites to them assign'd;
A King who fix'd the poles, made spheres to move,
All wisdom, pureness, excellence, and might,

All goodness, greatness, justice, beauty, love!
With fear and wonder hither turn your sight,
See, see, alas! him now, not in that state
Thought could forecast him into reason's light.
Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make great,
Bemoan this cruel death and dreary case,
If ever plaints just woe could aggravate.
From sin and hell to save us, human race,
See this great King nail'd to an abject tree;
An object of reproach and sad disgrace.
O unheard pity, love in strange degree!
He his own life doth give, his blood doth shed,
For wormlings base such excellence to see!
Poor wights, behold his visage pale as lead,
His head bow'd to his breast, locks sadly rent,
Like a cropp'd rose that languishing doth fade.
Weak nature, weep; astonish'd world, lament;
Lament, ye winds; you heaven that all contains,
And thou, my soul, let nought thy grief relent.
Those hands, those sacred hands, which hold the reins
Of this great all, and kept from mutual wars
The elements, bear rent for thee their veins:
Those feet which once must tread on golden stars,
For thee with nails would be pierc'd through and torn,
For thee Heaven's King from heaven himself debars.
This great heard-quaking dolour wail and mourn,
Ye that long since him saw by might of faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born,
Not to behold his great Creator's death,
The sun from sinful eyes hath veil'd his light,
And faintly journeys up heaven's sapphire path;
And, cutting from her brows her tresses bright,

The moon doth keep her Lord's sad obsequies,
Impearling with her tears this robe of night.
All staggering and lazy lower the skies,
The earth and elemental stages quake,
The long-since dead from bursted graves arise.
And can things wanting sense yet sorrow take,
And bear a part with him who all them wrought,
And man, though born with cries, shall pity lack?
Think what had been your state, had he not brought
To these sharp pangs himself, and priz'd so high
Your souls, that with his life them life he bought.
What woes do you attend, if still ye lie
Plung'd in your wonted ordures, wretched brood?
Shall for your sake again God ever die?
O leave deluding shows, embrace true good,
He on you calls, forego sin's shameful trade,
With prayers now seek heaven, and not with blood.
Let not the lambs more from their dams be had,
Nor altars blush for sin; live every thing;
That long time long'd-for sacrifice is made.
All that is from you crav'd by this great King
Is to believe, a pure heart incense is;
What gift, alas! can we him meaner bring?
Haste, sin-sick souls, this season do not miss,
Now while remorseless time doth grant you space,
And God invites you to your only bliss.
He who you calls will not deny you grace,
But low-deep bury faults, so ye repent;
His arms, lo, stretched are you to embrace.
When days are done, and life's small spark is spent,
So ye accept what freely here is given,
Like brood of angels, deathless, all-content,
Ye shall for ever live with him in heaven.

TO THE ANGELS FOR THE PASSION.*

COME forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing bands,
etc. etc.

FAITH ABOVE REASON.†

SOUL, which to hell wast thrall,
etc. etc.

UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR LORD.

LIFE, to give life, deprived is of life,
And death display'd hath ensign against death;
So violent the rigour was of death,
That nought could daunt it but the life of life:
No power had power to thrall life's power to death,
But willingly life hath abandon'd life,
Love gave the wound which wrought this work of death,
His bow and shafts were of the tree of life.
Now quakes the author of eternal death,
To find that they whom erst he reft of life,
Shall fill his room above the lists of death;
Now all rejoice in death who hope for life.
Dead Jesus lies, who death hath kill'd by death,
His tomb no tomb is, but new source of life.

* *Vide* "URANIA," *supra*, p. 82. † *Ibid.* p. 83.

AN HYMN OF THE RESURRECTION.

Rise from those fragrant climes thee now embrace,
Unto this world of ours O haste thy race,
Fair sun, and though contrariwise all year
Thou hold thy course, now with the highest sphere
Join thy swift wheels, to hasten time that low'rs,
And lazy minutes turn in perfect hours;
The night and death too long a league have made,
To stow the world in horror's ugly shade.
Shake from thy locks a day with saffron rays,
So fair, that it outshine all other days;
And yet do not presume, great eye of light,
To be that which this day shall make so bright.
See, an eternal Sun hastes to arise,
Not from the eastern blushing seas or skies,
Or any stranger worlds heaven's concaves have,
But from the darkness of an hollow grave;
And this is that all-powerful Sun above,
That crown'd thy brows with rays, first made thee move.
Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bowers
Proclaim this day; this the angelic powers
Have done for you; but now an opal hue
Bepaints heaven's crystal, to the longing view
Earth's late-hid colours glance, light doth adorn
The world, and, weeping joy, forth comes the morn;
And with her, as from a lethargic trance,
Breath, com'd again, that body doth advance,
Which two sad nights in rock lay coffin'd dead,
And with an iron guard environed.
Life out of death, light out of darkness springs,
From a base jail forth comes the King of kings;

What late was mortal, thrall'd to every woe
That lackeys life, or upon sense doth grow,
Immortal is, of an eternal stamp,
Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp.
So from a black eclipse out-peers the sun;
Such, when a huge of days have on her run,
In a far forest in the pearly east,
And she herself hath burnt and spicy nest,
The lonely bird, with youthful pens and comb,
Doth soar from out her cradle and her tomb;
So a small seed that in the earth lies hid
And dies, reviving bursts her cloddy side,
Adorn'd with yellow locks, of new is born,
And doth become a mother great with corn,
Of grains brings hundreds with it, which when old
Enrich the furrows with a sea of gold.
Hail, holy Victor, greatest Victor, hail!
That hell dost ransack, against death prevail,
O how thou long'd for comes! With jubiling cries
The all-triumphing paladins of skies
Salute thy rising; earth would joys no more
Bear, if thou rising didst them not restore.
A silly tomb should not his flesh enclose,
Who did heaven's trembling terraces dispose;
No monument should such a jewel hold,
No rock, though ruby, diamond, and gold.
Thou only pity didst us, human race,
Bestowing on us of thy free-given grace
More than we forfeited and losed first,
In Eden's rebel when we were accurst.
Then earth our portion was, earth's joys but given,
Earth and earth's bliss thou hast exchang'd with heaven.

O what a height of good upon us streams
From the great splendour of thy bounty's beams!
When we deserv'd shame, horror, flames of wrath,
Thou bled our wounds, and suffer didst our death;
But, Father's justice pleas'd, hell, death o'ercome,
In triumph now thou risest from thy tomb,
With glories which past sorrows countervail;
Hail, holy Victor! greatest Victor, hail!
Hence, humble sense, and hence ye guides of sense,
We now reach heaven; your weak intelligence,
And searching pow'rs, were in a flash made dim,
To learn from all eternity that him
The Father bred, then that he here did come,
His bearer's parent, in a virgin's womb;
But then when sold, betray'd, scourg'd, crown'd with thorn,
Nail'd to a tree, all breathless, bloodless, torn,
Entomb'd, him rising from a grave to find,
Confounds your cunning, turns like moles you blind.
Death, thou that heretofore still barren wast,
Nay, didst each other birth eat up and waste,
Imperious, hateful, pitiless, unjust,
Unpartial equaller of all with dust,
Stern executioner of heavenly doom,
Made fruitful, now life's mother art become;
A sweet relief of cares the soul molest,
An harbinger to glory, peace, and rest;
Put off thy mourning weeds, yield all thy gall
To daily-sinning life, proud of thy fall;
Assemble thy captives, bid all haste to rise,
And every corse, in earthquakes where it lies,
Sound from each flowery grave and rocky jail,
Hail, holy Victor, greatest Victor, hail!

The world, that waning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our joys thy victory,
To a young prime essays to turn again,
And as ere soil'd with sin yet to remain,
Her chilling agues she begins to miss,
All bliss returning with the Lord of bliss.
With greater light heaven's temples opened shine,
Morns smiling rise, evens blushing do decline,
Clouds dappled glister, boisterous winds are calm,
Soft zephyrs do the fields with sighs embalm,
In amel blue the sea hath hushed his roars,
And with enamour'd curls doth kiss the shores:
All-bearing earth, like a new-married queen,
Her beauties heightens, in a gown of green
Perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with flowers,
In colours various, figures, smelling, pours;
Trees wanton in the groves with leafy locks,
Her hills empampered stand, the vales, the rocks
Ring peals of joy; her floods, her crystal brooks,
The meadows' tongues, with many maze-like crooks
And whispering murmurs, sound unto the main
That world's pure age returned is again.
The honey people leave their golden bowers,
And innocently prey on budding flowers:
In gloomy shades, perch'd on the tender sprays,
The painted singers fill the air with lays:
Seas, floods, earth, air, all diversely do sound,
Yet all their diverse notes have but one ground,
Re-echoed here down from heaven's azure veil,
Hail, holy Victor, greatest Victor, hail!

O day! on which death's adamantine chain
The Lord did break, ransacking Satan's reign,

And in triumphing pomp his trophies rear'd,
Be thou blest ever, henceforth still endear'd
With name of his own day! The law to grace,
Types to their substance yield; to thee give place
The old new moons, with all festival-days,
And what above the rest deserveth praise,
The reverent Sabbath. What could else they be
Than golden heralds, telling what by thee
We should enjoy? Shades past, now shine thou clear,
And henceforth be thou empress of the year,
This glory of thy sister's sex to win
From work on thee, as other days from sin,
That mankind shall forbear; in every place
The prince of planets warmeth in his race,
And far beyond his paths in frozen climes;
And may thou be so blest to out-date times,
That when heaven's quire shall blaze in accents loud
The many mercies of their sovereign good,
How he on thee did sin, death, hell destroy,
It may be aye the anthem of their joy.

AN HYMN OF THE ASCENSION.

BRIGHT portals of the sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling stars,
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold,
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

Scarf'd in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air:
Straight doth the moon him shroud
With her resplendent hair;
The next encrystall'd light
Submits to him its beams,
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.
He towers those golden bounds
He did to sun bequeath;
The higher wand'ring rounds
Are found his feet beneath;
The milky-way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend
Above each turning sphere
That, rob'd in glory, heaven's King may ascend.
O well-spring of this all!
Thy father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live,
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven;
All truth, love, beauty, good:
To thee, to thee be praises ever given!
What was dismarshall'd late
In this thy noble frame,
And lost the prime estate,
Hath reobtain'd the same,
Is now most perfect seen;
Streams which diverted were,
And troubled strayed unclean
From their first source, by thee home turned are.

By thee that blemish old
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold;
And him exil'd from thence,
Now put away is far.
With sword, in ireful guise,
No cherub more shall bar
Poor man the entries into Paradise.
By thee those spirits pure,
First children of the light,
Now fixed stand, and sure
In their eternal right;
Now human companies
Renew their ruin'd wall:
Fall'n man, as thou mak'st rise,
Thou giv'st to angels, that they shall not fall.
By thee that prince of sin,
That doth with mischief swell,
Hath lost what he did win,
And shall endungeon'd dwell;
His spoils are made thy prey,
His fanes are sacked and torn,
His altars raz'd away,
And what ador'd was late, now lies a scorn.
These mansions, pure and clear,
Which are not made by hands,
Which once by him joy'd were,
And his, then not stain'd, bands,
Now forfeit'd, dispossess'd,
And headlong from them thrown,
Shall Adam's heirs make blest,
By thee, their great Redeemer, made their own.

O well-spring of this all!
Thy father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call.
What is, doth reason, live;
Whose work is but to will,
God's coeternal Son,
Great banisher of ill!
By none but thee could these great deeds be done.
Now each ethereal gate
To him hath opened been,
And glory's King in state
His palace enters in;
Now com'd is this high priest
In the most holy place,
Not without blood address'd,
With glory heaven, the earth to crown with grace!
Stars which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn,
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues them turn;
Their orby crystals move
More active than before,
And entheate from above,
Their sovereign prince laud, glorify, adore.
The quires of happy souls,
Wak'd with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls,
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The spotless sprights of light
His trophies do extol,
And, arch'd in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his Capitol.

O glory of the heaven!
O sole delight of earth!
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth!
Of mankind lover true,
Indearer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation and our song!
From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies!

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE, IGNORANCE IN THE MYSTERIES OF GOD.

BENEATH a sable veil and shadows deep
Of unaccessible and dimming light,
In silence ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great King his secrets hid doth keep:
Through those thick mists, when any mortal wight
Aspires, with halting pace and eyes that weep,
To pore, and in his mysteries to creep,
With thunders he and lightnings blasts their sight.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysms, most fair, most dark,
Wherewith thy proper rays thou dost thee hide!
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark!
To guide me in life's night thy light me show,
The more I search, of thee the less I know.

CONTEMPLATION OF INVISIBLE EXCELLENCIES ABOVE, BY THE VISIBLE BELOW.*

If with such passing beauty, choice delights,
etc. etc.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY LOVE.†

Love, which is here a care,
etc. etc.

EARTH AND ALL ON IT CHANGEABLE.

That space, where raging waves do now divide
From the great continent our happy isle,
Was sometime land; and where tall ships do glide,
Once with dear art the crooked plough did toil;
Once those fair bounds stretch'd out so far and wide,
Where towns, no, shires enwall'd, endear each mile,
Were all ignoble sea, and marish vile,
Where Proteus' flocks danc'd measures to the tide.
So age, transforming all, still forward runs,
No wonder though the earth doth change her face,
New manners, pleasures new, turn with new suns,
Locks now like gold grow to an hoary grace;
Nay, mind's rare shape doth change; that lies despis'd
Which was so dear of late, and highly priz'd.

* *Vide* "URANIA," *supra*, p. 88. † *Ibid.* p. 81.

THE WORLD A GAME.

THIS world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

THE COURT OF TRUE HONOUR.*

WHY, worldlings, do ye trust frail honour's dreams,
etc. etc.

AGAINST HYPOCRISY.

AS are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which use to grow
Near that strange lake, where God pour'd from the sky
Huge showers of flames, worse flames to overthrow;
Such are their works that with a glaring show
Of humble holiness, in virtue's dye
Would colour mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.

* *Vide* "URANIA," *supra*, p. 85.

Ill is that angel which erst fell from heaven,
But not more ill than he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a trait'rous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feather masks a raven.
Each sin some colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocrisy, almighty God doth scorn.

CHANGE SHOULD BREED CHANGE.

NEW doth the sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flowers forth comes the baby year.
My soul, time posts away,
And thou yet in that frost
Which flower and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay:
For shame! thy powers awake,
Look to that heaven which never night makes black,
And there, at that immortal sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flowers which fear not rage of days.

THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.*

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
etc. etc.

* *Vide* "URANIA," *supra*, p. 85.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winter's past or coming void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs,
Attir'd in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

CONTENT AND RESOLUTE.

As when it happ'neth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who there by sword and flame himself instals,
And, cruel, it in tears and blood doth drown;
Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet so cannot her all throw down,
But that some statue, arch, fane of renown
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls:
So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wreck,
That time, the world, and death could bring combin'd,
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind:
From this so high transcending rapture springs,
That I, all else defac'd, not envy kings.

DEATH'S LAST WILL.

More oft than once Death whisper'd in mine ear,
Grave what thou hears in diamond and gold,
I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
Who hath in dust their far-stretch'd pride uproll'd;
All, all is mine beneath moon's silver sphere,
And nought, save virtue, can my power withhold:
This, not believ'd, experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.
As bugbear then my visage I did show,
That of my horrors thou right use might'st make,
And a more sacred path of living take:
Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow,
Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day as if it were thy last.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FAITHFUL SOULS BY DEATH.

Let us each day inure ourselves to die,
If this, and not our fears, be truly death,
Above the circles both of hope and faith
With fair immortal pinions to fly;
If this be death, our best part to untie,
By ruining the jail, from lust and wrath,
And every drowsy languor here beneath,
It turning deniz'd citizen of sky;
To have more knowledge than all books contain,
All pleasures even surmounting wishing power,
The fellowship of God's immortal train,
And these that time nor force shall e'er devour;
If this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life can with death's ugliness compare?

AN HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

Amidst the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan, of Libanon the offspring dear,
When zephyr's flowers unclose,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.
Upon her head she ware
Of amaranths a crown,
Her left hand palms, her right a brandon bare;
Unveil'd skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hang down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.
The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn enspher'd;
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.
World-wand'ring sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within those varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life, e'er known amiss,
In glittering griefs is spent,
Come learn, said she, what is your choicest bliss;
From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares,
A port to harbour sure
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall, when time's hourglass is run, endure.

Not happy is that life
Which ye as happy hold,
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charg'd on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserv'd by force, and still observ'd by wit;
Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Ind,
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The Phœnix' plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed;
Frail beauty to abuse,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse;
Never to hear of noise
But what the ear delights,
Sweet music's charms, or charming flatterer's voice.
Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid nature's depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring;
Nor that your fame should range,
And after-worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.
And these have not the power
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When Death in steel doth glance,
In sickness lurk or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

No, but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire,
To turn unto the loadstar of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing him, to be by him possest.
When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hands and heart
Him cheerfully to praise, and to him pray;
To heed each action so,
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright,
Never to do what may repentance bring;
Not to be blown with pride,
Nor mov'd at glory's breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your harm;
To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleas'd with what by virtue one acquires;
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill;

Never on your neighbour's well
With cockatrice's eye
To look, and make another's heaven your hell;
Not to be beauty's thrall,
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcending all;
A love which, while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
In that uncreated sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
That, if sense saw her gleams,
All lookers on would pine and die for love.
Who such a life would live,
Ye happy even may call,
Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give,
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humans, earth, enjoying angels, heaven.
Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field;
Vast are desires not limited by grace;
Life a weak taper is;
Then, while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.
This when the nymph had said,
She dived within the flood,
Whose face with smiling curls long after staid:
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang, This was true happiness!

AN HYMN OF
THE FAIREST FAIR.

AN HYMN OF THE NATURE, ATTRIBUTES, AND WORKS OF GOD.

I FEEL my bosom glow with wontless fires,
Rais'd from the vulgar press my mind aspires,
Wing'd with high thoughts, unto his praise to climb,
From deep eternity who called forth time;
That essence which not mov'd makes each thing move,
Uncreated beauty, all-creating love:
But by so great an object, radiant light,
My heart appall'd, enfeebled rests my sight,
Thick clouds benight my labouring engine,
And at my high attempts my wits repine.
If thou in me this sacred rapture wrought,
My knowledge sharpen, sarcels lend my thought;
Grant me, time's Father, world-containing King,
A pow'r, of thee in pow'rful lays to sing,
That as thy beauty in earth lives, heaven shines,
So it may dawn or shadow in my lines.
As far beyond the starry walls of heaven,
As is the loftiest of the planets seven,
Sequester'd from this earth, in purest light,
Outshining ours, as ours doth sable night,
Thou, all-sufficient, omnipotent,
Thou ever-glorious, most excellent,

God various in names, in essence one,
High art installed on a golden throne,
Outreaching heaven's wide wastes, the bounds of nought,
Transcending all the circles of our thought:
With diamantine sceptre in thy hand,
There thou giv'st laws, and dost this world command,
This world of concords rais'd unlikely sweet,
Which like a ball lies prostrate to thy feet.
If so we may well say (and what we say,
Here wrapt in flesh, led by dim reason's ray,
To show by earthly beauties which we see,
That spiritual excellence that shines in thee,
Good Lord, forgive), not far from thy right side,
With curled locks Youth ever doth abide;
Rose-cheeked Youth, who, garlanded with flowers
Still blooming, ceaselessly unto thee pours
Immortal nectar in a cup of gold,
That by no darts of ages thou grow old,
And, as ends and beginnings thee not claim,
Successionless that thou be still the same.
Near to thy other side resistless Might,
From head to foot in burnish'd armour dight
That rings about him, with a waving brand
And watchful eye, great sentinel doth stand;
That neither time nor force in aught impair
Thy workmanship, nor harm thine empire fair,
Soon to give death to all again that would
Stern discord raise, which thou destroy'd of old;
Discord, that foe to order, nurse of war,
By which the noblest things demolish'd are;
But, caitiff, she no treason doth devise,
When might to nought doth bring her enterprise,

Thy all-upholding Might her malice reins,
And her in hell throws bound in iron chains.
With locks in waves of gold that ebb and flow
On ivory neck, in robes more white than snow,
Truth steadfastly before thee holds a glass,
Indent with gems, where shineth all that was,
That is, or shall be. Here, ere aught was wrought,
Thou knew all that thy pow'r with time forth brought,
And more, things numberless which thou couldst make,
That actually shall never being take:
Here, thou beholdest thyself, and, strange, dost prove
At once the beauty, lover, and the love.
With faces two, like sisters, sweetly fair,
Whose blossoms no rough autumn can impair,
Stands Providence, and doth her looks disperse
Through every corner of this universe;
Thy Providence at once which general things
And singular doth rule, as empires kings;
Without whose care this world, lost, would remain
As ship without a master in the main,
As chariot alone, as bodies prove
Depriv'd of souls by which they be, live, move.
But who are they which shine thy throne so near,
With sacred countenance, and look severe?
This in one hand a pond'rous sword doth hold,
Her left stays charg'd with balances of gold;
That with brows girt with bays, sweet-smiling face,
Doth bear a brandon with a babish grace;
Two milk-white wings him easily do move.
O she thy Justice is, and this thy Love!
By this thou brought this engine great to light,
By that it fram'd in number, measure, weight,

That destine doth reward to ill and good;
But sway of Justice is by Love withstood,
Which did it not relent and mildly stay,
This world ere now had had its funeral day.
What bands encluster'd near to these abide,
Which into vast infinity them hide!
Infinity that neither doth admit
Place, time, nor number to encroach on it?
Here bounty sparkleth, here doth beauty shine,
Simplicity more white than gelsomine,
Mercy with open wings, aye-varied bliss,
Glory, and joy that bliss's darling is.
Ineffable, all-pow'rful God, all-free,
Thou only liv'st, and each thing lives by thee;
No joy, no, nor perfection to thee came
By the contriving of this world's great frame;
Ere sun, moon, stars, began their restless race,
Ere paint'd with purple light was heaven's round face,
Ere air had clouds, ere clouds wept down their showers,
Ere sea embraced earth, ere earth bare flowers,
Thou happy liv'd; world nought to thee supplied,
All in thyself thyself thou satisfied.
Of good no slender shadow doth appear,
No age-worn track in thee which shin'd not clear;
Perfection's sum, prime cause of every cause,
Midst, end, beginning, where all good doth pause.
Hence of thy substance, differing in naught,
Thou in eternity thy Son forth brought,
The only birth of thy unchanging mind,
Thine image, pattern-like, that ever shin'd;
Light out of light, begotten not by will,
But nature, all and that same essence still

Which thou thyself; for thou dost naught possess
Which he hath not, in aught nor is he less
Than thou his great begetter. Of this light,
Eternal, double, kindled was thy spright
Eternally, who is with thee the same,
All-holy gift, ambassador, knot, flame.
Most sacred Triad! O most holy One!
Unprocreate Father, ever-procreate Son,
Ghost breath'd from both, you were, are, aye shall be,
Most blessed, three in one, and one in three,
Incomprehensible by reachless height,
And unperceived by accessive light.
So in our souls, three and yet one are still,
The understanding, memory, and will:
So, though unlike, the planet of the days,
So soon as he was made, begat his rays,
Which are his offspring, and from both was hurl'd
The rosy light which comfort doth the world,
And none forewent another: so the spring,
The well-head, and the stream which they forth bring,
Are but one selfsame essence, nor in aught
Do differ, save in order, and our thought
No chime of time discerns in them to fall,
But three distinctly bide one essence all.
But these express not thee; who can declare
Thy being? Men and angels dazzled are:
Who force this Eden would with wit or sense,
A cherubim shall find to bar him thence.

All 's architect, Lord of this universe,
Wit is ingulph'd that would thy greatness pierce.
Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter's glass,

The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrenees' clifts where sun doth never shine,
When he some heaps of hills hath overwent,
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,
Till, mounting some tall mountain, he do find
More heights before him than he left behind:
With halting pace, so while I would me raise
To the unbounded circuits of thy praise,
Some part of way I thought to have o'errun,
But now I see how scarce I have begun;
With wonders new my spirits range possest,
And wand'ring wayless in a maze them rest.

In those vast fields of light, ethereal plains,
Thou art attended by immortal trains
Of intellectual pow'rs, which thou brought forth,
To praise thy goodness, and admire thy worth;
In numbers passing other creatures far,
Since most in number noblest creatures are,
Which do in knowledge us no less outrun,
Than moon doth stars in light, or moon the sun.
Unlike, in orders rang'd and many a band
(If beauty in disparity doth stand),
Archangels, angels, cherubs, seraphins,
And what with name of thrones amongst them shines,
Large-ruling princes, dominations, powers,
All-acting virtues of those flaming towers:
These freed of umbrage, these of labour free,
Rest ravished with still beholding thee;
Inflam'd with beams which sparkle from thy face,
They can no more desire, far less embrace.

Low under them, with slow and staggering pace,
Thy handmaid Nature thy great steps doth trace,

The source of second causes, golden chain
That links this frame, as thou it doth ordain;
Nature gaz'd on with such a curious eye,
That earthlings oft her deem'd a deity.
By Nature led, those bodies fair and great,
Which faint not in their course, nor change their state,
Unintermixt, which no disorder prove,
Though aye and contrary they always move;
The organs of thy providence divine,
Books ever open, signs that clearly shine,
Time's purpled maskers then do them advance,
As by sweet music in a measur'd dance.
Stars, host of heaven, ye firmament's bright flow'rs,
Clear lamps which overhang this stage of ours,
Ye turn not there to deck the weeds of night,
Nor, pageant-like, to please the vulgar sight;
Great causes sure ye must bring great effects,
But who can descant right your grave aspects?
He only who you made, decipher can
Your note; heaven's eyes, ye blind the eyes of man.
Amidst these sapphire far-extended heights,
The never-twinkling, ever-wand'ring lights
Their fixed motions keep; one dry and cold,
Deep-leaden colour'd, slowly there is roll'd.
With rule and line for time's steps measur'd even,
In twice three lustres he but turns his heaven.
With temperate qualities and countenance fair,
Still mildly smiling, sweetly debonair,
Another cheers the world, and way doth make
In twice six autumns through the zodiac.
But hot and dry, with flaming locks and brows
Enrag'd, this in his red pavilion glows:

Together running with like speed, if space,
Two equally in hands achieve their race;
With blushing face this oft doth bring the day,
And ushers oft to stately stars the way;
That various in virtue, changing, light,
With his small flame ingems the veil of night.
Prince of this court, the sun in triumph rides,
With the year snake-like in herself that glides;
Time's dispensator, fair life-giving source,
Through sky's twelve posts as he doth run his course,
Heart of this all, of what is known to sense
The likest to his Maker's excellence;
In whose diurnal motion doth appear
A shadow, no, true portrait of the year.
The moon moves lowest, silver sun of night,
Dispersing through the world her borrow'd light,
Who in three forms her head abroad doth range,
And only constant is in constant change.
Sad queen of silence, I ne'er see thy face
To wax, or wane, or shine with a full grace,
But straight amaz'd on man I think, each day
His state who changeth, or, if he find stay,
It is in dreary anguish, cares, and pains,
And of his labours death is all the gains.
Immortal Monarch, can so fond a thought
Lodge in my breast, as to trust thou first brought
Here in earth's shady cloister wretched man,
To suck the air of woe, to spend life's span
Midst sighs and plaints, a stranger unto mirth,
To give himself his death-rebuking birth;
By sense and wit of creatures made king,
By sense and wit to live their underling;

And, what is worse, have eaglet's eyes to see
His own disgrace, and know an high degree
Of bliss, the place, if thereto he might climb,
And not live thralled to imperious time?
Or, dotard, shall I so from reason swerve,
To deem those lights which to our use do serve—
For thou dost not them need—more nobly fram'd
Than us, that know their course, and have them nam'd?
No, I ne'er think but we did them surpass,
As far as they do asterisms of glass,
When thou us made. By treason high defil'd,
Thrust from our first estate, we live exil'd,
Wand'ring this earth, which is of death the lot,
Where he doth use the pow'r which he hath got,
Indifferent umpire unto clowns and kings,
The supreme monarch of all mortal things.
When first this flowery orb was to us given,
It but in place disvalu'd was to heaven;
These creatures which now our sovereigns are,
And as to rebels do denounce us war,
Then were our vassals; no tumultuous storm,
No thunders, quakings, did her form deform;
The seas in tumbling mountains did not roar,
But like moist crystal whispered on the shore;
No snake did mete her meads, nor ambush'd lower
In azure curls beneath the sweet spring flower;
The nightshade, henbane, naple, aconite,
Her bowels then not bare, with death to smite
Her guiltless brood; thy messengers of grace,
As their high rounds, did haunt this lower place.
O joy of joys! with our first parents thou
To commune then didst deign, as friends do now:

Against thee we rebell'd, and justly thus
Each creature rebelled against us;
Earth, reft of what did chief in her excel,
To all became a jail, to most a hell,
In time's full term, until thy Son was given,
Who, man with thee, earth reconcil'd with heaven.
Whole and entire, all in thyself thou art,
All-where diffus'd, yet of this all no part;
For infinite, in making this fair frame,
Great without quantity, in all thou came,
And filling all, how can thy state admit
Or place or substance to be void of it?
Were worlds as many as the rays which stream
From heaven's bright eyes, or madding wits do dream,
They would not reel in nought, nor wand'ring stray,
But draw to thee, who could their centres stay;
Were but one hour this world disjoin'd from thee,
It in one hour to nought reduc'd should be,
For it thy shadow is; and can they last,
If sever'd from the substances them cast?
O only blest, and author of all bliss,
No, bliss itself, that all-where wished is,
Efficient, exemplary, final good,
Of thine own self but only understood!
Light is thy curtain, thou art light of light,
An ever-waking eye still shining bright,
In-looking all, exempt of passive power
And change, in change since death's pale shade doth lower
All times to thee are one, that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the sun,
To thee are present, who dost always see
In present act what past is, or to be.

Day-livers, we remembrance do lose
Of ages worn, so miseries us toss
(Blind and lethargic of thy heavenly grace,
Which sin in our first parents did deface,
And even while embryons cursed by justice' doom),
That we neglect what gone is, or to come:
But thou in thy great archives scrolled hast,
In parts and whole, whatever yet hath past,
Since first the marble wheels of time were roll'd,
As ever living, never waxing old,
Still is the same thy day and yesterday,
An undivided now, a constant aye.
O King, whose greatness none can comprehend,
Whose boundless goodness doth to all extend,
Light of all beauty, ocean without ground,
That standing flowest, giving dost abound;
Rich palace, and indweller ever blest,
Never not working, ever yet in rest!
What wit cannot conceive, words say of thee,
Here, where, as in a mirror, we but see
Shadows of shadows, atoms of thy might,
Still owly-eyed when staring on thy light,
Grant that, released from this earthly jail,
And freed of clouds which here our knowledge veil,
In heaven's high temples, where thy praises ring,
I may in sweeter notes hear angels sing.

A PRAYER FOR MANKIND.

GREAT God, whom we with humble thoughts adore,
Eternal, infinite, almighty King,
Whose dwellings heaven transcend, whose throne before
Archangels serve, and seraphim do sing;

Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ring eyes
We do behold within this spacious round,
Who makes the rocks to rock, to stand the skies,
At whose command clouds dreadful thunders sound!
Ah! spare us worms; weigh not how we, alas!
Evil to ourselves, against thy laws rebel;
Wash off those spots which still, in mind's clear glass
Though we be loath to look, we see too well;
Deserv'd revenge O do not, do not take!
Do thou revenge, what shall abide thy blow?
Pass shall this world, this world which thou didst make,
Which should not perish till thy trumpet blow.
What soul is found whom parents' crime not stains,
Or what with its own sin distain'd is not?
Though Justice rigour threaten, ah! her reins
Let mercy guide, and never be forgot.
Less are our faults far, far than is thy love;
O what can better seem thy grace divine
Than they, that plagues deserve, thy bounty prove,
And where thou shower mayst vengeance, fair to shine!
Then look and pity, pitying, forgive
Us guilty slaves or servants now in thrall,
Slaves if, alas! thou look how we do live,
Or doing ill, or doing nought at all;
Of an ungrateful mind a foul effect.
But if thy gifts, which amply heretofore
Thou hast upon us pour'd, thou dost respect,
We are thy servants, nay, than servants more,
Thy children, yes, and children dearly bought;
But what strange chance us of this lot bereaves?
Poor worthless wights, how lowly are we brought,
Whom grace made children, sin hath turned slaves!

Sin hath turn'd slaves, but let those bands grace break,
That in our wrongs thy mercies may appear;
Thy wisdom not so mean is, pow'r so weak,
But thousand ways they can make worlds thee fear.
O wisdom boundless! O miraculous grace!
Grace, wisdom which make wink dim reason's eye,
And could heaven's King bring from his placeless place,
On this ignoble stage of care to die,
To die our death, and with the sacred stream
Of blood and water gushing from his side,
To put away each odious act and blame
By us contriv'd, or our first parents' pride.
Thus thy great love and pity, heavenly King,
Love, pity, which so well our loss prevent,
Of evil itself, lo! could all goodness bring,
And sad beginning cheer with glad event:
O love and pity, ill-known of these times!
O love and pity, careful of our need!
O bounties, which our execrable crimes,
Now numberless, contend ne'er to exceed!
Make this excessive ardour of thy love
So warm our coldness, so our lives renew,
That we from sin, sin may from us remove,
Wit may our will, faith may our wit subdue.
Let thy pure love burn up all worldly lust,
Hell's pleasant poison killing our best part,
Which makes us joy in toys, adore frail dust
Instead of thee, in temple of our heart.
Grant, when at last our souls these bodies leave,
Their loathsome shops of sin, and mansions blind,
And doom before thy royal seat receive,
They may a Saviour, not a judge thee find!

THE SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT.

AN ESSAY OF THE GREAT AND GENERAL JUDGMENT OF THE WORLD.

ABOVE those boundless bounds where stars do move,
The ceiling of the crystal round above,
And rainbow-sparkling arch of diamond clear,
Which crowns the azure of each under sphere,
In a rich mansion radiant with light,
To which the sun is scarce a taper bright,
Which, though a body, yet so pure is fram'd,
That almost spiritual it may be nam'd;
Where bliss aboundeth, and a lasting May,
All pleasures height'ning, flourisheth for aye,
The King of ages dwells. About his throne,
Like to those beams day's golden lamp hath on,
Angelic splendours glance, more swift than aught
Reveal'd to sense, nay, than the wing'ed thought,
His will to practise: here do seraphim
Burn with immortal love, there cherubim
With other noble people of the light,
As eaglets in the sun, delight their sight;
Heaven's ancient denizens, pure active powers,
Which, freed of death, that cloister high embowers,
Ethereal princes, ever-conquering bands,
Blest subject acting what their King commands;
Sweet quiristers, by whose melodious strains
Skies dance, and earth untir'd their brawl sustains;
Mixed among whose sacred legions dear
The spotless souls of humans do appear,

Divesting bodies which did cares divest,
And there live happy in eternal rest.
  Hither, surcharg'd with grief, fraught with annoy,
Sad spectacle into that place of joy,
Her hair disordered dangling o'er her face,
Which had of pallid violets the grace,
The crimson mantle wont her to adorn
Cast loose about, and in large pieces torn,
Sighs breathing forth, and from her heavy eyne
Along her cheeks distilling crystal brine,
Which downwards to her ivory breast was driven,
And had bedewed the milky-way of heaven,
Came Piety: at her left hand near by
A wailing woman bare her company,
Whose tender babes her snowy neck did clip,
And now hang on her pap, now by her lip:
Flames glanc'd her head above, which once did glow,
But late look pale, a poor and ruthful show:
She sobbing shrank the throne of God before,
And thus began her case to him deplore.
  "Forlorn, wretch'd, desolate, to whom should I
My refuge have, below or in the sky,
But unto thee? See, all-beholding King,
That servant, no, that darling thou didst bring
On earth, lost man to save from hell's abysm,
And raise unto these regions above time,
Who made thy name so truly be implor'd,
And by the reverent soul so long ador'd;
Her banish'd now see from these lower bounds,
Behold her garments' shreds, her body's wounds;
Look how her sister Charity there stands,
Proscrib'd on earth, all maim'd by wicked hands;

Mischief there mounts to such a high degree
That there now none is left who cares for me;
There dwells idolatry, there atheism reigns,
There man in dumb, yet roaring sin him stains,
So foolish that he puppets will adore
Of metal, stone, and birds, beasts, trees, before
He once will to thy holy service bow,
And yield thee homage. Ah, alas! yet now
To those black sprights, which thou dost keep in chains,
He vows obedience, and with shameful pains
Infernal horrors courts; case fond and strange,
To bane than bliss desiring more the change!
Thy charity, of graces once the chief,
Did long time find in hospitals relief,
Which now lie levell'd with the lowest ground,
Where sad memorials scarce are of them found;
Then, vagabonding, temples her receiv'd,
Where my poor cells afforded what she crav'd;
But now thy temples raz'd are, human blood
Those places stains, late where thy altars stood;
Times are so horrid, to implore thy name
That it is held now on the earth a blame:
Now doth the warrior with his dart and sword
Write laws in blood, and vent them for thy word;
Religion, faith pretending to make known,
All have all faith, religion quite o'erthrown;
Men awless, lawless live, most woful case!
Men, no more men, a God-contemning race."
Scarce had she said, when from the nether world,
Like to a lightning through the welkin hurl'd,
That scores with flames the way, and every eye
With terror dazzles as it swimmeth by,

Came Justice, to whom angels did make place,
And Truth her flying footsteps straight did trace;
Her sword was lost, the precious weights she bare
Their beam had torn, scales rudely bruised were;
From off her head was reft her golden crown,
In rags her veil was rent and star-spangl'd gown;
Her tear-wet locks hang o'er her face, which made
Between her and the mighty King a shade;
Just wrath had rais'd her colour (like the morn
Portending clouds' moist embryons to be born),
Of which she taking leave, with heart swoll'n great,
Thus strove to plain before the throne of state.
"Is not the earth thy workmanship, great King?
Didst thou not all this all from nought once bring,
To this rich beauty which doth on it shine,
Bestowing on each creature of thine
Some shadow of thy bounty? Is not man
Thy vassal, plac'd to spend his life's short span
To do thee homage? And then didst not thou
A queen instal me there, to whom should bow
Thy earth's on-dwellers, and to this effect
Put in my hand thy sword? O high neglect!
Now wretched earthlings, to thy great disgrace,
Perverted have my pow'r, and do deface
All reverent tracks of justice; now the earth
Is but a frame of shame, a funeral hearth,
Where every virtue hath consumed been,
And nought, no, not their dust, rests to be seen:
Long hath it me abhorr'd, long chased me;
Expelled last, here I have fled to thee,
And forthwith rather would to hell repair
Than earth, sith justice execute is there.

All live on earth by spoil; the host his guest
Betrays; the man of her lies in his breast
Is not assured; the son the father's death
Attempts; and kindred kindred reave of breath
By lurking means: of such age few makes sick,
Since hell disgorg'd her baneful arsenic,
Whom murders, foul assassinates defile,
Most who the harmless innocent beguile,
Who most can ravage, rob, ransack, blaspheme,
Is held most virtuous, hath a worthy's name:
So on embolden'd malice they rely,
That, madding, thy great puissance they defy;
Erst man resembl'd thy portrait, soil'd by smoke,
Now like thy creature hardly doth he look.
Old Nature here (she pointed where there stood
An aged lady in a heavy mood)
Doth break her staff, denying human race
To come of her, things born to her disgrace.
The dove the dove, the swan doth love the swan;
Nought so relentless unto man as man.
O! if thou mad'st this world, govern'st it all,
Deserved vengeance on the earth let fall;
The period of her standing perfect is,
Her hourglass not a minute short doth miss.
The end, O Lord, is come: then let no more
Mischief still triumph, bad the good devour;
But of thy word sith constant, true thou art;
Give good their guerdon, wicked due desert."
She said. Throughout the shining palace went
A murmur soft, such as afar is sent
By musked zephyrs' sighs along the main,
Or when they curl some flowery lea and plain;

One was their thought, one their intention, will,
Nor could they err, truth there residing still:
All mov'd with zeal, as one with cries did pray,
Hasten, O Lord, O hasten the last day!
Look how a generous prince, when he doth hear
Some loving city, and to him most dear,
Which wont with gifts and shows him entertain,
And as a father's did obey his reign,
A rout of slaves and rascal foes to wreck,
Her buildings overthrow, her riches sack,
Feels vengeful flames within his bosom burn,
And a just rage all respects overturn:
So seeing earth, of angels once the inn,
Mansion of saints; deflower'd all by sin,
And quite confus'd by wretches here beneath,
The world's great Sovereign moved was to wrath:
Thrice did he rouse himself, thrice from his face
Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly place.
The stars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake;
The earth and earth-embracing sea did shake;
Carmel and Hæmus felt it; Athos' tops
Affrighted shrunk, and near the Æthiop's
Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Apennine,
And lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine.
Then to the synod of the sprights he swore
Man's care should end, and time should be no more;
By his ownself he swore of perfect worth,
Straight to perform his word, sent angels forth.
There lies an island, where the radiant sun,
When he doth to the northern tropic run,
Of six long months makes one tedious day;
And when through southern signs he holds his way,

Six months turneth in one loathsome night
(Night neither here is fair, nor day hot-bright,
But half white and half more), where sadly clear
Still coldly glance the beams of either bear,
The frosty Greenland. On the lonely shore
The ocean in mountains hoarse doth roar,
And over-tumbling, tumbling over rocks,
Casts various rainbows, which in froth he chokes;
Gulfs all about are shrunk most strangely steep,
Than Nilus' cataracts more vast and deep:
To the wild land beneath, to make a shade,
A mountain lifteth up his crested head:
His locks are icicles, his brows are snow,
Yet from his burning bowels deep below,
Comets, far-flaming pyramids, are driven,
And pitchy meteors, to the cope of heaven.
No summer here the lovely grass forth brings,
Nor trees, no, not the deadly cypress springs.
Cave-loving Echo, daughter of the air,
By human voice was never waken'd here:
Instead of night's black birds and plaintful owl,
Infernal furies here do yell and howl.
A mouth yawns in this height so black obscure
With vapours, that no eye it can endure:
Great Ætna's caverns never yet did make
Such sable damps, though they be hideous black;
Stern horrors here eternally do dwell,
And this gulf destine for a gate to hell.
Forth from this place of dread, earth to appal,
Three Furies rushed at the angel's call;
One with long tresses doth her visage mask,
Her temples clouding in a horrid casque;

Her right hand swings a brandon in the air,
Which flames and terror hurleth everywhere;
Pond'rous with darts, her left doth bear a shield,
Where Gorgon's head looks grim in sable field;
Her eyes blaze fire and blood, each hair stills blood,
Blood trills from either pap; and where she stood
Blood's liquid coral sprang her feet beneath;
Where she doth stretch her arm is blood and death.
Her Stygian head no sooner she uprears,
When earth of swords, helms, lances, straight appears
To be delivered, and from out her womb
In flame-wing'd thunders artillery doth come;
Floods, silver streams do take a blushing dye,
The plains with breathless bodies buried lie;
Rage, wrong, rapt, sacrilege do her attend,
Fear, discord, wreck, and woes which have none end:
Town is by town, and prince by prince withstood,
Earth turns an hideous shambles, a lake of blood.
The next, with eyes sunk hollow in her brains,
Lean face, snarl'd hair, with black and empty veins,
Her dried-up bones scarce covered with her skin,
Bewraying that strange structure built within,
Thigh-bellyless, most ghastly to the sight,
A wasted skeleton resembleth right.
Where she doth roam, in air faint do the birds,
Yawn do earth's ruthless brood and harmless herds;
The woods wild foragers do howl and roar,
The humid swimmers die along the shore;
In towns, the living do the dead up-eat,
Then die themselves; alas! and wanting meat,
Mothers not spare the birth of their own wombs,
But turn those nests of life to fatal tombs.

Last did a saffron-colour'd hag come out,
With uncomb'd hair, brows banded all about
With dusky clouds, in ragged mantle clad,
Her breath with stinking fumes the air bespread;
In either hand she held a whip, whose wires
Still'd poison, blaz'd with Phlegethontal fires.
Relentless, she each state, sex, age defiles,
Earth streams with gores, burns with invenom'd biles;
Where she repairs, towns do in deserts turn,
The living have no pause the dead to mourn;
The friend, ah! dares not lock the dying eyes
Of his belov'd, the wife the husband flies;
Men basilisks to men prove, and by breath
Than lead or steel bring worse and swifter death:
No cypress, obsequies, no tomb they have,
The sad heaven mostly serves them for a grave.

These over earth tumultuously do run,
South, north, from rising to the setting sun;
They some time part, yet, than the winds more fleet,
Forthwith together in one place they meet.
Great Quinzai ye it know, Susania's pride,
And you where stately Tiber's streams do glide,
Memphis, Parthenope, ye too it know,
And where Euripus' sevenfold tide doth flow:
Ye know it, empresses on Thames, Rhone, Seine,
And ye fair queens by Tagus, Danube, Rhine.
Though they do scour the earth, roam far and large,
Not thus content the angels leave their charge:
We of her wreck these slender signs may name,
By greater they the judgment do proclaim.

This centre's centre with a mighty blow
One bruiseth, whose crack'd concaves louder low

And rumble, than if all the artillery
On earth discharg'd at once were in the sky;
Her surface shakes, her mountains in the main
Turn topsyturvy, of heights making plain;
Towns them ingulf, and late where towers did stand,
Now naught remaineth but a waste of sand;
With turning eddies seas sink underground,
And in their floating depths are valleys found;
Late where with foamy crests waves tilted waves,
Now fishy bottoms shine and mossy caves.
The mariner casts an amazed eye
On his wing'd firs, which bedded he finds lie,
Yet can he see no shore; but whilst he thinks,
What hideous crevice that huge current drinks,
The streams rush back again with storming tide,
And now his ships on crystal mountains glide,
Till they be hurl'd far beyond seas and hope,
And settle on some hill or palace top,
Or, by triumphant surges overdriven,
Show earth their entrails, and their keels the heaven.
Sky's cloudy tables some do paint with fights
Of armed squadrons, justling steeds and knights,
With shining crosses, judge, and sapphire throne;
Arraigned criminals to howl and groan,
And plaints send forth are heard; new worlds seen, shine
With other suns and moons, false stars decline,
And dive in seas; red comets warm the air,
And blaze, as other worlds were judged there.
Others the heavenly bodies do displace,
Make sun his sister's stranger steps to trace;
Beyond the course of spheres he drives his coach,
And near the cold Arcturus doth approach;

The Scythian amaz'd is at such beams,
The Mauritanian to see icy streams;
The shadow which erewhile turn'd to the west,
Now wheels about, then reeleth to the east;
New stars above the eighth heaven sparkle clear,
Mars chops with Saturn, Jove claims Mars' sphere;
Shrunk nearer earth, all blackened now and brown,
In mask of weeping clouds appears the moon.
There are no seasons; autumn, summer, spring
Are all stern winter, and no birth forth bring;
Red turns the sky's blue curtain o'er this globe,
As to propine the judge with purple robe.
At first, entranc'd, with sad and curious eyes,
Earth's pilgrims stare on those strange prodigies;
The stargazer this round finds truly move
In parts and whole, yet by no skill can prove
The firmament's stay'd firmness. They which dream
An everlastingness in world's vast frame,
Think well some region where they dwell may wreck,
But that the whole nor time nor force can shake;
Yet, frantic, muse to see heaven's stately lights,
Like drunkards, wayless reel amidst their heights.
Such as do nations govern, and command
Wastes of the sea and empiries of land,
Repine to see their countries overthrown,
And find no foe their fury to make known.
Alas! say they, what boots our toils and pains?
Of care on earth is this the furthest gains?
No riches now can bribe our angry fate,
O no! to blast our pride the heavens do threat;
In dust now must our greatness buried lie,
Yet is it comfort with the world to die.

As more and more the warning signs increase,
Wild dread deprives lost Adam's race of peace;
From out their grandam Earth they fain would fly,
But whither know not, heavens are far and high.
Each would bewail and mourn his own distress,
But public cries do private tears suppress;
Laments, plaints, shrieks of woe disturb all ears,
And fear is equal to the pain it fears.
Amidst this mass of cruelty and slights,
This galley full of God-despising wights,
This jail of sin and shame, this filthy stage
Where all act folly, misery, and rage;
Amidst those throngs of old prepar'd for hell,
Those numbers which no Archimedes can tell,
A silly crew did lurk, a harmless rout
Wand'ring the earth, which God had chosen out
To live with him (few roses which did blow
Among those weeds earth's garden overgrow;
A dew of gold still'd on earth's sandy mine,
Small diamonds in world's rough rocks which shine),
By purple tyrants which pursued and chas'd,
Recluses, liv'd in lonely islands plac'd;
Or did the mountains haunt, and forest wild,
Which they than towns more harmless found, and mild;
Where many a hymn they to their Maker's praise
Teach'd groves and rocks, which did resound their lays
Nor sword nor famine, nor plague poisoning air,
Nor prodigies appearing everywhere,
Nor all the sad disorder of this all,
Could this small handful of the world appal.
But as the flower, which during winter's cold
Runs to the root, and lurks in sap uproll'd,

So soon as the great planet of the year
Begins the twins' dear mansion to clear,
Lifts up its fragrant head, and to the field
A spring of beauty and delight doth yield;
So at those signs and apparitions strange,
Their thoughts, looks, gestures did begin to change;
Joy makes their hands to clap, their hearts to dance,
In voice turns music, in their eyes doth glance.
What can, say they, these changes else portend,
Of this great frame save the approaching end?
Past are the signs, all is perform'd of old
Which the Almighty's heralds us foretold.
Heaven now no longer shall of God's great power
A turning temple be, but fixed tower;
Burn shall this mortal mass amidst the air,
Of divine Justice turn'd a trophy fair;
Near is the last of days, whose light embalms
Past griefs, and all our stormy cares becalms.
O happy day! O cheerful holy day,
Which night's sad sables shall not take away!
Farewell, complaints, and ye yet doubtful thoughts,
Crown now your hopes with comforts long time sought;
Wip'd from our eyes now shall be every tear,
Sighs stopp'd, since our salvation is so near.
What long we long'd for, God at last hath given,
Earth's chosen bands to join with those of heaven;
Now noble souls a guerdon just shall find,
And rest and glory be in one combin'd;
Now, more than in a mirror, by these eyne
Even face to face our Maker shall be seen:
O welcome wonder of the soul and sight!
O welcome object of all true delight!

Thy triumphs and return we did expect,
Of all past toils to reap the dear effect:
Since thou art just, perform thy holy word,
O come still hop'd for, come, long-wish'd-for Lord!
While thus they pray, the heavens in flames appear,
As if they show fire's elemental sphere;
The earth seems in the sun, the welkin gone;
Wonder all hushes; straight the air doth groan
With trumpets, which thrice louder sounds doth yield
Than deafening thunders in the airy field.
Created nature at the clangor quakes,
Immur'd with flames, earth in a palsy shakes,
And from her womb the dust in several heaps
Takes life, and mustereth into human shapes:
Hell bursts, and the foul prisoners there bound
Come howling to the day, with serpents crown'd.
Millions of angels in the lofty height,
Clad in pure gold and the electar bright,
Ushering the way still where the Judge should move,
In radiant rainbows vault the skies above,
Which quickly open, like a curtain driven,
And, beaming glory, show the King of Heaven.
What Persian prince, Assyrian most renown'd,
What Scythian with conquering squadrons crown'd,
Entering a breached city, where conspire
Fire to dry blood, and blood to quench out fire,
Where cutted carcasses' quick members reel,
And by their ruin blunts the reeking steel,
Resembleth now the ever-living King?
What face of Troy, which doth with yelling ring,
And Grecian flames transported in the air,
What dreadful spectacle of Carthage fair,

What picture of rich Corinth's tragic wreck,
Or of Numantia the hideous sack,
Or these together shown, the image, face,
Can represent of earth, and plaintful case,
Which must lie smoking in the world's vast womb,
And to itself both fuel be and tomb?
Near to that sweet and odoriferous clime,
Where the all-cheering emperor of time
Makes spring the cassia, nard, and fragrant balms,
And every hill and collin crowns with palms;
Where incensè sweats, where weeps the precious myrrh,
And cedars overtop the pine and fir;
Near where the aged phœnix, tired of breath,
Doth build her nest, and takes new life in death;
A valley into wide and open fields
Far it extendeth, * * * *

The rest is desired.

[The "Cypress Grove," which was originally published with the "Flowers of Sion," has been omitted in the present reprint; it being a discourse on Death and the Vanities of Human Life, in prose, and therefore out of place in an edition of the Author's Poetical Works. The four Poems which follow occur at the end of that work.]

ON THE REPORT OF THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR.

If that were true which whispered is by Fame,
That Damon's light no more on earth doth burn,
His patron Phœbus physic would disclaim,
And cloth'd in clouds as erst for Phaeton mourn.

Yea, Fame by this had got so deep a wound,
That scarce she could have power to tell his death,
Her wings cut short; who could her trumpet sound,
Whose blaze of late was nurs'd but by his breath?

That spirit of his which most with mine was free,
By mutual traffic interchanging store,
If chas'd from him, it would have com'd to me,
Where it so oft familiar was before.

Some secret grief distempering first my mind,
Had, though not knowing, made me feel this loss;
A sympathy had so our souls combin'd,
That such a parting both at once would toss.

Though such reports to others terror give,
Thy heavenly virtues who did never spy,
I know thou, that canst make the dead to live,
Immortal art, and needs not fear to die.

* * * * *

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

TO S[IR] W[ILLIAM] A[LEXANDER.]

THOUGH I have twice been at the doors of death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
This but a light'ning is, truce ta'en to breath,
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.
Amidst thy sacred cares and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring Fame
Tell Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name;
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss those joys Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:
Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk; may roses shade the place!

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST EXCELLENT LADY, JANE COUNTESS OF PERTH.*

THIS beauty, which pale death in dust did turn,
And clos'd so soon within a coffin sad,
Did pass like lightning, like to thunder burn;
So little life so much of worth it had!
Heavens but to show their might here made it shine,
And when admir'd, then in the world's disdain,
O tears! O grief! did call it back again.
Lest earth should vaunt she kept what was divine.
What can we hope for more, what more enjoy,
Sith fairest things thus soonest have their end;

* Eldest daughter of Robert Ker, first Earl of Roxburghe.

And, as on bodies shadows do attend,
Sith all our bliss is follow'd with annoy?
She is not dead, she lives where she did love,
Her memory on earth, her soul above.

TO THE OBSEQUIES OF THE BLESSED PRINCE, JAMES, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

LET holy David, Solomon the wise,
That king whose breast Egeria did inflame,
Augustus, Helen's son, great in all eyes,
Do homage low to thy mausolean frame,
And bow before thy laurel anademe;
Let all those sacred swans, which to the skies
By never-dying lays have rais'd their name,
From north to south, where sun doth set and rise.
Religion, orphan'd, waileth o'er thine urn,
Our Justice weeps her eyes, now truly blind;
In Niobes the remnant virtues turn;
Fame, but to blaze thy glories, lives behind.
The world, which late was golden by thy breath,
Is iron turn'd, and horrid by thy death.

THE

ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY MONARCH *CHARLES*,

KING of *Great Britain*,

France and Ireland,

Into his ancient and royal City of
EDINBURGH, the fifteenth
of *June*, 1633.

EDINBURGH: Printed by JOHN WREITTOUN. 1633.

The retention of the Prose descriptions in this Pageant seems to require no apology, inasmuch as they somewhat illustrate and bear allusion to the metrical addresses of the performers therein.

THE ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY MONARCH, PRINCE CHARLES,

King of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, into his Ancient and Royal City of *Edinburgh*, the 15 of June, M.DC.XXXIII.

WITHOUT the gate which is towards the west, where the street ascendeth to Heriot's Hospital, did an arch arise of height * * * of breadth * * * square with the battlements and inmost side of the town-wall: the face looking to the Castle represented a city situated on a rock, which with pointed cliffs, shrubs, trees, herbs, and verdure, did appear in perspective upon the battlements. In great letters was written,

ΠΤΕΡΩΤΑ ΣΤΡΑ-

ΤΟΠΕΔΑ,

as Ptolomeus nameth it. In a less and different character was written,

CASTRA PUELLARUM:

and under that, in a different colour, *M. Edinburgh.* The rock was inscribed *Montagna de Diamant*, after two Italians, which gave that name to the greatest rock near

Edinburgh, and Cardan, who in his book *De Rerum Varietate*, highly prizeth the diamond of the rock.

In the frieze under the town was written,

INGREDERE AC NOSTRIS SUCCEDE PENATIBUS.

Upon one side of the town was drawn the flood Lithus, in a mantle of sea-green or water-colour, a crown of sedges and reeds on his head, with long locks: his arm leaned upon an earthen pot, out of which water and fishes seemed to run forth; in his hand he held a bundle of flowers. Over him was written,

PICCIOL MA FAMOSO.

On the other side of the town appeared Neptune bestriding his Hippocampus, the Nereids about him, his trident in his hand. The word over him was,

ADSUM DEFENSOR UBIQUE.

The theatre under the arch was a mountain, upon which appeared the Genius of the town, represented by a nymph: she was attired in a sea-green velvet mantle, her sleeves and under-robe of blue tissue, with blue buskins on her feet; about her neck she wore a chain of diamonds, the dressing of her head represented a castle with turrets, her locks dangled about her shoulders. Upon her right hand stood Religion all in white taffeta, with a blue mantle seeded with stars, a crown of stars on her head, to show from whence she is: she leaned her on a scutcheon, whereupon was a cross with the word,

CŒLO DESCENDIT AB ALTO.

Beneath her feet lay Superstition trampled, a woman blind, in old and worn garments; her scutcheon had,

Ultra Sauromatas. On the left hand of this nymph stood Justice, a woman in a red damask mantle, her undergarments cloth of silver; on her head a crown of gold, on a scutcheon she had balances and a sword drawn. The word was,

FIDA REGNORUM CUSTOS.

Beneath the feet of Justice lay Oppression trampled, a person of a fierce aspect, in arms, but broken all and scattered. The word was,

TENENTE CAROLO TERRAS.

The mountain, at the approach of the King's Majesty, moved, and the nymph thus spake unto him:—

"SIR,—If nature could suffer rocks to move, and abandon their natural places, this town, founded on the strength of rocks (now, by all-cheering rays of your Majesty's presence, taking not only motion, but life), had, with her castle, temples, and houses, moved towards you, and besought you to acknowledge her yours, and her indwellers your most humble and affectionate subjects, and to believe how many souls are within her circuits, so many lives are devoted to your sacred person and crown. And here, Sir, she offers, by me, to the altar of your glory, whole hecatombs of most happy desires, praying all things may prove prosperous unto you, that every virtue and heroic grace which make a prince eminent, may with a long and blessed government attend you, your kingdoms flourishing abroad with bays, at home with olives; presenting you, Sir (who art the strong key of this little world of Great Britain), with these keys, which cast up the gates of her affection, and design you power to open all the springs of

the hearts of these her most loyal citizens. Yet this almost not necessary, for as the rose at the far-appearing of the morning star displayeth and spreadeth her purples, so at the very noise of your happy return to this your native country, their hearts, if they could have shined without their breasts, were with joy and fair hopes made spacious; nor did they ever in all parts feel a more comfortable heat than the glory of your presence at this time darteth upon them.

"The old forget their age, and look fresh and young at the sight of so gracious a Prince; the young bear a part in your welcome, desiring many years of life, that they may serve you long; all have more joys than tongues, for, as the words of other nations far go beyond and surpass the affection of their hearts, so in this nation the affection of their hearts is far above all they can express by words. Deign then, Sir, from the highest of majesty, to look down on their lowness, and embrace it; accept the homage of their humble minds, accept their grateful zeal, and for deeds accept that great good-will which they have ever carried to the high deserts of your ancestors, and shall ever to your own, and your royal race, whilst these rocks shall be overshadowed with buildings, these buildings inhabited by men, and while men be endued either with counsel or courage, or enjoy any piece of reason, sense, or life."

The keys being delivered in a basin of silver, and his Majesty received by the magistrates under a pall of state, where the street ascendeth proudest, beginning to turn towards the gate of the old town, he meeteth with an arch, the height of which was * * * the breadth * * *

The frontispiece of this represented, in landscape, a country wild, full of trees, bushes, boars, white kine, along the which appeared one great mountain to extend itself, with the word upon it,

GRAMPIUS.

In some parts was seen the sea enriched with coral, and the mussel that conceiveth the pearl; farther off, in an island, appeared a flaming mountain, with the word,

TIBI SERVIET ULTIMA THULE.

On the chapter was a lion rampant; the word,

IMPERAT IPSE SIBI.

On the landscape was *Caledonia*, in great letters written, and part represented a number of men in arms, flying and retiring, with S. P. Q. R. on their ensigns, which show them to be Romans; another part had a number of naked persons flying and enchained, with the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, drawn on their skins, and shapes of flowers, which represented the Picts, under the Romans, and underwritten,

FRACTI BELLO, FATISQUE REPULSI.

A curtain falling, the theatre discovered a lady attired in tissue; her hair was dressed like a cornucopia; two chains, one of gold, another of pearl, baudrick-ways, hung down her shoulders; a crown of gold hung from the arch before her: she represented the Genius of Caledonia. Near unto her stood a woman with an olive-coloured mask, long black locks waving over her back; her attire was of divers coloured feathers, which show her to be an American,

and to represent New Scotland. The scutcheon in her hand bare the arms of New Scotland, with this word,

AUSPICIIS, CAROLE MAGNE, TUIS.

His Majesty coming near, was welcomed with these verses, by

CALEDONIA.

THE heavens have heard our vows, our just desires
Obtained are; no higher now aspires
Our wishing thoughts, since to his native clime
The flower of Princes, honour of his time—
Encheering all our dales, hills, forests, streams,
As Phœbus doth the summer with his beams—
Is come, and radiant to us in his train
The golden age and virtues brings again.
Prince so much longed for, how thou becalm'st
Mind's easeless anguish, every care embalm'st
With the sweet odours of thy presence! Now
In swelling tides joys everywhere do flow
By thine approach; and that the world may see
What unthought wonders do attend on thee,
This kingdom's angel I, who since that day
That ruthless fate thy parent reft away,
And made a star, appear'd not anywhere
To gratulate thy coming, saving here.
Hail, Princes' phœnix, Monarch of all hearts,
Sovereign of love and justice, who imparts
More than thou canst receive! To thee this crown
Is due by birth, but more it is thine own
By just desert; and ere another brow
Than thine should reach the same, my floods should flow

With hot vermilion gore, and every plain
Level the hills with carcasses of slain,
This isle become a red sea. Now how sweet
Is it to me, when love and laws thus meet,
To girt thy temples with this diadem,
My nurslings' sacred fear, and dearest gem!
No Roman, Saxon, Pict, by sad alarms
Could this acquire and keep; the heavens in arms
From us repell'd all perils, nor by wars
Ought here was won but gaping wounds and scars:
Our lion's climacteric now is past,
And crown'd with bays he rampants free at last.
Here are no Serean fleeces, Peru gold,
Aurora's gems, nor wares by Tyrians sold;
Towns swell not here with Babylonian walls,
Nor Nero's sky-resembling gold-ceil'd halls,
Nor Memphis' spires, nor Quinzay's arched frames,
Captiving seas, and giving lands their names:
Faith, milk-white Faith, of old belov'd so well,
Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell
With her pure sisters, Truth, Simplicity;
Here banish'd Honour bears them company;
A Mars-adorning brood is here, their wealth
Sound minds and bodies, and of as sound a health;
Walls here are men, who fence their cities more
Than Neptune, when he doth in mountains roar,
Doth guard this isle, or all those forts and towers,
Amphion's harp rais'd about Thebes' bowers;
Heaven's arch is oft their roof, the pleasant shed
Of oak and plane oft serves them for a bed:
To suffer want, soft pleasure to despise,
Run over panting mountains crown'd with ice,

Rivers o'ercome, the vastest lakes appal;
Being to themselves oars, steerers, ship and all,
Is their renown. A brave all-daring race,
Courageous, prudent, doth this climate grace;
Yet the firm base on which their glory stands,
In peace true hearts, in wars is valiant hands,
Which here, great King, they offer up to thee,
Thy worth respecting as thy pedigree:
Though much it be to come of princely stem,
More is it to deserve a diadem.

Vouchsafe, blest people, ravish'd here with me,
To think my thoughts, and see what I do see;
A Prince all-gracious, affable, divine,
Meek, wise, just, valiant, whose radiant shine
Of virtues, like the stars about the pole
Gilding the night, enlight'neth every soul
Your sceptre sways; a Prince born in this age,
To guard the innocents from tyrants' rage,
To make peace prosper, justice to reflower
In desert hamlet as in lordly bower;
A Prince, that though of none he stand in awe,
Yet first subjects himself to his own law;
Who joys in good, and still, as right directs,
His greatness measures by his good effects;
His people's pedestal, who rising high
To grace this throne, makes Scotland's name to fly
On halcyon's wings, her glory which restores
Beyond the ocean to Columbus' shores.
God's sacred picture in this man adore,
Honour his valour, zeal, his piety more;
High value what ye hold, him deep ingrave
In your heart's heart, from whom all good ye have;

For, as moon's splendour from her brother springs,
The people's welfare streameth from their kings.
Since your love's object doth immortal prove,
O love this Prince with an eternal love!
Pray that those crowns his ancestors did wear
His temples long more orient may bear;
That good he reach by sweetness of his sway,
That even his shadow may the bad affray;
That Heaven on him what he desires bestow,
That still the glory of his greatness grow;
That your begun felicities may last,
That no Orion do with storms them blast;
That victory his brave exploits attend,
East, west, or south do he his forces bend,
Till his great deeds all former deeds surmount,
And quail the Nimrod of the Hellespont;
That when his well-spent care all care becalms,
He may in peace sleep in a shade of palms;
And, rearing up fair trophies, that heavens may
Extend his life to world's extremest day.

The other face of the arch show men, women, and children, dancing after diverse postures, with many musical instruments. The word above them, in great characters, was,

HILARITATI PUBLICÆ
S. P. Q. E. P.

Where the great street divideth itself in two, upon the old foundations, inhabited by the goldsmiths and glovers, did an arch arise of height * * *, of breadth * * *.

Upon the chapter of this arch was a crown set, with this word,

NEC PRIMAM VISA EST SIMILEM, NEC HABERE SECUNDAM.

The face of the arch had an aback, or square, with this inscription,

CAROLO, MAG. BRIT. REG. JACOBI FILIO, PRINCI. OPTIMO, MAXIMO, LIBERT. VINDICI. RESTAURATORI LEGUM, FUNDATORI QUIETIS, CONSERVATORI ECCLESIÆ, REGNI ULTRA OCEANUM IN AMERICAM PROMOTORI, S. P. Q. E. P.

Amidst flourishes of arms, as helms, lances, corslets, pikes, muskets, bows, cannons, at the one side of the aback stood Mars. The word by him was,

PATRIUM COGNOSCITE NUMEN.

At the other side, amongst flourishes of instruments of peace, as harps, lutes, organs, cithers, hautboys, stood Minerva. Her word,

QUO SINE ME.

Upon each side was arms of the two kingdoms, and an intertexture of crowns, with a word,

NEXUS FŒLIX.

Upon the frieze was written

* * * GENUS IMMORTALE MANET, MULTOSQUE PER ANNOS STAT FORTUNA DOMUS, ET AVI NUMERANTUR AVORUM.

At the approach of the King, the theatre, a curtain drawn, manifested Mercury, with his feathered hat, and

his caduceus, with an hundred and seven Scottish kings, which he had brought from the Elysian fields. Fergus, the first, had a speech in Latin, which is here desired. * * Upon the cross of the town was a show of panisks. Bacchus, crowned with ivy, and naked from the shoulders up, bestrode a hogshead; by him stood Silenus, Sylvanus, Pomona, Venus. Ceres, in a straw-coloured mantle, embroidered with ears of corn, and a dressing of the same on her head, should have delivered a speech to the King, but was interrupted by the Satyrs. She bare a scutcheon, upon which was,

SUSTULIT EXUTIS VINCLIS AD SIDERA PALMAS,

meaning, by the King she was free of the great abuse of the tithes of this country.

In the midst of the street there was a mountain dressed for Parnassus, where Apollo and the Muses appeared, and ancient worthies of Scotland for learning was represented, such as Sedulius, Joannes Duns, Bishop Elphinston of Aberdeen, Hector Boece, Joannes Major, Bishop Gawin Douglass, Sir David Lindsay, Georgius Buchananus. The word over them was,

FAMA SUPER ÆTHERA NOTI.

The Muses were clad in varying taffetas, cloth of silver, and purl; Melpomene, though her under-vesture was black, yet her buskins and mantle were crimson. They were distinguished by the scutcheons they bare, and more properly than by their flats. Every one had a word. The first was Clio, who bare

SI VIS OMNIA TIBI SUBJICI, SUBJICE TE RATIONI,

which was the King's symbol when he was Prince.

Melpomene had the symbol of King James,

PARCERE SUBJECTIS, ET DEBELLARE SUPERBOS.

Thalia had that of Queen Anna,

MIA, MA GRANDEZZA DEL EXCELSO.

Euterpe had the word of Prince Henry,

FAX GLORIA MENTIS HONESTÆ.

Terpsichore,

REGNI CLEMENTIA CUSTOS.

Erato,

PARENDO IMPERAT.

Calliope,

AUREA SORS REGUM EST, ET VELLE ET POSSE BEARE.

Urania,

NON VINCI POTIS EST NEQUE FINGI REGIA VIRTUS.

Polyhymnia,

PATIENS SIT PRINCIPIS AURIS.

Apollo, sitting in the midst of them, was clad in crimson taffeta, covered with some purl of gold, with a bawdrick like the rainbow, a mantle of tissue knit together above his left shoulder; his head was crowned with laurel, with locks long and like gold: he presented the King with a book.

Where the great street contracteth itself, at the descent of the eastern gate of the town, did an arch arise of height * * * * of breadth * * * *. The face of this represented a heaven, into the which appeared his Majesty's ascendant *Virgo*. She was beautified with six-and-twenty stars, after that order that they are in their constellation, one of

them being of the first magnitude, the rest of third and fourth. By her was written,

HABET QUANTUM ÆTHER HABEBAT.

Beneath, on the earth, lay the Titans prostrate, with mountains over them, as when they attempted to bandy against the gods. Their word was on the frieze,

MONITI NE TEMNITE DIVOS.

The chapter show the three Parcæ, where was written,

THY LIFE WAS KEPT TILL THESE THREE SISTERS SPUN THEIR THREADS OF GOLD, AND THEN THY LIFE BEGUN.

The stand discovered the seven planets sitting on a throne, and Endymion. Saturn, in a sad blue mantle embroidered with golden flames; his girdle was like a snake biting his tail; his scutcheon bare,

SPONDEO DIGNA TUIS INGENTIBUS OMNIA CŒPTIS.

Jupiter was in a mantle of silver, embroidered with lilies and violets. His scutcheon bare,

SAT MIHI SIT CŒLUM, POST HÆC TUA FULMINA SUNTO.

Mars, his hair and beard red, a sword at his side, had his robe of deep crimson taffeta, embroidered with wolves and horses. His head bare a helmet, and his scutcheon,

PER TELA, PER HOSTES.

The Sun had a crown of flowers on his head, as marigolds and pansies, and a tissue mantle. His scutcheon bare,

IMPERIUM SINE FINE DEDI.

Venus had the attire of her head rising like parts in a coronet, and roses; she was in a mantle of green damask embroidered with doves; instead of her cæstus, she wore a scarf of diverse colours; her word,

NULLAS RECIPIT TUA GLORIA METAS.

Mercury had a dressing on his head of parti-coloured flowers, his mantle parti-coloured; his word,

FATA ASPERA RUMPES.

The Moon had the attire of her head, like an half moon or crescent of pearl; her mantle was sad damask fringed with silver, embroidered with chameleons and gourds; her word,

CONSEQUITUR QUODCUNQUE PETIT.

At a corner of the theatre, from out a verdant grove came Endymion. He was apparelled like a shepherd, in a long coat of crimson velvet coming over his knee; he had a wreath of flowers upon his head, his hair was curled, and long; in his hand he bare a sheep-hook, on his legs were buskins of gilt leather. These before the King had this action.

ENDYMION.

ROUS'D from the Latmian cave, where many years
That empress of the lowest of the spheres,
Who cheers the night, and kept me hid apart
From mortal wights, to ease her love-sick heart,
As young as when she did me first enclose,
As fresh in beauty as the Maying rose,

Endymion, that whilom kept my flocks
Upon Iona's flow'ry hills and rocks,
And warbling sweet lays to my Cynthia's beams,
Out-sang the swannets of Meander's streams;
To whom, for guerdon, she heaven's secret bars
Made open, taught the paths and powers of stars;
By this dear lady's strict commandment,
To celebrate this day I here am sent.
But whether is this heaven, which stars do crown,
Or are heaven's flaming splendours here come down
To beautify this nether world with me?
Such state and glory did e'er shepherd see?
My wits my sense mistrust, and stay amaz'd;
No eye on fairer objects ever gaz'd.
Sure this is heaven, for every wand'ring star,
Forsaking those great orbs where whirl'd they are,
All dismal, sad aspects abandoning,
Are here assembled to greet some darling;
Nor is it strange if they heaven's height neglect,
Unwonted worth produceth like effect.
Then this it is, thy presence, royal youth,
Hath brought them here within an azimuth,
To tell by me, their herald, coming things,
And what each Fate to her stern distaff sings;
Heaven's volume to unclasp, vast pages spread,
Mysterious golden ciphers clear to read.
Hear then the augur of thy future days,
And all the starry senate of thee says;
For what is firm decreed in heaven above,
In vain on earth strive mortals to improve.

SATURN.

To fair hopes to give reins now is it time,
And soar as high as just desires may climb;
O halcyonian, clear, and happy day!
From sorry wights let sorrow fly away,
And vex antarctic climes; great Britain's woes
Evanish, joy now in her zenith glows.
The old Leucadian scythe-bearing sire,
Though cold, for thee feels flames of sweet desire;
And many lustres at a perfect height
Shall keep thy sceptre's majesty as bright
And strong in power and glory every way
As when thy peerless parent did it sway;
Ne'er turning wrinkled in time's endless length,
But one in her first beauty, youthful strength,
Like thy rare mind, which steadfast as the pole
Still fixed stands, however spheres do roll.
More to inhance thy favours, this thy reign
His age of gold he shall restore again;
Love, justice, honour, innocence renew,
Men's spirits with white simplicity endue;
Make all to live in plenty's ceaseless store
With equal shares, not wishing to have more.
Then shall not cold the ploughmen's hopes beguile,
On earth shall sky with lovely glances smile,
Untill'd which shall each flower and herb bring forth,
And with fair gardens make of equal worth:
Life long shall not be thrall'd to mortal dates,
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

JOVE.

Delight of heaven, sole honour of the earth,
Jove, courting thine ascendant, at thy birth
Proclaimed thee a King, and made it true,
That empiries should to thy worth be due!
He gave thee what was good, and what great,
What did belong to love, and what to state;
Rare gifts whose ardours turn the hearts of all,
Like tinder when flint atoms on it fall.
The Tramontane which thy fair course directs,
Shall counsels be approv'd by their effects;
Justice kept low by grants and wrongs and jars,
Thou shalt relieve, and crown with glistering stars;
Whom nought save law of force could keep in awe,
Thou shalt turn clients to the force of law;
Thou arms shalt brandish for thine own defence,
Wrongs to repel, and guard weak innocence,
Which to thy last effort thou shalt uphold,
As oak the ivy which it doth enfold.
All overcome, at last thy self o'ercome,
Thou shalt make passion yield to reason's doom;
For smiles of fortune shall not raise thy mind,
Nor dismal most disasters turn declin'd;
True honour shall reside within thy court,
Sobriety and truth there still resort;
Keep promis'd faith thou shalt, supercheries
Detest, and beagling marmosets despise.
Thou others to make rich, shalt not make poor
Thyself, but give that thou may'st still give more;
Thou shalt no paranymph raise to high place,
For frizzl'd leap, quaint pace, or painted face;

On gorgeous raiments, womanising toys,
The works of worms, and what a moth destroys,
The maze of fools, thou shalt no treasure spend;
Thy charge to immortality shall tend,
Raise palaces and temples vaulted high,
Rivers o'erarch; of hospitality,
Of sciences, the ruin'd inns restore,
With walls and ports encircle Neptune's shore;
To new-found worlds thy fleets make hold their course,
And find of Canada the unknown source;
People those lands which pass Arabian fields
In fragrant wood, and musk which zephyr yields.
Thou, fear'd of none, shalt not thy people fear,
Thy people's love thy greatness shall uprear;
Still rigour shall not shine, and mercy lower,
What love can do thou shalt not do by power;
New and vast taxes thou shalt not extort,
Load heavy those thy bounty should support;
By harmless justice graciously reform,
Delighting more in calm than roaring storm,
Thou shalt govern in peace as did thy sire,
Keep, save thine own, and kingdoms new acquire
Beyond Alcides' pillars, and those bounds
Where Alexander's fame till now resounds,
Till thou the greatest be among the greats.
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

MARS.

Son of the lion, thou of loathsome bands
Shalt free the earth, and whate'er thee withstands
Thy noble paws shall tear: the god of Thrace
Shall be the second; and before thy face,

To Truth and Justice whilst thou trophies rears,
Armies shall fall dismay'd with panic fears,
As when Aurora in skies' azure lists
Makes shadows vanish, doth disperse the mists,
And in a twinkling with her opal light
Night horrors checketh, putteth stars to flight.
More to inflame thee to this noble task,
To thee he here resigns his sword and casque.
A wall of flying castles, armed pines,
Shall bridge thy sea, like heaven with steel that shines,
To aid earth's tenants by foul yokes oppress'd,
And fill with fears the great king of the west.
To thee already Victory displays
Her garlands twin'd with olive, oak, and bays;
Thy triumphs finish shall all old debates.
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

SUN.

Wealth, wisdom, glory, pleasure, stoutest hearts,
Religion, laws, Hyperion imparts
To thy just reign, which shall far, far surpass
Of emperors, kings, the best that ever was.
Look how he dims the stars! Thy glory's rays
So darken shall the lustre of these days;
For in fair Virtue's zodiac thou shalt run,
And in the heaven of worthies be the sun.
No more contemn'd shall hapless learning lie;
The maids of Pindus shall be raised high;
For bay and ivy, which their brows enroll'd,
Thou shalt them deck with gems and shining gold;
Thou open shalt Parnassus' crystal gates.
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

VENUS.

The Acidalian queen amidst the bays
Shall twine her myrtles, grant thee pleasant days;
She did make clear thy house, and with her light
Of cheerless stars put back the dismal spight.
Thy Hymenean bed fair brood shall grace,
Which on the earth continue shall their race,
While Flora's treasure shall the meads endear,
While sweet Pomona rose-cheek'd fruits shall bear,
While Phœbe's beams her brother's emulates.
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

MERCURY.

Great Atlas' nephew shall the works of peace,
The works of plenty, tillage, trades increase,
And arts, in time's gulfs lost, again restore
To their perfection, nay, find many more.
More perfect artists, Cyclops in their forge,
Shall mould those brazen typhons which disgorge
From their hard bowels metal, flame, and smoke,
Muffling the air up in a sable cloak;
The sea shrinks at the blow, shake doth the ground,
The world's west corner's doth the sound rebound;
The Stygian porter leaveth off to bark,
Black Jove appall'd doth shroud him in the dark.
Many a Typhis, in adventures lost,
By new-found skill shall many a maiden coast
With thy sail-winged Argosies find out,
Which like the sun shall run the earth about,
And far beyond his paths score wavy ways,
To Cathay's lands by Hyperborean seas.

He shall endue thee both in peace and war
With wisdom, which than strength is better far;
Wealth, honour, arms, and arts shall grace thy states.
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

THE MOON.

O how the fair Queen with the golden maids,
The sun of night, thy happy fortunes aids!
Though turban'd princes for a badge her wear,
To whom she wan'd, to thee would full appear.
Her handmaid Thetis daily walks the round
About the Delos, that no force it wound;
Then when thou left it, and abroad did stray,
Dear pilgrim, she did strew with flowers the way,
And, turning foreign force and counsel vain,
Thy guard and guide return'd thee home again:
To thee she kingdoms, years, bliss did divine,
Quailing Medusa's grim snakes with her shine.
Beneath thee reign Discord (fell mischief's forge,
The bane of peoples, state and kingdoms' scourge),
Pale Envy, with the cockatrice's eye,
Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith die;
Malice, deceit, rebellion, impudence,
Beyond the Garamants shall pack them hence,
With every monster that thy glory hates.
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

ENDYMION.

That heretofore to thy heroic mind
Haps, hopes not answer'd as they were design'd,
O do not think it strange! Times were not come,
And these fair stars had not pronounc'd their doom.

The destinies did on that day attend,
When to this northern region thou should lend
Thy cheering presence, and, charg'd with renown,
Set on thy brows the Caledonian crown;
Thy virtues now thy just desire shall grace,
Stern chance shall change, and to desert give place:
Let this be known to all the Fates admit
To their grave counsel, and to every wit
That spies heaven's inside: this let Sibyls know,
And those mad Corybants which dance and glow
On Dindymus' high tops with frantic fire;
Let this be known to all Apollo's quire;
And, people, let it not be hid from you,
What mountains' noise and floods proclaim as true:
Wherever fame abroad his praise shall ring
All shall observe and serve this blessed King!

The back face of this arch, towards the east, had the three Graces drawn upon it, which were naked, and in others' hands. They were crowned with ears of corn, flowers, and grapes, to signify fecundity. Their word,

LÆTO TESTAMUR GAUDIA PLAUSU.

By them was Argus, full of eyes. His word

UT VIDEAM.

Under all was written,

TALES ROMA FUIT QUONDAM ADMIRATA TRIUMPHOS.

The Emperor Justinian appointed that the shows and spectacles made to princes should be seven for the east. On the battlements of the east gate, in a coat all full of

eyes and tongues, with a trumpet in her hand, as if she would sound, stood Fame, the wings of the bat at her feet, a wreath of gold on her head; and by her Honour, a person of a reverend countenance, in a blue mantle of the colour of silver, his hair broidered with silver, shadowing in waves his shoulders. They were above the statue of King James, under which was written,

PLACIDA POPULOS IN PACE REGEBAT.

At length we see those eyes
  Which cheer both over earth and skies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
  Thy beauties heighten, richest robes put on,
  And let young joys to all thy parts arise.

Here could thy Prince still stay,
  Each month should turn in May;
We need not star nor sun,
  Save him to lengthen days and joys begun;
  Sorrow and night to far climes haste away.

Now majesty and love
  Combin'd are from above;
Prince never sceptre sway'd
  Lov'd subjects more, of subjects more obey'd,
  Which may endure whilst heaven's great orbs do move.

Joys, did ye always last,
  Life's spark ye soon would waste;
Grief follows sweet delight,
  As day is shadowed by sable night,
  Yet shall remembrance keep you still, when past.

EPIGRAM.

ILLUSTRIOUS top-bough of heroic stem,
Whose head is crown'd with glory's anademe,
My shallow muse not daring to draw near
Bright Phœbus' burning flames in his career,
Yet knowing surely that Apollo shines
Upon the dunghill, as on golden mines,
And knowing this, the bounty of best kings,
To mark the giver, not the gifted things,
Doth boldly venture in this pompous throng
To greet thy greatness with a welcome song,
And with the pye doth *Ave Cæsar* sing,
While graver wits do greater offerings bring.

A PANEGYRIC

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY MONARCH

CHARLES,

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, &c.

BY WALTER FORBES.

ADMIRED Phœnix, springing from those sires
Whose souls the heaven, whose merit fame admires,
Whose memory is wrapped up in rolls
Kept by eternity above the poles;
Thrice-blessed CHARLES, sprung from thy royal sire
Great JAMES, whose name shall with this frame expire,
And yet begin afresh for to be sung
By sacred quires in a celestial tongue;
O thou, the subject of this well-born thought,
Immortal King! hast neither said nor wrought
Any thing yet which can detract thy praise,
Since thou 'rt more old in virtues than in days;
Bred in the bed of honour, thou art blest
With rare perfections, far above the rest
Of mortal kind; for, as thy birth is great,
So is thy mind, too high a mark for hate:
Envy may spew her spite, yet cannot harm
The Man whom all the host of Heav'n doth arm.
When bright Apollo, circling in his car,
Doth drive away the day-denouncing star,
His pow'rful rays diffuse in mortal minds
A sweet desire of day, which straight unbinds

Sleep-fettered senses, and his cheerful light
Doth waste all vapours closed in cloudy night:
So, my dear Phœbus, whilst thy face doth shine
Upon this land, which by descent is thine
From hundred and eight kings, thy cheerful rays
Do change my nights in halcyonian days,
And straight dissolve those frightful forms of woe
Which did possess my troubled thoughts ago.
What sad affliction did my soul possess,
When Iber's streams reflex'd thy glorious face!
My groans are turn'd to greetings, and my wrongs
Are chang'd in hymns and sweet Syrenean songs:
My spirit, then which for thy absence groan'd,
Rejoiceth now to see thee here enthron'd.
What greater joy can I conceive than see
My native Prince his native throne supply?
Thrice happy CHARLES, with all those gifts enrich'd
Which heavens allot to mortals, I 'm bewitch'd
In admiration of these royal parts,
Which makes thee more than monarch of men's hearts;
My heart and hands, and all submitted here,
Attest the heavens that I account thee dear,
And dearest dear of all this all: I place
My chiefest joys in favour of thy face;
I do not point my praises, nor this land,
Although rich nature with a liberal hand
Hath bravely deck'd her with all kind of things,
Which from her womb for human use forth springs,
Both Pan and Pales, pleasures, gems, and ore,
Which wretched worldlings for their god adore.
I, only I, when all the world by war
Was boil'd in blood as red as Mars's star,

Did safely sleep, secur'd from foreign arms,
And did disdain Bellona's loud alarms:
The Goths, the Danes, the Saxons here did feel,
And Normans fierce, the fury of my steel;
Here Cæsar pitch'd his tent, and proudly thought
His trophies o'er our tombs to Rome have brought;
But all in vain: his conquering hand was staid,
And by his troops a wall-dividing laid
At Carron's banks, whose ruins yet may tell
How far in worth I did his force excel.
And as in Mars', so in Minerva's field,
For arms and arts I keep rich Pallas' shield:
Did not the Germans borrow light from me,
And France, which all posterity shall see,
Ev'n to the fatal doom, when all 's in fire?
Then shall the records of my worth expire.
Thus, gracious CHARLES, deign with a loving eye
The sweet desires of my pure heart to spy:
Look with what love and with what cheerful part
I consecrate to thee a loyal heart;
My humbled knees, lo! and my heav'd up hands,
The sacred oath of love from thee demands.
Thrice glorious CHARLES, how amiable 's thy face,
Whose loving looks my clouds of care do chase!
I reap more joy from this thy coming here,
Than e'er Penelope of Ulysses dear,
Who after thousand dangers did return,
And cur'd those griefs which did her bowels burn:
O thou, more worthy than Ulysses far,
Honour's bright ray, goodness' and greatness' star,
Long did I wish to see thy sacred face
My towns and temples with thy presence grace.

Great Jove's vicegerent, look with kind aspect
On my emporium Edinburgh, direct
No oblique rays; accept in love her shows,
Her verdant glory which so bravely goes
To do thee service; all her cost compense
With kind acceptance, with her faults dispense;
And if in her omission shall be found,
Let her endeavours brave, defects confound.
If Jove, who all the starry heavens doth guide,
Delights sometimes at Creta to abide,
As in the place where first he suck'd the air;
And if Apollo Delos doth repair,
Leaving his Claros, Tenedos behind:
Thus since th' immortal gods have such a mind
To native soil, it is no wonder then
Though demi-gods be mov'd, and earth-born men.
May still, great CHARLES, thy Scotland Creta be,
And Delos, where thou may delight to see
The naïds and the mountain nymphs most fair
With unaccustom'd clamours beat the air;
The satyrs dance, the Corybantean priests
O'erjoy'd with joy to pulse their panting breasts.
O what great joy hath thy dear presence brought!
Let all the annals through all age be sought,
The like was never seen; the senseless stones
Do melt for joy, the mountains leap at once,
The winds are calmed, and Neptune's loudest roar,
Deaved with my shouts of joy, is heard no more;
And when the air with thy great name I wound,
The mountains answer, and the rocks resound,
The woods re-echo'd, and the floods proclaim
Melodious murmurs hearing of thy name;

The fishes, fowls, and beasts are struck with wonder,
Whilst to the clouds I tell my joys in thunder.
Thou art my rich palladium; while I keep
My God and thee, I may securely sleep,
And fear no terror nor disturbing foe,
Whilst I have thee to ante-vert my woe.
God hath by nature wall'd me round about,
And given me Neptune, sentinel and scout,
Whose tossed trident threat'neth death to such
As dare in deep disdain my borders touch;
And if by fates I be enforc'd to war,
And make my lion's roar be heard afar,
O may it be for some such sacred cause
As doth subsist with Heaven and human laws!
O may it be to vindicate the wrong
Of thy dear sister, and her children young,
Whose matchless worth and virtues merit praise
From all which can set, sing, or sound sweet lays,
Till she, dear she, be reinvest again
With her own rights, possess'd with her domain;
Till she be safely situate on her Rhine,
And, as the moon amongst the stars doth shine,
Till she in greatness do exceed all those
Who to her glory did their rage oppose,
Till that sun-gazing eagle be forc'd to fall
Before her feet, and for her pardon call!
Let 's beat alarms, and let our trumpets sound,
Let cornets shrill the yielding air now wound,
Let frightful shouts of soldiers pierce the sky,
And reach the convex of Olympus high
Above the thundering clouds; let noises make
The soaring eagle for fear of CHARLES to shake;

Let Vienn's walls, astonish'd with our cry,
Like stubble before the fire fall down and fly,
Scattered with winds of his revenging wrath,
Who in his hand hath pow'r of life and death;
Let Rome with her seven hills be shaken too,
And at thy name, O CHARLES, obedient bow!
  Heav'n grant I may victorious still return,
Drunk with the blood of foes, sleep in the urn
Of my ancestors, whose manes shall be glad
When it shall be to future ages said,
That I in worth did so exceed them far,
As doth the sun in light each little star.
  O may thy ensigns ever be display'd!
O may my heart and hand be ne'er dismay'd
In thy defence, till all the world adore
Thy dreadful name, from Vesper till Aurore!
Thine be the night and day, may stars bright shine,
And planets wander o'er no land but thine;
And when by death thou shalt shut up thy days,
Thy memory shall still inherit praise,
And after age shall obelisks uprear,
In which thy worth and virtues shall appear;
High fanes and temples shall by thy name be call'd,
And thou, among th' immortal gods install'd,
Shalt see the offerings and the yearly vows
Posterity unto thy fame allows:
Religious rites and games for thee erected,
Shall show on earth how much thou wast respected.

MISCELLANEOUS

AND

POSTHUMOUS

POEMS.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

SONNET,

TO SIR W. ALEXANDER.

[Prefixed to Doomes-day, by Sir WILLIAM ALEXANDER. Edinburgh, 1614, 4to.]

LIKE Sophocles, the hearers in a trance,
With crimson cothurn on a stately stage
If thou march forth, where all with pomp doth glance,
To moan the monarchs of the world's first age;
Or if, like Phœbus, thou thyself advance,
All bright with sacred flames, known by heaven's badge,
To make a day of days which scorns the rage,
Whilst when they end it, what should come doth scance;
Thy Phœnix-Muse still wing'd with wonders flies,
Praise of our brooks, stain to old Pindus' springs,
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes
Can reach the sphere where thou most sweetly sings.
Though string'd with stars heavens Orpheus' harp enrol,
More worthy thine to blaze about the pole.

TO THE AUTHOR, SONNET.

[Prefixed to the famous Historie of Penardo and Laissa, by PATRIK GORDON. Dort, 1615, 8vo.]

COME forth, Laissa, spread thy locks of gold,
Show thy cheeks' roses in their virgin prime,
And though no gems thee deck which Indies hold,
Yield not unto the fairest of thy time.
No ceruse brought far far beyond the seas,
No poison like cinnabar paints thy face;
Let them have that whose native hues displease,
Thou gracest nakedness, it doth thee grace.
Thy sire no pick-purse is of others' wit,
Those jewels be his own which thee adorn;
And though thou after greater ones be born,
Thou mayest be bold even midst the first to sit;
For whilst fair Juliet, or the Faery Queen
Do live with theirs, thy beauty shall be seen.

ON THE DEATH OF GODEFRID VANDER HAGEN.

[Prefixed to G. VANDER HAGEN Miscellanea Poemata. Middelburgi, 1619, 4to.]

SCARCE I four lustres had enjoyed breath,
When my life's thread was cut by cruel death;
Few were my years, so were my sorrows all,
Long days have drams of sweet, but pounds of gall;
And yet the fruits which my fair spring did give,
Prove some may longer breathe, not longer live.
That craggy path which doth to virtue lead,
With steps of honour I did strongly tread;

I made sweet lays, and into notes divine
Outsung Apollo and the Muses nine;
Forth's sweetest swannets did extol my verse,
Forth's sweetest swannets now weep o'er my hearse,
For which I pardon Fates my date of years;
Kings may have vaster tombs, not dearer tears!

OF MY LORD OF GALLOWAY HIS LEARNED COMMENTARY ON THE REVELATION.

[Prefixed to Pathmos; or a Commentary on the Revelation of Saint Iohn, by WILLIAM COWPER, Bishop of Galloway. London, 1619, 4to.]

To this admir'd discoverer give place,
Ye who first tam'd the sea, the winds outran,
And match'd the day's bright coachman in your race,
Americus, Columbus, Magellan.
It is most true that your ingenious care
And well-spent pains another world brought forth,
For beasts, birds, trees, for gems and metals rare,
Yet all being earth, was but of earthly worth.
He a more precious world to us descries,
Rich in more treasure than both Inds contain,
Fair in more beauty than man's wit can fain,
Whose sun not sets, whose people never dies.
Earth should your brows deck with still-verdant bays,
But heavens crown his with stars' immortal rays.

ON THE BOOK.

[Prefixed to Heptameron, the Seven Dayes, &c. by A. Symson. Saint Andrew's, 1621, 8vo.]

God, binding with hid tendons this great all,
Did make a lute which had all parts it given;
This lute's round belly was the azur'd heaven,
The rose those lights which he did there instal;
The basses were the earth and ocean;
The treble shrill the air; the other strings
The unlike bodies were of mixed things:
And then his hand to break sweet notes began.
Those lofty concords did so far rebound,
That flouds, rocks, meadows, forests, did them hear,
Birds, fishes, beasts, danc'd to their silver sound;
Only to them man had a deafen'd ear:
Now him to rouse from sleep so deep and long,
God waken'd hath the echo of this song.

ON THESE LOCKS.

[Prefixed to Samson's Seaven Lockes of Hair, by A. Symson. Saint Andrew's, 1621, 8vo.]

Locks, ornament of angels, diadems
Which the triumphing quires above do crown;
Rich curls of bounty, pinions of renown,
Of that immortal sun immortal beams;
Locks, sacred locks, no, adamantine chains,
Which do shut up and firm together bind
Both that contentment which in life we find,
And bliss which with unbodied souls remains;

Fair locks, all locks compar'd to you, though gold,
Are comets' locks, portending harm and wrath,
Or bald Occasion's lock, that none can hold;
Or Absalom's, which work the wearer's death.
If henceforth beauty e'er my mind subdue,
It shall, dear locks, be for what shines in you!

PARAINETICON.

[Prefixed to Pallas Armata, or Militarie Instructions for the Learned by Sir THOMAS KELLIE. Edinburgh, 1627, 4to.]

Poor Rhine, and canst thou see
Thy natives' gore thy crystal curls deface,
Thy nymphs so bright which be,
Half-blackamoors embrace,
And, dull'd with grapes, yet not resent thy case?
Fallen are thy anademes,
O of such godly cities famous flood!
Dimm'd be thy beauty's beams,
And with thy spoils and blood
Hell is made rich, proud the Iberian blood.
And you, fair Europe's queen,
Which hast with lilies deck'd your purple seat,
Can you see those have been
Stern comets to your state,
On neighbours' wreck to grow so hugely great?
Look how much Iber gains,
By as much lessened in your flowery throne;
O do not take such pains
On Bartholomews alone,
But seek to reacquire your Pampelone.

Brave people, which indwell
The happiest isle that Neptune's arms embrace!
World, which doth yet excel
In what first worlds did grace,
Do never to base servitude give place;
Marshal your wits and arms,
Your courage whet with pity and disdain,
Your deem your allies' harms;
All lose or reobtain,
And either palm or fatal cypress gain.
To this great spirit's frame
If moulded were all minds, all endeavours,
Could worth thus all inflame,
Then not this isle were ours
Alone, but all between sun's golden bowers.

OF THE BOOK.

[Prefixed to the True Crucifixe for True Catholickes, by Sir WILLIAM MOORE. Edinburgh, 1629, 8vo.]

You that with awful eyes and sad regards,
Gazing on masts of ships cross'd with their yards;
Or when ye see a microcosm to swim,
At ev'ry stroke the crucifix do limn
In your brain's table; or when smaller things,
As pied butterflies, and birds their wings
Do raise a cross, straight on your knees do fall
And worship; you, that every painted wall
Grac'd with some antique face, some godling make,
And practise whoredom for the cross's sake,

With bread, stone, metal; read these sacred lays,
And, proselytes, proclaim the author's praise:
Such fame your transformation shall him give,
With Homer's ever that his name shall live.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY JANE MAITLAND.

[Subjoined to a Funerall Sermon, preached at the Buriall of the Lady Jane Maitlane, daughter to Iohn Earle of Lauderdail. Edinburgh, 1633, 4to.]

THE flower of virgins, in her prime of years,
By ruthless destinies is ta'en away,
And rap'd from earth, poor earth, before this day
Which ne'er was rightly nam'd a vale of tears.

Beauty to heaven is fled, sweet modesty
No more appears; she whose harmonious sounds
Did ravish sense, and charm mind's deepest wounds,
Embalm'd with many a tear now low doth lie.

Fair hopes evanish'd are; she should have grac'd
A prince's marriage-bed; but, lo! in heaven
Blest paramours to her were to be given;
She liv'd an angel, now is with them plac'd.

Virtue was but a name abstractly trimm'd,
Interpreting what she was in effect,
A shadow from her frame, which did reflect
A portrait by her excellencies limn'd.

Thou whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,
And read'st, here lies a branch of Maitland's stem,
And Seaton's offspring, know that either name
Designs all worth yet reach'd by human thought.
Tombs elsewhere rise, life to their guests to give,
Those ashes can frail monuments make live.

OF PERSON'S VARIETIES.

[Prefixed to Varieties, &c. by DAVID PERSON, of Loghlands. London, 1635, 4to.]

THE lawyer here may learn divinity;
The divine, laws or fair astrology;
The dameret, respectively to fight;
The duellist, to court a mistress right;
Such who their name take from the rosy-cross,
May here by time learn to repair their loss:
All learn may somewhat, if they be not fools;
Arts quicklier here are lesson'd than in schools.

DISTICH OF THE SAME.

THIS book a world is; here, if errors be,
The like, nay worse, in the great world we see.

A PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR ANTHONY ALEXANDER.*

In sweetest prime and blooming of his age,
Dear Alcon ravish'd from this mortal stage,
The shepherds mourn'd as they him lov'd before:
Among the rout him Idmon did deplore,
Idmon, who, whether sun in east did rise
Or dive in west, pour'd torrents from his eyes
Of liquid crystal, under hawthorn shade;
At last to trees and rocks this plaint he made:
"Alcon, delight of heaven, desire of earth,
Offspring of Phœbus, and the Muses' birth,
The Graces' darling, Adon of our plains,
Flame of the fairest nymphs the earth sustains,
What power of thee hath us bereft? what fate
By thy untimely fall would ruinate
Our hopes? O Death! what treasure in one hour
Hast thou dispersed? how dost thou devour
What we on earth hold dearest? All things good,
Too envious heavens, how blast ye in the bud?

* Sir Anthony was second son of Sir William Alexander, of Menstrie (subsequently first Earl of Stirling,—the celebrated poet and colonizer of Canada), and Master of the King's Works in Scotland. He married a daughter of Sir Henry Wardlaw, of Pitreavie, Bart., and died without issue in London, in August, 1637.

The corn the greedy reapers cut not down
Before the fields with golden ears it crown,
Nor doth the verdant fruits the gardener pull,
But thou art cropt before thy years were full.
"With thee, sweet youth, the glories of our fields
Vanish away, and what contentments yields;
The lakes their silver look, the woods their shades,
The springs their crystal want, their verdure meads;
The years their early seasons, cheerful days;
Hills gloomy stand now desolate of rays;
Their amorous whispers zephyrs not us bring,
Nor do air's quiristers salute the spring;
The freezing winds our gardens do deflow'r.
Ah, Destinies! and you whom skies embow'r,
To his fair spoils his spright again yet give,
And like another phœnix make him live.
The herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their stems,
And make with crimson blush our anademes;
The sun, when in the west he doth decline,
Heaven's brightest tapers at his funerals shine;
His face, when wash'd in the Atlantic seas,
Revives, and cheers the welkin with new rays:
Why should not he, since of more pure a frame,
Return to us again, and be the same?
But wretch, what wish I? To the winds I send
These plaints and pray'rs. Destinies cannot lend
Thee more of time, nor heavens consent will thus
Thou leave their starry world to dwell with us;
Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their spheres
Without these lamentations and tears.
"Thou wast all virtue, courtesy, and worth,
And as sun's light is in the moon set forth,

World's supreme excellence in thee did shine;
Nor, though eclipsed now, shalt thou decline,
But in our memories live, while dolphins streams
Shall haunt, whilst eaglets stare on Titan's beams,
Whilst swans upon their crystal tombs shall sing,
Whilst violets with purple paint the spring.
A gentler shepherd flocks did never feed
On Albion's hills, nor sung to oaten reed:
While what she found in thee my muse would blaze,
Grief doth distract her, and cut short thy praise.
"How oft have we, environ'd by the throng
Of tedious swains, the cooler shades among,
Contemn'd earth's glow-worm greatness, and the chase
Of fortune scorn'd, deeming it disgrace
To court inconstancy? How oft have we
Some Chloris' name graven in each virgin tree,
And, finding favours fading, the next day
What we had carv'd we did deface away?
Woful remembrance! Nor time nor place
Of thy abodement shadows any trace,
But there to me thou shin'st: late glad desires,
And ye once roses, how are ye turned briers?
Contentments passed, and of pleasures chief,
Now are ye frightful horrors, hells of grief.
When from thy native soil love had thee driven,
Thy safe return prefigurating, a heaven
Of flattering hopes did in my fancy move,
Then little dreaming it should atoms prove.
These groves preserve will I, these loved woods,
These orchards rich with fruits, with fish these floods:
My Alcon will return, and once again
His chosen exiles he will entertain;

The populous city holds him, amongst harms
Of some fierce Cyclops, Circe's stronger charms.
These banks, said I, he visit will and streams,
These silent shades ne'er kiss'd by courting beams;
Far, far off I will meet him, and I first
Shall him approaching know, and first be blest
With his aspect; I shall first hear his voice,
Him find the same he parted, and rejoice
To learn his passed perils, know the sports
Of foreign shepherds, fawns, and fairy courts.
No pleasure to the fields; an happy state
The swains enjoy, secure from what they hate;
Free of proud cares they innocently spend
The day, nor do black thoughts their ease offend;
Wise nature's darlings they live in the world,
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurl'd.
These hillocks Phœbus loves, Ceres these plains,
These shades the Sylvans, and here Pales strains
Milk in the pails, the maids which haunt the springs
Dance on these pastures, here Amintas sings;
Hesperian gardens, Tempe's shades are here,
Or what the eastern Ind and west hold dear.
Come then, dear youth, the wood-nymphs twine thee boughs
With rose and lily, to impale thy brows.
Thus ignorant, I mus'd, not conscious yet
Of what by death was done, and ruthless fate:
Amidst these trances, Fame thy loss doth sound,
And through my ears gives to my heart a wound;
With stretched-out arms I sought thee to embrace,
But clasp'd, amaz'd, a coffin in thy place;
A coffin! of our joys which had the trust,
Which told that thou was come, but chang'd in dust.

Scarce, even when felt, could I believe this wreck,
Nor that thy time and glory Heavens would break.
Now since I cannot see my Alcon's face,
And find nor vows nor prayers to have place
With guilty stars, this mountain shall become
To me a sacred altar, and a tomb
To famous Alcon; here, as days, months, years
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will tears,
Here spend my remnant time, exil'd from mirth,
Till death in end turn monarch of my earth."
Shepherds on Forth, and ye by Dovan rocks,
Which use to sing and sport, and keep your flocks,
Pay tribute here of tears; ye never had
To aggravate your moans a cause more sad;
And to their sorrows hither bring your maunds
Charged with sweetest flowers, and with pure hands,
Fair nymphs, the blushing hyacinth and rose
Spread on the place his relics doth enclose;
Weave garlands to his memory, and put
Over his hearse a verse in cypress cut:
"Virtue did die, goodness but harm did give
After the noble Alcon left to live,
Friendship an earthquake suffer'd; losing him,
Love's brightest constellation turned dim."

POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

SONNET.

AY me, and I am now the man whose muse
In happier times was wont to laugh at love,
And those who suffer'd that blind boy abuse
The noble gifts were given them from above?
What metamorphose strange is this I prove?
Myself now scarce I find myself to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove.
Virtue hath taught with her philosophy
My mind unto a better cause to move:
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove
Affection's power, but what is that to me,
Who ever think, and never think on ought
But that bright cherubim which thralls my thought?

MADRIGAL.

TREES happier far than I,
Which have the grace to heave your heads so high,
And overlook those plains,
Grow till your branches kiss that lofty sky
Which her sweet self contains;
There make her know mine endless love and pains,

And how these tears which from mine eyes do fall,
Help'd you to rise so tall:
Tell her, as once I for her sake lov'd breath,
So for her sake I now court ling'ring death.

CLORUS.

SWAN which so sweetly sings
By Aska's banks, and pitifully plains,
That old Meander never heard such strains,
Eternal fame thou to thy country brings:
And now our Caledon
Is by thy songs made a new Helicon;
Her mountains, woods, and springs,
While mountains, woods, springs be, shall sound thy praise;
And though fierce Boreas oft make pale her bays,
And kill those myrtles with enraged breath,
Which should thy brows enwreath,
Her floods have pearls, seas amber do send forth,
Her heaven hath golden stars to crown thy worth.

TO SLEEP.

HOW comes it, Sleep, that thou
Even kisses me affords
Of her, dear her, so far who 's absent now?
How did I hear those words,
Which rocks might move, and move the pines to bow?
Ay me, before half day
Why didst thou steal away?
Return, I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again.

AN ALMANAC.

THIS strange eclipse, one says,
Strange wonders doth foretel:
But you whose wives excel,
And love to count their praise,
Shut all your gates, your hedges plant with thorns,
The sun did threat the world this time with horns.

A CHAIN OF GOLD.

ARE not those locks of gold
Sufficient chains the wildest hearts to hold?
Is not that ivory hand
A diamantine band,
Most sure to keep the most untamed mind,
But ye must others find?
O yes; why is that golden one the worn
Thus free in chains? Perhaps, love's chains to scorn.

EPITAPH.

THE bawd of justice, he who laws controll'd,
And made them fawn and frown as he got gold,
That Proteus of our state, whose heart and mouth
Were farther distant than his north from south,
That cormorant, who made himself so gross
On people's ruin, and the prince's loss,
Is gone to hell, and though he here did evil,
He there perchance may prove an honest devil.

A TRANSLATION.

FIERCE robbers were of old
Exil'd the champaign ground,
From hamlets chas'd, in cities kill'd, or bound,
And only woods, caves, mountains, did them hold:
But now, when all is sold,
Woods, mountains, caves, to good men be refuge,
And do the guiltless lodge,
And, clad in purple gowns,
The greatest thieves command within the towns.

PROTEUS OF MARBLE.

THIS is no work of stone,
Though it seems breathless, cold, and sense hath none,
But that false god which keeps
The monstrous people of the raging deeps;
Now that he doth not change his shape this while,
It is thus constant more you to beguile.

THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

PASSENGER, vex not thy mind
To make me mine eyes unfold;
For if thou should'st them behold,
Thine perhaps they will make blind.

LAURA TO PETRARCH.

I RATHER love a youth and childish rhyme,
Than thee whose verse and head are wise through time,

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

NEAR to a crystal spring,
With thirst and heat oppres'd,
Narcissa fair doth rest:
Trees, pleasant trees, which those green plains forth bring,
Now interlace your trembling tops above,
And make a canopy unto my love;
So in heaven's highest house when sun appears,
Aurora may you cherish with her tears.

FOR DORUS.

WHY, Nais, stand ye nice,
Like to a well-wrought stone,
When Dorus would you kiss?
Deny him not that bliss,
He 's but a child, old men be children twice,
And even a toothless one;
And when his lips yours touch in that delight,
Ye need not fear he will those cherries bite.

LOVE VAGABONDING.

SWEET nymphs, if, as ye stray,
Ye find the froth-born goddess of the sea,
All blubber'd, pale, undone,
Who seeks her giddy son,
That little god of love,
Whose golden shafts your chastest bosoms prove,
Who, leaving all the heavens, hath run away;
If ought to him that finds him she 'll impart,
Tell her he nightly lodgeth in my heart.

PHRÆNE.

AONIAN sisters, help my Phræne's praise to tell,
Phræne, heart of my heart, with whom the Graces dwell;
For I surcharged am so sore that I not know
What first to praise of her, her breast, or neck of snow,
Her cheeks with roses spread, or her two sun-like eyes,
Her teeth of brightest pearl, her lips where sweetness lies;
But those so praise themselves, being to all eyes set forth,
That, Muses, ye need not to say ought of their worth
Than her white swelling paps essay for to make known,
But her white swelling paps through smallest veil are shown;
Yet she hath something else more worthy then the rest,
Not seen; go sing of that which lies beneath her breast,
And mounts like fair Parnass, where Pegas' well doth run;
Here Phræne stay'd my muse, ere she had well begun.

DESIRED DEATH.

DEAR life, while I do touch
These coral ports of bliss,
Which still themselves do kiss,
And sweetly me invite to do as much,
All panting in my lips
My heart my life doth leave,
No sense my senses have,
And inward powers do find a strange eclipse;
This death so heavenly well
Doth so me please, that I
Would never longer seek in sense to dwell,
If that even thus I only could but die.

PHŒBE.

If for to be alone, and all the night to wander,
Maids can prove chaste, then chaste is Phœbe without slander.

ANSWER.

Fool, still to be alone, all night in Heaven to wander,
Would make the wanton chaste, then she 's chaste without slander.

HYMN.

Saviour of mankind, man Emanuel,
Who sinless died for sin, who vanquish'd hell,
The first-fruits of the grave, whose life did give
Light to our darkness, in whose death we live,
O strengthen thou my faith, correct my will,
That mine may thine obey! Correct me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul seal'd with thy seal; so in the hour
When thou whose body sanctified thy tomb,
Unjustly judg'd, a glorious judge shalt come
To judge the world with justice, by that sign
I may be known, and entertain'd for thine.

A TRANSLATION OF S. JOHN SCOT HIS VERSES, BEGINNING *QUOD VITÆ SECTABOR ITER.*

WHAT course of life should wretched mortals take,
In books hard questions large contention make;
Care dwells in houses, labour in the field,
Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yield;
In foreign lands thou never canst be blest,
If rich, thou art in fear, if poor, distress'd.
In wedlock frequent discontentments swell,
Unmarried persons as in deserts dwell.
How many troubles are with children born!
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void;
Grey hairs are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of those two offers try,
Not to be born, or being born, to die?

ALL good hath left this age, all tracks of shame;
Mercy is banished, and pity dead;
Justice, from whence it came, to heaven is fled;
Religion, maim'd, is thought an idle name;
Faith to distrust and malice hath given place;
Envy with poison'd teeth hath friendship torn;
Renowned knowledge is a despis'd scorn;
Now evil 'tis all evil not to embrace:
There is no life, save under servile bands,
To make desert a vassal to their crimes;
Ambition with Avarice join hands.
O ever-shameful, O most shameless Times!
Save that sun's light we see, of good hear tell,
This earth we court so much were very hell.

SONNET.

Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the justice which on earth we find?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
Are these your influences, Powers above?
Those souls which vices moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune blindly most their friend doth prove;
And they who thee, poor idol, Virtue, love,
Fly like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.
Ah! if a Providence doth sway this all,
Why should best minds groan under most distress,
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress?
Heavens hinder, stop this fate, or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

A REPLY.

Who do in good delight,
That sovereign Justice ever doth reward,
And though sometime it smite,
Yet it doth them regard;
For even amidst their grief
They find a strong relief,
And death itself can work them no despite.
Again, in evil who joy,
And do in it grow old,
In midst of mirth are chang'd with sin's annoy,
Which is in conscience scroll'd,
And when their life's frail thread is cut by time,
They punishment find equal to each crime.

„ Look how in May the rose,
At sulphur's azure fumes,
In a short space her crimson blush doth lose,
And, all amaz'd, a pallid white assumes.
So time our best consumes,
Makes youth and beauty pass,
And what was pride turns horror in our glass.

TO A SWALLOW, BUILDING NEAR THE STATUE OF MEDEA.

Fond Progne, chattering wretch,
That is Medea: there
Wilt thou thy younglings hatch?
Will she keep thine, her own who could not spare?
Learn from her frantic face
To seek some fitter place.
What other may'st thou hope for, what desire,
Save Stygian spells, wounds, poison, iron, fire?

VENUS ARMED.

To practise new alarms
In Jove's great court above,
The wanton Queen of Love,
Of sleeping Mars put on the horrid arms;
Where gazing in a glass
To see what thing she was,
To mock and scoff the blue-eyed maid did move,
Who said, sweet Queen, thus should you have been dight
When Vulcan took you napping with your knight.

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

AMIDST a pleasant green
Which sun did seldom see,
Where play'd Anchises with the Cyprian queen,
The head of a wild boar hung on a tree;
And driven by zephyr's breath,
Did fall, and wound the lovely youth beneath,
On whom yet scarce appears
So much of blood as Venus' eyes shed tears.
But ever as she wept, her anthem was,
Change, cruel change, alas!
My Adon, whilst thou liv'd, was by thee slain,
Now dead, this lover must thou kill again?

TO AN OWL.

ASCALAPHUS, tell me,
So may night's curtain long time cover thee,
So ivy ever may
From irksome light keep thy chamber and bed,
And in moon's liv'ry clad;
So mayst thou scorn the quiristers of day.
When plaining thou dost stay
Near to the sacred window of my dear,
Dost ever thou her hear
To wake, and steal swift hours from drowsy sleep?
And when she wakes, doth ere a stolen sigh creep
Into thy list'ning ear?
If that deaf god doth yet her careless keep,
In louder notes my grief with thine express,
Till by thy shrieks she think on my distress.

DAPHNIS.

Now Daphnis' arms did grow
In slender branches, and her braided hair,
Which like gold waves did flow,
In leavy twigs were stretched in the air;
The grace of either foot
Transform'd was to a root,
A tender bark enwraps her body fair.
He who did cause her ill,
Sore-wailing stood, and from his blubbered eyne
Did show'rs of tears upon the rind distil,
Which water'd thus did bud and turn more green.
O deep despair! O heart-appalling grief!
When that doth woe increase should bring relief.

THE BEAR OF LOVE.

In woods and desert bounds
A beast abroad doth roam,
So loving sweetness and the honeycomb,
It doth despise the arms of bees and wounds.
I by like pleasure led,
To prove what heavens did place
Of sweet on your fair face,
Whilst therewith I am fed,
Rest careless, bear of love, of hellish smart,
And how those eyes afflict and wound my heart.

FIVE SONNETS FOR GALATEA.

I.

STREPHON, in vain thou bring'st thy rhymes and songs,
Deck'd with grave Pindar's old and wither'd flow'rs;
In vain thou count'st the fair Europa's wrongs,
And her, whom Jove deceiv'd in golden show'rs.
Thou hast slept never under myrtles' shed,
Or, if that passion hath thy soul oppress'd,
It is but for some Grecian mistress dead.
Of such old sighs thou dost discharge thy breast,
How can true love with fables hold a place?
Thou who with fables dost set forth thy love,
Thy love a pretty fable needs must prove,
Thou suest for grace, in scorn more to disgrace:
I cannot think thou wert charm'd by my looks,
O no, thou learn'dst thy love in lovers' books.

II.

No more with candid words infect mine ears,
Tell me no more how that ye pine in anguish,
When sound ye sleep; no more say that ye languish,
No more in sweet despite say you spend tears.
Who hath such hollow eyes as not to see
How those that are hair-brain'd boast of Apollo,
And bold give out the Muses do them follow,
Though in love's library yet no lover 's he?
If we poor souls least favour but them show,
That straight in wanton lines abroad is blazed,
Their name doth soar on our fame's overthrow,
Mark'd is our lightness whilst their wits are praised:
In silent thoughts who can no secret cover,
He may, say we, but not well, be a lover.

III.

Ye who with curious numbers, sweetest art,
Frame dædal nets our beauty to surprise,
Telling strange castles builded in the skies,
And tales of Cupid's bow, and Cupid's dart;
Well howsoe'er ye act your feigned smart,
Molesting quiet ears with tragic cries,
When you accuse our chastity's best part,
Nam'd cruelty, ye seem not half too wise;
Yea, ye yourselves it deem most worthy praise,
Beauty's best guard, that dragon which doth keep
Hesperian fruit; the spur in you does raise
That Delian wit that otherwise may sleep:
To cruel nymphs your lines do fame afford,
Of many pitiful not one poor word.

IV.

If it be love to wake out all the night,
And watchful eyes drive out in dewy moans,
And when the sun brings to the world his light,
To waste the day in tears and bitter groans;
If it be love to dim weak reason's beam
With clouds of strange desire, and make the mind
In hellish agonies a heav'n to dream,
Still seeking comforts where but griefs we find;
If it be love to stain with wanton thought
A spotless chastity, and make it try
More furious flames than his whose cunning wrought
That brazen bull where he entomb'd did fry;
Then sure is love the causer of such woes,
Be you our lovers, or our mortal foes.

V.

And would you then shake off love's golden chain,
With which it is best freedom to be bound;
And cruel do ye seek to heal the wound
Of love, which hath such sweet and pleasant pain?
All that is subject unto nature's reign
In skies above, or on this lower round,
When it is long and far sought, end hath found,
Doth in decadence fall, and slack remain:
Behold the moon, how gay her face doth grow
Till she kiss all the sun, then doth decay;
See how the seas tumultuously do flow
Till they embrace lov'd banks, then post away:
So is 't with love; unless you love me still,
O do not think I 'll yield unto your will.

SONNET. *

CARE'S charming sleep, son of the sable night,
&c. &c.

AN EPITAPH OF ONE NAMED MARGARET.

IN shells and gold, pearls are not kept alone,
A Margaret here lies beneath a stone;
A Margaret that did excel in worth
All those rich gems the Indies both send forth;
Who, had she liv'd when good was lov'd of men,
Had made the Graces four, the Muses ten,

* The Sonnet, commencing "Care's charming sleep, son of the sable night," having been composed by Daniel, the friend and correspondent of Drummond, and erroneously attributed to the latter, is here omitted.

And forc'd those happy times her days that claim'd,
From her to be the age of pearl still nam'd.
She was the richest jewel of her kind,
Grac'd with more lustre than she left behind,
All goodness, virtue, bounty, and could cheer
The saddest mind. Now Nature, knowing here
How things but shown, then hidden, are lov'd best,
This Margaret shrin'd in this marble chest.

ON A DRUNKARD.

Nor amaranths, nor roses do bequeath
Unto this hearse, but tamarisks and wine,
For that same thirst, though dead, yet doth him pine,
Which made him so carouse while he drew breath.

ARETINUS' EPITAPH.

Here Aretino lies, most bitter gall,
Who whilst he lived spoke evil of all,
Only of God the arrant sot
Naught said, but that he knew him not.

COMPARISON OF HIS THOUGHTS TO PEARLS.

With open shells in seas, on heavenly dew
A shining oyster lusciously doth feed,
And then the birth of that ethereal seed
Shows, when conceiv'd, if skies look dark or blue:
So do my thoughts, celestial twins, of you,
At whose aspect they first begin and breed,
When they came forth to light, demonstrate true,
If ye then smil'd, or lower'd in mourning weed.

Pearls then are orient fram'd, and fair in form,
If heavens in their conceptions do look clear;
But if they thunder, or do threat a storm,
They sadly dark and cloudy do appear:
Right so my thoughts and so my notes do change,
Sweet if ye smile, and hoarse if ye look strange.

ALL CHANGETH.

THE angry winds not aye
Do cuff the roaring deep,
And though heavens often weep,
Yet do they smile for joy when comes dismay:
Frosts do not ever kill the pleasant flow'rs,
And love hath sweets when gone are all the sours.
This said a shepherd, closing in his arms
His dear, who blush'd to feel love's new alarms.

SILENUS TO KING MIDAS.

THE greatest gift that from their lofty thrones
The all-governing pow'rs to man can give,
Is, that he never breathe, or, breathing once,
A suckling end his days, and leave to live;
For then he neither knows the woe nor joy
Of life, nor fears the Stygian lake's annoy.

TO HIS AMOROUS THOUGHT.

SWEET wanton thought, who art of beauty born,
And who on beauty feed'st, and sweet desire,
Like taper fly, still circling, and still turn
About that flame that all so much admire,
That heavenly fair which doth out-blush the morn,
Those ivory hands, those threads of golden wire,

Thou still surroundest, yet dar'st not aspire.
Sure thou dost well that place not to come near,
Nor see the majesty of that fair court;
For if thou saw'st what wonders there resort,
The pure intelligence that moves that sphere,
Like souls ascending to those joys above,
Back never wouldst thou turn, nor thence remove.

VERSES ON THE LATE WILLIAM* EARL OF PEMBROKE.

I.

THE doubtful fears of change so fright my mind,
Though raised to the highest joy in love,
As in this slippery state more grief I find,
Than they who never such a bliss did prove;
But fed, with ling'ring hopes of future gain,
Dream not what 'tis to doubt a lover's pain.

II.

Desire a safer harbour is than fear,
And not to rise less danger than to fall;
The want of jewels we far better bear,
Than, so possess'd at once to lose them all:
Unsatisfied hopes time may repair,
When ruin'd faith must finish in despair.

III.

Alas! ye look but up the hill on me,
Which shows to you a fair and smooth ascent,
The precipice behind ye cannot see,
On which high fortunes are too prone'ly bent:
If there I slip, what former joy or bliss
Can heal the bruise of such a fall as this?

E. P.

* William Herbert, third earl, K.G., ob. 1630.

A REPLY.

I.

WHO love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
Where fairer virtues fairest beauties grace,
Then in himself such store of worth doth find,
That he deserves to hold so good a place:
To chilling fears how can he be set forth,
Whose fears condemn his own, doubt others' worth?

II.

Desire, as flames of zeal, fear, horrors, meets,
They rise who fear of falling never prov'd.
Who is so dainty satiate with sweets,
To murmur when the banquet is remov'd?
The fairest hopes time in the bud destroys,
When sweet are memories of ruin'd joys.

III.

It is no hill but heaven where you remain,
And whom desert advanced hath so high,
To reach the guerdon of his burning pain,
Must not repine to fall, and falling die:
His hopes are crown'd; what years of tedious breath
Can them compare with such a happy death!

W. D.

A TRANSLATION.

I.

AH! silly soul, what wilt thou say,
When he whom earth and heavens obey,
Comes man to judge in the last day;

II.

When he a reason asks, why grace
And goodness thou would'st not embrace,
But steps of vanity didst trace?

III.

That day of terror, vengeance, ire,
Now to prevent thou should'st desire,
And to thy God in haste retire.

IV.

With wat'ry eyes, and sigh-swoll'n heart,
O beg, beg in his love a part,
Whilst conscience with remorse doth smart.

V.

That dreaded day of wrath and shame,
In flames shall turn this world's huge frame,
As sacred prophets do proclaim.

VI.

O with what grief shall earthlings groan,
When that great Judge, set on his throne,
Examines strictly every one!

VII.

Shrill-sounding trumpets through the air
Shall, from dark sepulchres, each where
Force wretched mortals to appear.

VIII.

Nature and Death amaz'd remain,
To find their dead arise again,
And process with their Judge maintain.

IX.

Display'd then open books shall lie,
Which all those secret crimes descry,
For which the guilty world must die.

X.

The Judge enthron'd, whom bribes not gain,
The closest crimes appear shall plain,
And none unpunished remain.

XI.

O who then pity shall poor me,
Or who mine advocate shall be,
When scarce the justest pass shall free?

XII.

All wholly holy dreadful King,
Who freely life to thine dost bring,
Of mercy save me, mercy's spring.

XIII.

Then, sweet Jesu, call to mind
How of thy pains I was the end,
And favour let me that day find,

XIV.

In search of me, thou full of pain
Did'st sweat blood, death, on cross sustain;
Let not these suff'rings be in vain.

XV.

Thou supreme Judge, most just and wise,
Purge me from guilt which on me lies,
Before that day of thine assize.

XVI.

Charg'd with remorse, lo! here I groan,
Sin makes my face a blush take on;
Ah! spare me prostrate at thy throne;

XVII.

Who Mary Magdalen didst spare,
And lend'st the thief on cross thine ear,
Showest me fair hopes, I should not fear.

XVIII.

My prayers imperfect are, and weak,
But worthy of thy grace them make,
And save me from hell's burning lake.

XIX.

On that great day, at thy right hand,
Grant I amongst thy sheep may stand,
Sequestered from that goatish band.

XX.

When that the reprobates are all
To everlasting flames made thrall,
O to thy chosen, Lord, me call!

XXI.

That I one of thy company,
With those whom thou dost justify,
May live blest in eternity.

EPITAPHS.

UPON JOHN EARL OF LAUDERDALE HIS DEATH.*

I.

Of those rare worthies who adorn'd our north,
And shin'd like constellations, thou alone
Remainedst last, great Maitland, charg'd with worth,
Second in virtue's theatre to none;
But finding all eccentric in our times,
Religion into superstition turn'd,
Justice silenc'd, exiled, or inurn'd
Truth, faith, and charity reputed crimes;
The young men destinate by sword to fall,
And trophies of their country's spoils to rear,
Strange laws the aged and prudent to appal,
And forc'd sad yokes of tyranny to bear,
And for nor great nor virtuous minds a room,
Disdaining life thou shrink'st into thy tomb.

II.

When misdevotion everywhere shall take place,
And lofty orators in thund'ring terms
Shall move you, people, to arise in arms,
And church's hallow'd policy deface;
When you shall but one general sepulchre,
As Averroes did one general soul,

* John, first earl, died January 1645.

On high, on low, on good, on bad confer,
And your dull predecessors' rites control;
Ah! spare this monument; great guests it keeps,
Three grave justiciars, whom true worth did raise,
The Muses' darlings, whose loss Phœbus weeps,
Best men's delight, the glory of their days.
More we would say, but fear and stand in awe,
To turn idolators and break your law.

III.

Do not repine, blest soul, that humble wits
Do make thy worth the matter of their verse;
No high-strain'd Muse our times and sorrows fits,
And we do sigh, not sing, to crown thy hearse.
The wisest Prince e'er manag'd Britain's state,
Did not disdain in numbers clear and brave
The virtues of thy sire to celebrate,
And fix a rich memorial on his grave.
Thou didst deserve no less; and here in jet,
Gold, touch, brass, porphyry, or Parian stone,
That by a prince's hand no lines are set
For thee, the cause is now this land hath none:
Such giant moods our parity forth brings,
We all will nothing be, or all be kings.

[TO THE MEMORY OF THE EXCELLENT LADY ISABEL, COUNTESS OF LAUDERDALE.]

FOND wight, who dream'st of greatness, glory, state,
And worlds of pleasures, honours dost devise,
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great
Nor glorious, by this monument turn wise.

One it enshrineth, sprung of ancient stem,
And, if that blood nobility can make,
From which some kings have not disdain'd to take
Their proud descent, a rare and matchless gem.

A beauty here it holds by full assurance,
Than which no blooming rose was more refin'd,
Nor morning's blush more radiant ever shin'd,
Ah! too too like to morn and rose at last.

It holds her who in wit's ascendant far
Did years and sex transcend, to whom the heaven
More virtue than to all this age had given,
For virtue meteor turn'd, when she a star,

Fair mirth, sweet conversation, modesty,
And what those kings of numbers did conceive
By Muses nine, and Graces more than three,
Lie clos'd within the compass of this grave.
Thus death all earthly glories doth confound,
Lo how much worth a little dust doth bound!

Far from these banks exiled be all joys,
Contentments, pleasures, music, care's relief,
Tears, sighs, plaints, horrors, frightments, sad annoys
Invest these mountains, fill all hearts with grief.

Here nightingales and turtles vent your moans;
Amphrysian shepherd here come feed thy flocks,
And read thy hyacinth amidst our groans,
Plain, Echo, thy Narcissus from our rocks.

Lost have our meads their beauty, hills their gems,
Our brooks their crystal, groves their pleasant shade,
The fairest flow'r of all our anademes
Death cropped hath, the Lesbia chaste is dead.
Thus sighed the Tyne, then shrunk beneath his urn,
And meads, brooks, rivers, hills about did mourn.

[ON LADY JANE MAITLAND.]

LIKE to the garden's eye, the flower of flow'rs
With purple pomp that dazzle doth the sight,
Or as among the lesser gems of night,
The usher of the planet of the hours,
Sweet maid, thou shined'st on this world of ours,
Of all perfections having trac'd the height:
Thine outward frame was fair, fair inward powers;
A sapphire lanthorn, and an incense light.
Hence, the enamour'd heaven, as too too good
On earth's all-thorny soil long to abide,
Transplanted to their fields so rare a bud,
Where from thy sun no cloud thee now can hide.
Earth moan'd her loss, and wish'd she had the grace
Not to have known, or known the longer space.

HARD laws of mortal life!
To which made thralls, we come without consent,
Like tapers lighted to be early spent:
Our griefs are always rife,
When joys but halting march, and swiftly fly
Like shadows in the eye:
The shadow doth not yield unto the sun,
But joys and life do waste even when begun.

ON THE DEATH OF A NOBLEMAN IN SCOTLAND, BURIED AT AITHEN.

AITHEN, thy pearly coronet let fall,
Clad in sad robes, upon thy temples set
The weeping cypress, or the sable jet:
Mourn this thy nursling's loss, a loss which all
Apollo's quire bemoans, which many years
Cannot repair, nor influence of spheres.

Ah! when shalt thou find shepherd like to him,
Who made thy banks more famous by his worth,
Than all those gems thy rocks and streams send forth?
His splendour others' glow-worm light did dim,
Sprung of an ancient and a virtuous race,
He virtue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to mildness thy half-barbarous swains,
The good man's refuge, of the bad the fright,
Unparallel'd in friendship, world's delight,
For hospitality along thy plains
Far-fam'd, a patron and a pattern fair
Of piety, the Muses' chief repair.

Most debonair, in courtesy supreme,
Lov'd of the mean, and honour'd by the great,
Ne'er dash'd by fortune, nor cast down by fate,
To present and to after times a theme.
Aithen, thy tears pour on this silent grave,
And drop them in thy alabaster cave,
And Niobe's imagery become;
And when thou hast distilled here a tomb,
Enchase in it thy pearls, and let it bear,
Aithen's best gem and honour shrin'd lies here.

FAME, register of time,
Write in thy scroll, that I,
Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesy,
Was cropped in my prime,
And ripe in worth, tho' green in years, did die.

JUSTICE, truth, peace, and hospitality,
Friendship and love being resolved to die,
In these lewd times, have chosen here to have
With just, true, pious, * * * their grave:
Them cherish'd he so much, so much did grace,
That they on earth would choose none other place.

WHEN death to deck his trophies stopp'd thy breath,
Rare ornament and glory of these parts,
All with moist eyes might say, and ruthful hearts,
That things immortal vassall'd were to death.

What good, in parts on many shar'd, we see
From nature, gracious heaven, or fortune flow,
To make a master-piece of worth below,
Heaven, nature, fortune gave in gross to thee.

In honour, bounty, rich, in valour, wit,
In courtesy, born of an ancient race,
With bays in war, with olives crown'd in peace,
Match'd great, with offspring for great actions fit.

No rust of times nor change thy virtue wan,
With times to change, when truth, faith, love decay'd
In this new age; like fate, thou fixed stay'd,
Of the first world an all-substantial man.

As erst this kingdom given was to thy sire,
The prince his daughter trusted to thy care,
And well the credit of a gem so rare
Thy loyalty and merit did require.

Years cannot wrong thy worth, that now appears,
By others set, as diamonds among pearls;
A queen's dear foster, father to three earls,
Enough on earth to triumph are o'er years.

Life a sea-voyage is, death is the haven,
And fraught with honour there thou hast arriv'd,
Which thousands seeking, have on rocks been driven,
That good adorns thy grave, which with thee liv'd:
For a frail life which here thou didst enjoy,
Thou now a lasting hast, freed of annoy.

WITHIN the closure of this narrow grave
Lie all those graces a good wife could have;
But on this marble they shall not be read,
For then the living envy would the dead.

THE daughter of a king, of princely parts,
In beauty eminent, in virtues chief,
Loadstar of love, and loadstone of all hearts,
Her friends' and husband's only joy, now grief,
Is here pent up within a marble frame,
Whose parallel no times, no climates claim.

VERSES frail records are to keep a name,
Or raise from dust men to a life of fame,
The sport and spoil of ignorance; but far
More frail the frames of touch and marble are,
Which envy, avarice, time ere long confound,
Or mis-devotion equals with the ground.
Virtue alone doth last, frees man from death,
And, though despis'd and scorned here beneath,
Stands grav'n in angels' diamantine rolls,
And blazed in the courts above the poles.
Thou wast fair virtues' temple; they did dwell
And live ador'd in thee; nought did excel
But what thou either didst possess or love,
The graces' darling, and the maids' of Jove;
Courted by fame for bounties which the heaven
Gave thee in great, which if in parcels given
To many, such we happy sure might call:
How happy then wast thou who enjoy'dst them all!
A whiter soul ne'er body did invest,
And now, sequester'd, cannot be but blest,
Inrob'd in glory, midst those hierarchies
Of that immortal people of the skies,
Bright saints and angels, there from cares made free,
Nought doth becloud thy sovereign good from thee,
Thou smil'st at earth's confusions and jars,
And how for Centaurs' children we wage wars:
Like honey-flies, whose rage whole swarms consumes,
Till dust thrown on them makes them vail their plumes.
Thy friends to thee a monument would raise,
And limn thy virtues, but dull grief thy praise

Breaks in the entrance, and our task proves vain;
What duty writes, that woe blots out again:
Yet love a pyramid of sighs thee rears,
And doth embalm thee with farewells and tears.

ROSE.

I.

THOUGH marble porphyry, and mourning touch,
May praise these spoils, yet can they not too much;
For beauty last, and * * * this stone doth close,
Once earth's delight, heaven's care, a purest Rose.
And, reader, shouldst thou but let fall a tear
Upon it, other flow'rs shall here appear,
Sad violets and hyacinths, which grow
With marks of grief, a public loss to show.

II.

Relenting eye, which deignest to this stone
To lend a look, behold here he laid one,
The living and the dead interr'd, for dead
The turtle in its mate is; and she fled
From earth, her * * * choos'd this place of grief
To bound * * * thoughts, a small and sad relief.
His is this monument, for hers no art
Could frame, a pyramid rais'd of his heart.

III.

Instead of epitaphs and airy praise,
This monument a lady chaste did raise
To her lord's living fame, and after death
Her body doth unto this place bequeath,
To rest with his, till God's shrill trumpet sound:
Though time her life, no time her love could bound.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

THE Scottish kirk the English church do name,
The English church the Scots a kirk do call;
Kirk, and not church, church and not kirk, O shame!
Your kappa turn in chi, or perish all;
Assemblies meet, post bishops to the court;
If these two nations fight, 'tis strangers' sport.

II.

AGAINST the king, sir, now why would ye fight?
Forsooth, because he dubb'd me not a knight.
And ye, my lords, why arm ye 'gainst King Charles?
Because of lords he would not make us earls.
Earls, why do ye lead forth these warlike bands?
Because we will not quit the church's lands.
Most holy churchmen, what is your intent?
The king our stipends largely did augment.
Commons, to tumult thus why are you driven?
Priests us persuade it is the way to heaven.
Are these just cause of war, good people, grant?
Ho! Plunder! thou ne'er swore our covenant.
Give me a thousand cov'nants, I'll subscrive
Them all, and more, if more ye can contrive
Of rage and malice; and let every one
Black treason bear, not bare rebellion.
I'll not be mock'd, hiss'd, plunder'd, banish'd hence
For more years standing for a * * * prince.
His castles all are taken, and his crown,
His sword and sceptre, ensigns of renown,

With that lieutenant fame did so extol,
And captives carried to the capital;
I 'll not die martyr for a mortal thing,
'Tis enough to be confessor for a king.
Will this you give contentment, honest men?
I 've written rebels, pox upon the pen!

III.

THE king a negative voice most justly hath,
Since the kirk hath found out a negative faith.

IV.

IN parliament one voted for the king,
The crowd did murmur he might for it smart;
His voice again being heard, was no such thing,
For that which was mistaken was a fart.

V.

BOLD Scots, at Bannockburn ye kill'd your king,
Then did in parliament approve the fact;
And would ye Charles to such a non-plus bring,
To authorize rebellion by an act?
Well, what ye crave, who knows but granted may be?
But if he do 't, cause swaddle him for a baby.

VI.

A REPLY.

SWADDL'D is the baby, and almost two years,
His swaddling time, did neither cry nor stir,
But star'd, smil'd, did lie still, void of all fears,
And sleep'd, tho' barked at by every cur,
Yea, had not wak'd, if Lesly, that hoarse nurse,
Had not him hardly rock'd; old wives him curse!

VII.

THE king nor band, nor host had him to follow
Of all his subjects; they were given to thee,
Lesly. Who is the greatest? By Apollo,
The emperor thou, some palsgrave scarce seems he.
Could'st thou pull lords as we do bishops down,
Small distance were between thee and a crown.

VIII.

WHEN lately Pym descended into hell,
Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
What place that was, he called loud to tell;
To whom a devil, "This is the lower house."

IX.

THE STATUE OF ALCIDES.

FLORA upon a time.
Naked Alcides' statue did behold,
And with delight admir'd each amorous limb,
Only one fault she said could be of 't told:
For by right symmetry
The craftsman had him wrong'd,
To such tall joints a taller club belong'd,
The club hung by his thigh:
To which the statuary did reply,
"Fair nymph, in ancient days your holes by far,
Were not so hugely vast as now they are."

X.

GREAT lies they tell, preach our church cannot err,
Less lies, who say the king's not head of her;
Great lies, who cry we may shed others' blood,
Less lies, who swear dumb bishops are not good;

Great lies they vent, say we for God do fight.
Less lies who guess the king does nothing right;
Great lies and less lies all our aims descry:
To pulpits some, to camp the rest apply.

XI.

A SPEECH AT THE KING'S ENTRY INTO THE TOWN OF LINLITHGOW,

Pronounced by Mr. JAMES WISEMAN, Schoolmaster there, enclosed in a plaster made in the figure of a Lion.

THRICE royal sir, here I do you beseech,
Who art a lion, to hear a lion's speech;
A miracle; for, since the days of Æsop,
No lion till those times his voice dar'd raise up
To such a majesty. Then, king of men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den;
Who, tho' he now enclosed be in plaster,
When he was free was Lithgow's wise schoolmaster.

XII.

A country maid Amazon-like did ride,
To sit more sure, with leg on either side;
Her mother, who her spied, said, that ere long
She should just penance suffer for that wrong;
For when time should on her more years bestow,
That horse's hair between her thighs would grow.
Scarce winter twice was come, as was her told,
When she found all to frizzle there with gold,
Which first made her afraid, then turn'd her sick,
And forc'd her keep her bed almost a week.
At last her mother calls, who scarce for laughter
Could hear the pleasant story of her daughter;

But that this frenzy should no more her vex,
She swore thus bearded were their weaker sex;
Which when denied, "Think not," said she, "I scorn,
Behold the place, poor fool, where thou was born."
The girl, that seeing, cried, now void of pain,
"Ah! mother, you have ridden on the mane."

XIII.

GOD'S judgments seldom use to cease, unless
The sins which them procur'd men do confess.
Our cries are Baal's priests', our fasting vain,
Our pray'rs not heard, nor answer'd us again:
Till perjury, wrong, rebellion, be confess'd,
Think not on peace, nor to be freed of pest.

XIV.

THE king gives yearly to his senate gold,
Who can deny but justice then is sold?

XV.

HERE Rixus lies, a novice in the laws,
Who plains he came to hell without a cause.

PHYLLIS, ON THE DEATH OF HER SPARROW.

AH! if ye ask, my friends, why this salt shower
My blubber'd eyes upon this paper pour?
Gone is my sparrow; he whom I did train,
And turn'd so toward, by a cat is slain.
No more with trembling wings shall he attend
His watchful mistress: would my life could end!
No more shall I him hear chirp pretty lays;
Have I not cause to loath my tedious days?
A Dadalus he was to catch a fly,
Nor wrath nor rancour men in him could spy;

To touch or wrong his tail if any dar'd,
He pinch'd their fingers, and against them warr'd:
Then might that crest be seen shake up and down,
Which fixed was unto his little crown;
Like Hector's, Troy's strong bulwark, when in ire
He rag'd to set the Grecian fleet on fire.
But, ah, alas! a cat this prey espies,
Then with a leap did thus our joys surprise.
Undoubtedly this bird was kill'd by treason,
Or otherways had of that fiend had reason.
Thus was Achilles by weak Paris slain,
And stout Camilla fell by Aruns vain:
So that false horse, which Pallas rais'd 'gainst Troy,
King Priam and that city did destroy.
Thou now, whose heart is big with this frail glory,
Shalt not live long to tell thy honour's story.
If any knowledge resteth after death
In ghosts of birds, when they have left to breath,
My darling's ghost shall know in lower place,
The vengeance falling on the cattish race.
For never cat nor catling I shall find,
But mew shall they in Pluto's palace blind.
Ye who with gaudy wings and bodies light
Do dint the air, turn hitherwards your flight,
To my sad tears comply these notes of yours,
Unto his idol bring an harv'st of flowers;
Let him accept from us, as most divine,
Sabæan incense, milk, food, sweetest wine;
And on a stone let us these words engrave:
"Pilgrim, the body of a sparrow brave
In a fierce gluttonous cat's womb clos'd remains,
Whose ghost now graceth the Elysian plains."

DIVINE POEMS.

PETER, AFTER THE DENIAL OF HIS MASTER.

LIKE to the solitary pelican,
The shady groves I haunt, and deserts wild,
Amongst woods' burgesses, from sight of man,
From earth's delight, from mine own self exil'd.
But that remorse which with my fall began,
Relenteth not, nor is by change turn'd mild,
But rents my soul, and like a famish'd child
Renews its cries, though nurse does what she can.
Look how the shrieking bird that courts the night
In ruin'd wall doth lurk, and gloomy place:
Of sun, of moon, of stars, I shun the light,
Not knowing where to stay, what to embrace:
How to heaven's lights should I lift these of mine
Sith I denied him who made them shine?

ON THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE woful Mary, midst a blubber'd band
Of weeping virgins, near unto the tree
Where God death suffer'd, man from death to free,
Like to a plaintful nightingale did stand,
Which sees her younglings reft before her eyes,
And hath nought else to guard them save her cries.
Love thither had her brought, and misbelief
Of these sad news, which charg'd her mind to fears,
But now her eyes more wretched than her tears,
Bear witness, ah! too true, of feared grief:

Her doubts made certain, did her hopes destroy,
Abandoning her soul to black annoy.
Long fixing downcast eyes on earth, at last
She longing did them raise, O torturing sight!
To view what they did shun, their sole delight,
Imbru'd in his own blood, and naked plac'd
To sinful eyes, naked save that black veil
Which heaven him shrouded with, that did bewail.
It was not pity, pain, grief, did possess
The mother, but an agony more strange;
Cheek's roses in pale lilies straight did change,
Her sp'rits, as if she bled his blood, turn'd less:
When she saw him, woe did all words deny,
And grief her only suffer'd sigh, "O my,
O my dear Lord and Son!" Then she began:
"Immortal birth! tho' of a mortal born,
Eternal bounty which doth heaven adorn,
Without a mother, God; a father, man;
Ah! what hast thou deserv'd, what hast thou done!
Thus to be treat? Woe's me, my son, my son!
Who bruis'd thy face, the glory of this all,
Who eyes engor'd, loadstars to Paradise,
Who, as thou were a trimmed sacrifice,
Did with that cruel crown thy brows impale?
Who rais'd thee, whom so oft the angels serv'd,
Between those thieves who that foul death deserv'd?
Was it for this thou bred wast in my womb,
Mine arms a cradle serv'd thee to repose,
My milk thee fed, as morning-dew the rose?
Did I thee keep till this sad time should come,
That wretched men should nail thee to a tree,
And I a witness of thy pangs must be?

It is not long, the ways bestrew'd with flowers,
With shouts to echoing heavens and mountains roll'd,
Since, as in triumph, I thee did behold
In royal pomp approach proud Sion's towers:
Lo! what a change! who did thee then embrace,
Now at thee shake their heads, inconstant race!
Eternal Father! from whose piercing eye
Hid nought is found, that in this all is form'd,
Deign to vouchsafe a look unto this round,
This round, the stage of a sad tragedy:
Look but if thy dear pledge thou here canst know,
On an unhappy tree a shameful show.
Ah! look if this be he, almighty King,
Before heavens spangled were with stars of gold,
Ere world a centre had it to uphold,
Whom from eternity thou forth didst bring.
With virtue, form, and light, who did adorn
Sky's radiant globes, see where he hangs a scorn.
Did all my prayers tend to this? Is this
The promise that celestial herald made
At Nazareth, when full of joy he said,
I happy was, and from thee did me bless?
How I am blest? No, most unhappy I
Of all the mothers underneath the sky.
How true and of choice oracles the choice
Was that blest Hebrew, whose dear eyes in peace
Mild death did close, ere they saw this disgrace,
When he forespake with more than angel's voice,
The son should, malice sign, be set apart,
Then that a sword should pierce the mother's heart!
But whither dost thou go, life of my soul?
O stay a little till I die with thee;

And do I live thee languishing to see,
And cannot grief frail laws of life control?
If grief prove weak, come, cruel squadrons, kill
The mother, spare the son, he knows no ill;
He knows no ill; those pangs, base men, are due
To me and all the world, save him alone;
But now he doth not hear my bitter moan;
Too late I cry, too late I plaints renew;
Pale are his lips, down doth his head decline,
Dim turn those eyes once wont so bright to shine.
The heavens, which in their mansions constant move,
That they may not seem guilty of this crime,
Benighted have the golden eye of time:
Ungrateful earth, canst thou such shame approve,
And seem unmov'd, this done upon thy face?"
Earth trembled then, and she did hold her peace.

HYMN.

Him whom the earth, the sea, and sky
Worship, adore, and magnify,
And doth this threefold engine steer,
Mary's purest closet now doth bear.
Whom sun and moon, and creatures all,
Serving at times, obey his call;
Pouring from heaven his sacred grace,
I' th' virgin's bowels hath ta'en place.
Mother most blessed by such a dower,
Whose Maker, Lord of highest power,
Who this wide world in hand contains,
In thy womb's ark himself restrains.
Blest by a message from heaven brought,
Fertile with Holy Ghost full fraught;

Of nations the desired king,
Within thy sacred womb doth spring.
Lord, may thy glory still endure,
Who born wast of a virgin pure;
The Father's and the sp'rit's of love,
Which endless worlds may not remove.

AN EVENING HYMN.

MAKER of all, we thee entreat,
Before the joyful light descend,
That thou with wonted mercy great
Us as our keeper would'st defend.

Let idle dreams be far away,
And vain illusions of the night;
Repress our foe, lest that he may
Our bodies to foul lust incite.
Let this, O Father, granted be,
Through our dear Saviour's boundless merit,
Who doth for ever live with thee,
Together with the Holy Spirit.

COMPLAINT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THE mother stood with grief confounded,
Near the cross; her tears abounded
While her dear son hanged was,
Through whose soul, her sighs forth venting,
Sadly mourning and lamenting,
Sharpest points of swords did pass.
O how sad and how distress'd,
Was the mother ever-bless'd,

Who God's only Son forth brought!
She in grief and woes did languish,
Quaking to behold what anguish
To her noble Son was wrought.

HYMN UPON THE NATIVITY.

CHRIST, whose redemption all doth free,
Son of the Father, who alone
Before the world began to be,
Didst spring from Him by means unknown;

Thou his clear brightness, thou his light,
Thou everlasting hope of all,
Observe the prayers which in thy sight
Thy servants through the world let fall.

O dearest Saviour, bear in mind,
That of our body thou a child
Didst whilom take the natural kind,
Born of the Virgin undefil'd.

This much the present day makes known,
Passing the circuit of the year,
That thou from thy high Father's throne
The world's sole safety didst appear.

The highest heaven, the earth, and seas,
And all that is within them found,
Because he sent thee us to ease,
With mirthful songs his praise resound.

We also, who redeemed are
With thy pure blood from sinful state,
For this thy birthday will prepare
New hymns this feast to celebrate.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee
Whom the unspotted Virgin bore,
And glory to thee, Father, be,
And th' Holy Ghost, for evermore.

HYMN UPON THE INNOCENTS.

HAIL, you sweet babes, that are the flowers,
Whom, when you life begin to taste,
The enemy of Christ devours,
As whirlwinds down the roses cast.

First sacrifice to Christ you went,
Of offered lambs a tender sort;
With palms and crowns you innocent
Before the sacred altar sport.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is nam'd,
In heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are fram'd,
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She, deck'd in new attire from heaven,
Her wedding-chamber now descends,

Prepar'd in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls wherewith she is enclos'd,
And streets are of pure gold compos'd.

The gates adorn'd with pearls most bright,
The way to hidden glory show;
And thither by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus' merits go
All those who are on earth distress'd,
Because they have Christ's name profess'd.

These stones the workmen dress and beat,
Before they throughly polish'd are,
Then each is in his proper seat
Establish'd by the builder's care,
In this fair frame to stand for ever,
So join'd, them that no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be;
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity;
Whose boundless power we still adore,
And sing their praise for evermore.

HYMN.

JESU, our prayers with mildness hear,
Who art the crown which virgins decks,
Whom a pure maid did breed and bear,
The sole example of her sex.

Thou feeding there where lilies spring,
While round about the virgins dance,
Thy spouses dost to glory bring,
And them with high rewards advance.

The virgins follow in thy ways
Whithersoever thou dost go;
They trace thy steps with songs of praise,
And in sweet hymns thy glory show.

Cause thy protecting grace, we pray,
In all our senses to abound,
Keeping from them all harms which may
Our souls with foul corruption wound.

Praise, honour, strength, and glory great
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
While time lasts, and when time is done.

HYMN.

BENIGN Creator of the stars,
Eternal light of faithful eyes,
Christ, whose redemption none debars,
Do not our humble prayers despise:

Who for the state of mankind griev'd,
That it by death destroy'd should be,
Hast the diseased world reliev'd,
And given the guilty remedy.

When th' evening of the world drew near,
Thou as a bridegroom deign'st to come
Out of thy wedding-chamber dear,
Thy virgin mother's purest womb.

To the strong force of whose high reign
All knees are bow'd with gesture low,
Creatures which heaven or earth contain,
With rev'rence their subjection show.

O holy Lord, we thee desire,
Whom we expect to judge all faults,
Preserve us, as the times require,
From our deceitful foes' assaults.

Praise, honour, strength, and glory great
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
While time lasts, and when time is done.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who bringing forth the light of days
With the first work of splendour bright,
The world didst to beginning raise;

Who morn with evening join'd in one,
Commandedst should be call'd the day;
The foul confusion now is gone,
O hear us when with tears we pray;

Lest that the mind, with fears full fraught,
Should lose best life's eternal gains,
While it hath no immortal thought,
But is enwrapt in sinful chains.

O may it beat the inmost sky,
And the reward of life possess;
May we from hurtful actions fly,
And purge away all wickedness.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR MONDAY.

GREAT Maker of the heavens wide,
Who, lest things mix'd should all confound,
The floods and waters didst divide,
And didst appoint the heavens their bound;

Ordering where heavenly things shall stay,
Where streams shall run on earthly soil,
That waters may the flames allay,
Lest they the globe of earth should spoil;

Sweet Lord, into our minds infuse
The gift of everlasting grace,
That no old faults which we did use
May with new frauds our souls deface.

May our true faith obtain the light,
And such clear beams our hearts possess,
That it vain things may vanish quite,
And that no falsehood it oppress.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last,

HYMN FOR TUESDAY.

Great Makér of man's earthly realm,
Who didst the ground from waters take,
Which did the troubled land o'erwhelm,
And it unmóveable didst make,

That there young plants might fitly spring,
While it with golden flowers attir'd
Might forth ripe fruit in plenty bring,
And yield sweet fruit by all desir'd;

With fragrant greenness of thy grace,
Our blasted souls of wounds release,
That tears foul sins away may chase,
And in the mind bad motions cease:

May it obey thy heavenly voice,
And never drawing near to ill;
T' abound in goodness may rejoice,
And may no mortal sin fulfil.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst time and ages last.

HYMN FOR WEDNESDAY.

O HOLY God of heavenly frame,
Who mak'st the pole's high centre bright,
And paint'st the same with shining flames,
Adorning it with beauteous light;

Who, framing on the fourth of days
The fiery chariot of the sun,
Appoint'st the moon her changing rays,
And orbs in which the planets run,

That thou might'st by a certain bound,
'Twixt night and day division make,
And that some sure sign might be found
To show when months beginning take;

Men's hearts with lightsome splendour bless,
Wipe from their minds polluting spots,
Dissolve the bond of guiltiness,
Throw down the heaps of sinful blots.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR THURSDAY.

O God, whose forces far extend,
Who creatures which from waters spring
Back to the flood dost partly send,
And up to th' air dost partly bring;

Some in the waters deeply div'd,
Some playing in the heavens above,
That natures, from one stock deriv'd,
May thus to several dwellings move;

Upon thy servants grace bestow,
Whose souls thy bloody waters clear,
That they no sinful falls may know,
Nor heavy grief of death may bear;

That sin no soul oppress'd may thrall,
That none be lifted high with pride,
That minds cast downward do not fall,
Nor raised up may backward slide.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR FRIDAY.

God, from whose work mankind did spring,
Who all in rule dost only keep,
Bidding the dry land forth to bring
All kind of beasts which on it creep;

Who hast made subject to man's hand
Great bodies of each mighty thing,
That, taking life from thy command,
They might in order serve their King;

From us thy servants, Lord, expel
Those errors which uncleanness breeds,
Which either in our manners dwell,
Or mix themselves among our deeds.

Give the rewards of joyful life,
The plenteous gifts of grace increase,
Dissolve the cruel bonds of strife,
Knit fast the happy league of peace.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR SATURDAY.

O TRINITY, O blessed light,
O Unity, most principal!
The fiery sun now leaves our sight,
Cause in our hearts thy beams to fall.

Let us with songs of praise divine,
At morn and evening thee implore,
And let our glory bow'd to thine,
Thee glorify for evermore.

To God the Father, glory great,
And glory to his only Son,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Both now and still in ages run.

UPON THE SUNDAYS IN LENT.

HYMN.

O MERCIFUL Creator, hear
Our prayers to thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a tear
In this most holy fast of Lent.

Thou mildest searcher of each heart,
Who know'st the weakness of our strength,
To us forgiving grace impart,
Since we return to thee at length.

Much have we sinned to our shame,
But spare us who our sins confess;
And for the glory of thy name,
To our sick souls afford redress.

Grant that the flesh may be so pin'd
By means of outward abstinence,
As that the sober watchful mind
May fast from spots of all offence.

Grant this, O blessed Trinity,
Pure Unity, to this incline,
That the effects of fasts may be
A grateful recompense for thine.

ON THE ASCENSION DAY.

O JESU, who our souls dost save,
On whom our love and hopes depend,
God, from whom all things being have,
Man, when the world drew to an end;

What clemency thee vanquish'd so,
Upon thee our foul crimes to take,
And cruel death to undergo,
That thou from death us free might make?

Let thine own goodness to thee bend,
That thou our sins may'st put to flight;
Spare us, and as our wishes tend,
O satisfy us with thy sight.

May'st thou our joyful pleasures be,
Who shall be our expected gain,
And let our glory be in thee,
While any ages shall remain.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

CREATOR, Holy Ghost, descend,
Visit our minds with thy bright flame,
And thy celestial grace extend,
To fill the hearts which thou didst frame;

Who Paraclete art said to be,
Gift which the highest God bestows,
Fountain of life, fire, charity,
Ointment whence ghostly blessing flows.

Thy sevenfold grace thou down dost send,
Of God's right hand thou finger art,
Thou by the Father promised,
Unto our mouths doth speech impart.

In our dull senses kindle light;
Infuse thy love into our hearts,
Reforming with perpetual light
Th' infirmities of fleshly parts.

Far from our dwelling drive our foe,
And quickly peace unto us bring;
Be thou our guide, before to go,
That we may shun each hurtful thing.

Be pleased to instruct our mind,
To know the Father and the Son,
The Spirit who them both dost bind,
Let us believe while ages run.

To God the Father, glory great,
And to the Son who from the dead
Arose, and to the Paraclete,
Beyond all time imagined.

ON THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD, THE SIXTH OF AUGUST; A HYMN.

All you that seek Christ, let your sight
Up to the height directed be,
For there you may the sign most bright
Of everlasting glory see.

A radiant light we there behold,
Endless, unbounded, lofty, high;
Than heaven or that rude heap more old,
Wherein the world confus'd did lie.

The Gentiles this great Prince embrace;
The Jews obey this King's command,
Promis'd to Abraham and his race
A blessing while the world shall stand.

By mouths of prophets free from lies,
Who seal the witness which they bear,
His Father bidding testifies
That we should him believe and hear.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Who hast appear'd upon this day;
And glory to the Father be,
And to the Holy Ghost for aye.

ON THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

To thee, O Christ, thy Father's light,
Life, virtue, which our heart inspires,
In presence of thine angels bright,
We sing with voice and with desires:
Ourselves we mutually invite
To melody with answering quires.

With reverence we those soldiers praise,
Who near the heavenly throne abide,

And chiefly him whom God doth raise
His strong celestial host to guide,
Michael, who by his power dismays,
And beateth down the devil's pride.

THE FIVE SENSES.

SEEING.

From such a face, whose excellence
May captivate my sovereign's sense,
And make him, Phœbus like, his throne
Resign to some young Phaëton,
Whose skilless and unstayed hand
May prove the ruin of the land,
Unless great Jove, down from the sky
Beholding earth's calamity,
Strike with his hand that cannot err,
The proud usurping charioteer,
And cure, tho' Phœbus grieve, our woe:
From such a face as can work so,
Wheresoever thou hast a being,
Bless my sov'reign and his seeing.

HEARING.

From jests profane, and flattering tongues,
From bawdy tales, and beastly songs,
From after-supper suits, that fear
A parliament or council's ear;
From Spanish treaties that may wound
The country's peace, the gospel's sound;

From Job's false friends, that would entice
My sovereign from heaven's paradise;
From prophets, such as Achab's were,
Whose flatterings sooth my sovereign's ear,
His frowns more than his Maker's fearing;
Bless my sovereign and his hearing.

TASTING.

FROM all fruit that is forbidden
Such for which old Eve was chidden;
From bread of labours, sweat, and toil,
From the poor widow's meal and oil;
From blood of innocents oft wrangled
From their estates, and from that 's strangled;
From the candied poison'd baits
Of Jesuits and their deceits,
Italian salads, Romish drugs,
The milk of Babel's proud whore's dugs;
From wine that can destroy the brain,
And from the dangerous figs of Spain;
At all banquets and all feasting,
Bless my sov'reign and his tasting.

FEELING.

FROM prick of conscience, such a sting
As slays the soul, Heaven bless the king;
From such a bribe as may withdraw
His thoughts from equity or law;
From such a smooth and beardless chin
As may provoke or tempt to sin;
From such a hand whose moist palm may
My sov'reign lead out of the way;

From things polluted and unclean,
From all things beastly and obscene;
From that may set his soul a reeling,
Bless my sov'reign and his feeling.

SMELLING.

WHERE myrrh and frankincense is thrown,
The altar 's built to gods unknown,
O let my sov'reign never dwell,
Such damn'd perfumes are fit for hell.
Let not such scent his nostrils stain,
From smells that poison can the brain,
Heavens still preserve him. Next I crave
Thou wilt be pleased, great God, to save
My sov'reign from a Ganymede,
Whose whorish breath hath power to lead
His excellence which way it list;
O let such lips be never kiss'd
From a breath so far excelling;
Bless my sov'reign and his smelling.

THE ABSTRACT.

SEEING.

AND now, just God, I humbly pray
That thou wilt take the slime away,
That keeps my sov'reign's eyes from seeing
The things that will be our undoing.

HEARING.

THEN let him hear, good God, the sounds
As well of men as of his hounds.

TASTE.

GIVE him a taste, and truly too,
Of what his subjects undergo.

FEELING AND SMELLING.

GIVE him a feeling of their woes,
And then no doubt his royal nose
Will quickly smell the rascals forth,
Whose black deeds have eclips'd his worth;
They found and scourg'd for their offences,
Heavens bless my sovereign and his senses!

THE CHARACTER OF AN ANTI-COVENANTER, OR MALIGNANT.

WOULD you know these royal knaves
Of freemen would turn us slaves;
Who our union do defame
With rebellion's wicked name?
Read these verses, and ye will spring them,
Then on gibbets straight cause hing them.
They complain of sin and folly,
In these times, so passing holy,
They their substance will not give,
Libertines that we may live.
Hold those subjects too too wanton,
Under an old king dare canton.
Neglect they do our circular tables,
Scorn our acts and laws as fables,
Of our battles talk but meekly,
With four sermons pleas'd are weekly,

Swear King Charles is neither Papist,
Arminian, Lutheran, or Atheist:
But that in his chamber-prayers,
Which are pour'd 'midst sighs and tears,
To avert God's fearful wrath,
Threat'ning us with blood and death,
Persuade they would the multitude,
This king too holy is and good.
They avouch we 'll weep and groan
When hundred kings we serve for one,
That each shire but blood affords,
To serve the ambition of young lords,
Whose debts ere now had been redoubled,
If the state had not been troubled.
Slow they are our oath to swear,
Slower for it arms to bear;
They do concord love and peace;
Would our enemies embrace,
Turn men proselytes by the word,
Not by musket, pike, and sword;
They swear that for religion's sake
We may not massacre, burn, sack;
That the beginning of these pleas
Sprang from the ill-sped A B C's;
For servants that it is not well
Against their masters to rebel;
That the devotion is but slight
Doth force men first to swear, then fight;
That our Confession is indeed
Not the apostolic creed,
Which of negations we contrive,
Which Turk and Jew may both subscrive;

That moneys should men's daughters marry,
They on frantic war miscarry,
Whilst dear the soldiers they pay,
At last who will snatch all away,
And as times turn worse and worse,
Catechise us by the purse;
That debts are paid with bold stern looks,
That merchants pray on their compt-books;
That Justice, dumb and sullen, frowns
To see in croslets hang'd her gowns;
That preachers' ordinary theme
Is 'gainst monarchy to declaim;
That since leagues we began to swear,
Vices did ne'er so black appear;
Oppression, bloodshed, ne'er more rife,
Foul jars between the man and wife;
Religion so contemn'd was never,
Whilst all are raging in a fever.
They tell by devils and some sad chance
That that detestable league of France,
Which cost so many thousand lives,
And two kings by religious knives,
Is amongst us, though few descry;
Though they speak truth, yet say they lie.
He who says that night is night,
That cripple folk walk not upright,
That the owls into the spring
Do not nightingales outsing;
That the seas we may not plough,
Ropes make of the rainy bow;
That the foxes keep not sheep,
That men waking do not sleep;

That all 's not gold doth gold appear,
Believe him not altho' he swear.
To such syrens stop your ear,
Their societies forbear.
Ye may be tossed like a wave,
Verity may you deceive;
Just fools they may make of you,
Then hate them worse than Turk or Jew.
Were it not a dangerous thing,
Should we again obey the king,
Lords lose should sovereignty,
Soldiers haste back to Germany,
Justice should in our towns remain,
Poor men possess their own again,
Brought out of hell that word of plunder,
More terrible than devil or thunder,
Should with the Covenant fly away,
And charity amongst us stay,
Peace and plenty should us nourish,
True religion 'mongst us flourish.
When you find these lying fellows,
Take and flower with them the gallows;
On others you may too lay hold,
In purse or chest if they have gold.
Who wise or rich are in this nation,
Malignants are by protestation.

A PASTORAL SONG.—PHYLLIS AND DAMON.

PH. SHEPHERD, dost thou love me well?
DA. Better than weak words can tell.
PH. Like to what, good shepherd say?
DA. Like to thee, fair, cruel may.
PH. O how strange these words I find!
Yet, to satisfy my mind,
Shepherd, without mocking me,
Have I any love for thee,
Like to what, good shepherd say?
DA. Like to thee, fair cruel may.
PH. Better answer had it been
To say thou lov'd me as thine eyne.
DA. Woe is me, these I love not,
For by them love entrance got,
At that time they did behold
Thy sweet face and locks of gold.
PH. Like to what, dear shepherd, say?
DA. Like to thee, fair cruel may.
PH. Once, dear shepherd, speak more plain,
And I shall not ask again;
Say, to end this gentle strife,
Dost thou love me as thy life?
DA. No, for it is turn'd a slave
To sad annoys, and what I have
Of life by love's stronger force
Is reft, and I 'm but a dead corse.
PH. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
DA. Like to thee, fair cruel may.
PH. Learn, I pray this, like to thee,
And say, I love as I do me.

DA. Alas! I do not love myself,
For I'm split on beauty's shelf.
PH. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
DA. Like to thee, fair cruel may.

EDINBURGH.

[Translated from the Latin of Dr. ARTHUR JOHNSTON.]

INSTALL'D on hills, her head near starry bowers,
Shines Edinburgh, proud of protecting powers.
Justice defends her heart; Religion east
With temples, Mars with towers doth guard the west;
Fresh nymphs and Ceres serving, wait upon her,
And Thetis tributary doth her honour.
The sea doth Venice shake, Rome Tiber beats,
Whilst she but scorns her vassal water's threats.
For sceptres no where stands a town more fit,
Nor place where town world's queen may fairer sit.
But this thy praise is, above all, most brave,
No man did e'er defame thee but a slave.

SONNETS.

TO THE HONOURABLE AUTHOR, SIR JOHN SKENE.*

ALL laws but cobwebs are, but none such right
Had to this title as these laws of ours,
Ere that they were from their Cimmerian bowers
By thy ingenious labours brought to light.
Our statutes senseless statues did remain,
Till thou, a new Prometheus, gave them breath,
Or, like aged Æson's body curb'd to death,
When thou young blood infus'd in every vein.
Thrice happy ghosts! which after-worlds must woo,
That first tam'd barbarism by your swords,
Then knew to keep it fast in nets of words,
Hind'ring what men not suffer would to do;
To Jove the making of the world is due,
But that it turns not chaos, is to you.

SONNET.

O TIMES! O heaven, that still in motion art,
And by your course confounds us mortal wights!
O flying days! O over-gliding nights,
Which pass more nimble than wind or archer's dart!
Now I myself accuse, excuse your part,
For he who fixed your far-off shining lights,
You motion gave, and did to me impart
A mind to mark, and to prevent your slights.

* Of Curriehill, Knt. Lord Clerk-Register of Scotland, author of *De Verborum Significatione*, &c. &c.

Life's web ye still weave out, still, fool, I stay,
Malgre my just resolves, on mortal things.
Ah! as the bird surprised in subtle springs,
That beats with wing but cannot fly away,
So struggle I, and fain would change my case,
But this is not of nature, but of grace.

SONNET.

RISE to my soul, bright Sun of Grace, O rise!
Make me the vigour of thy beams to prove;
Dissolve the chilling frost which on me lies,
That makes me less than lukewarm in thy love:
Grant me a beamling of thy light above,
To know my footsteps in these times, too wise;
O! guide my course, and let me no more move
On wings of sense, where wand'ring pleasure flies.
I have gone wrong and erred; but ah, alas!
What can I else do in this dungeon dark?
My foes strong are, and I a fragile glass,
Hours charged with cares consume my life's small spark;
Yet, of thy goodness if I grace obtain,
My life shall be no loss, my death great gain.

SONNET.*

FIRST in the Orient reign'd the Assyrian kings,
To those the sacred Persian prince succeeds;
Then he by whom the world sore wounded bleeds,
Earth's crown to Greece with bloody blade he brings;

* This sonnet seems to have been written in allusion to the *Monarchicke Tragedies* of the Earl of Stirling.

Then Greece to Rome the reins of state resigns:
Thus from the mighty monarchy of the Medes,
To the west world successively proceeds
That great and fatal period of all things;
Whilst wearied now with broils and long alarms,
Earth's majesty her diadem lays down
Before the feet of the unconquer'd crown,
And throws herself, great monarch, in thy arms.
Here shall she stay, Fates have ordained so,
Nor has she where nor further for to go.

SONNET BEFORE A POEM OF IRENE.

MOURN not, fair Greece, the ruin of thy kings,
Thy temples raz'd, thy forts with flames devour'd,
Thy champions slain, thy virgins pure deflower'd,
Nor all those griefs which stern Bellona brings:
But mourn, fair Greece, mourn that that sacred band
Which made thee once so famous by their songs,
Forc'd by outrageous Fate, have left thy land,
And left thee scarce a voice to plain thy wrongs;
Mourn that those climates which to thee appear
Beyond both Phœbus and his sister's ways,
To save thy deeds from death must lend thee lays,
And such as from Musæus thou didst hear;
For now Irene hath attain'd such fame,
That Hero's ghost doth weep to hear her name.

SONNET.*

I FEAR to me such fortune be assign'd
As was to thee, who did so well deserve,
Brave HALKERSTON, even suffer'd here to starve
Amidst base-minded friends, nor true, nor kind.
Why were the Fates and Furies thus combined,
Such worths for such disasters to reserve;
Yet all those evils never made thee swerve
From what became a well-resolved mind;
For swelling greatness never made thee smile,
Despising greatness in extremes of want;
O happy thrice whom no distress could daunt!
Yet thou exclaimed, O time! O age! O isle!
Where flatterers, fools, bawds, fiddlers, are rewarded,
Whilst virtue starves unpitied, unregarded.

* See, in Dempster's *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum*, an interesting account of his meeting with this Halkerston in London, opposite Westminster Hall, in 1615. He describes him as "qui, et miles fortis et vir eruditus, turmas in Suevia, Gallia, ac Belgio varia fortuna duxerat, sed tandem Comitis Boduelii partes contra Joannem Metellanum secutus, ad extremam inopiam est redactus." Some epigrams by Halkerston, whose Christian name, Dr. Irving, the learned editor of Dempster, thinks was James (not John, as given by Dempster), may be seen in *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, I, p. 376.

SONETTO.

O CHIOME, parte de la treccia d' oro
Di cui fè amor il laccio, onde fui colto
Qual semplice augelletto, e da qual sciolto
Non spero esser mai piu, si pria non moro;
Io vi bacio, io vi stringo, io vi amo e adoro,
Perche adombrasti già quel sacro volto
Che a quanti in terra sono il pregio ha tolto,
Ne lascia senza invidia il divin choro:
A voi dirò gli affanni, e i pensier, miei,
Poi che lungi è mia donna, e parlar seco
Mi nega aspra fortuna, e gli empi dei.
Lasso! guarda se amor mi fa ben cieco,
Quando cercar di scioglierme io dovrei,
La rete porto e le catene meco.

IN THE SAME SORT OF RHYME.

O HAIR, sweet hair! part of the tress of gold
Of which love makes his nets, where wretched I
Like simple bird was ta'en, and while I die
Hopeless, I hope your fair knot shall me hold;
You to embrace, kiss, and adore I'm bold,
Because ye shadow did that sacred face,
Stain to all mortals, which from starry place
Hath jealous made these who in spheres are roll'd:
To you I'll tell my thoughts and inward pains,
Since she by cruel heavens now absent is,
And cursed Fortune me from her detains.
Alas! bear witness how my reason is
Made blind by love, while as his nets and chains
I bear about when I should seek my bliss.

IN FREER SORT OF RHYME.

O HAIR, fair hair! some of the golden threads
Of which love weaves the nets that passion breeds
Where me like silly bird he doth retain,
And only death can make me free again;
Ah, I you love, embrace, kiss, and adore,
For that ye shadow did that face before;
That face so full of beauty, grace, and love,
That it hath jealous made heaven's quire above:
To you I 'll tell my secret thoughts and grief,
Since she, dear she, can grant me no relief.
While me from her foul traitor absence binds,
Witness, sweet hair, with me, how love me blinds;
For when I should seek what his force restrains,
I foolish bear about his nets and chains.

PARAPHRASTICALLY TRANSLATED.

HAIR, sweet hair! touched by Midas' hand
In curling knots, of which love makes his nets,
Who when ye loosest hang me fastest band
To her, world's lily among violets,
Dear fatal present, kissing I adore you,
Because of late ye shade gave to these roses,
That this earth's beauty in their red encloses;
I saw while ye them hid they did decore you:
I 'll plain my woes to you, I 'll tell my thought,
Alas! since I am absent from my jewel,
By wayward fortune and the heavens more cruel.
Witness be ye what love in me hath wrought,
Instead to seek th' end of my mortal pains,
I take delight to wear his golden chains.

SONETTO DEL BEMBO.

Si come suol, poi che 'l verno aspro e rio
Parte, e dà loco a le stagion migliori,
Vaga cervetta uscir col giorno fuori
Del suo dolce boschetto almo natio;
Ed or su per un colle, or lungo un rio,
Di lontano e da ville e da pastori,
Gir sicura pascendo erbetta e fiori,
Ovunque più la porta il suo desio;
Ne tème di saetta o d' altro inganno,
Se non quand' ella è colta in mezzo 'l fianco,
Da buon arcier che di nascosto scocchi:
Tal io senza temer vicino affanno
Mossi, donna, quel dì che bei vostr' occhi
Me 'mpiagar, lasso! tutto 'l lato manco.

IN THE SAME SORT OF RHYME.

As the young fawn, when winter 's gone away,
Unto a sweeter season granting place,
More wanton grown by smiles of heaven's fair face,
Leaveth the silent woods at break of day,
And now on hills, and now by brooks doth prey
On tender flowers, secure and solitar,
Far from all cabins, and where shepherds are;
Where his desire him guides his foot doth stray,
He feareth not the dart nor other arms,
Till he be shot into the noblest part
By cunning archer, who in dark bush lies:
So innocent, not fearing coming harms,
Wandering was I that day when your fair eyes,
World-killing shafts, gave death-wounds to my heart!

IN FREER SORT OF RHYME.

As the young stag, when Winter hides his face,
Giving unto a better season place,
At break of day comes forth wanton and fair,
Leaving the quiet woods, his sweet repair,
Now on the hills, now by the river's sides,
He leaps, he runs, and where his foot him guides,
Both sure and solitary, preys on sweet flowers,
Far from all shepherds and their helmish bowers;
He doth not fear the net nor murdering dart,
Till that, poor beast, a shaft be in his heart,
Of one who pitiless in ambush lay:
So innocent, wand'ring that fatal day
Was I, alas! when with a heavenly eye,
Ye gave the blow whereof I needs must die!

PARAPHRASTICALLY TRANSLATED.

As the young hart, when sun with golden beams
Progresseth in the first post of the sky,
Turning old Winter's snowy hair in streams,
Leaveth the woods where he was wont to lie,
Where his desire him leads the hills among,
He runs, he feeds, the crooking brooks along;
Imprison'd only with heaven's canopy,
Wanton, he cares not ought that dolour brings;
Hungry, he spares not flowers with names of kings:
He thinks all far, who can him fool espy,
Till bloody bullet part his chiefest part:
In my young spring, alas! so wander'd I,
When cruel she sent out from jetty eye
The deadly shaft of which I bleeding smart!

MADRIGALS.

ON THE IMAGE OF LUCRECE.

WISE hand, which wisely wrought
That dying dame, who first did banish kings,
Thy light and shadow brings
In doubt the wond'ring thought,
If it a substance be, or feigned show,
That doth so lively smart.
The colours strove for to have made her live,
Were not thy heart said no,
That fear'd perchance the wound so should her give:
Yet in the fatal blow
She seems to speak, nay, speaks with Tarquin's heart;
But death her stays, surprising her best part,
If death her stayed not, killing her best part.

NERO'S IMAGE.

A CUNNING hand it was
Of this hard rock did frame
That monster of all ages, mankind's shame,
Fierce Nero, hell's disgrace:
Of wit, sense, pity avoid,
Did he not living, marble hard surpass,
His mother, master, country, all destroyed?
Not alt'ring his first case,
A stone he was when set upon a throne,
And now a stone he is, although dethroned down.

AMPHION OF MARBLE.

THIS Amphion, Phidias' frame,
Though senseless it appear,
Doth live, and is the same
Did Thebes' towers uprear;
And if his harp he touch not to your ear,
No wonder, his harmonious sounds alone
Would you amaze, and change himself in stone.

OF A BEE.

INGENIOUS was that bee
In lip that wound which made,
And kind to others, though unkind to thee;
For by a just exchange,
On that most lively red,
It gives to those revenge,
Whom that delicious, plump, and rosy part,
All pitiless, perhaps, now wounds the heart.

OF CHLORIS.

FORTH from green Thetis' bowers
The morn arose; her face
A wreath of rays did grace,
Her hair rain'd pearls, her hand and lap dropp'd flowers.
Led by the pleasant sight
Of those so rich and odoriferous showers,
Each shepherd thither came, and nymphs bright:
Entranc'd they stood; I did to Chloris turn,
And saw in her more grace than in the morn.

CHLORIS ENAMOURED.

AMINTAS, now at last
Thou art revenged of all my rigour past;
The scorning of thee, softness of thy heart,
Thy longings, causeful tears,
Do double grief each day to me impart.
I am not what I was,
And in my miseries I thine do glass!
Ah! now in perfect years,
Ere reason could my coming harms descry,
Made love's fond taper fly.
I burn methinks in sweet and fragrant flame;
Ask me no more: tongue hide thy mistress' shame.

REGRET.

IN this world's raging sea,
Where many Scyllas bark,
Where many syrens are,
Save, and not cast away,
He only saves his barge
With too much ware who doth it not o'ercharge;
Or, when huge storms arise,
And waves menace the skies,
Gives what he got with no deploring show,
And doth again in seas his burthen throw.

A SIGH.

SIGH, stolen from her sweet breast,
What doth that marble heart,
Smarts it indeed, and feels not others' smart,
Grieves it, yet thinks that others grieved jest?
Love or despite, which forc'd thee thence to part?
Sweet harbinger, say from what uncouth guest.
Sure thou from love must come,
Who sigh'd to see there dress'd his marble tomb.

STOLEN PLEASURE.

MY sweet did sweetly sleep,
And on her rosy face
Stood tears of pearls, which beauty's self did weep;
I, wond'ring at her grace,
Did all amaz'd remain,
When Love said, "Fool, can looks thy wishes crown?
Time past comes not again."
Then did I me bow down,
And kissing her fair breast, lips, cheeks, and eyes,
Prov'd here on earth the joys of paradise.

OF A KISS.

LIPS, double port of love,
Of joy tell all the art,
Tell all the sweetness lies
In earthly paradise,
Sith happy now ye prove
What bliss a kiss
Of sweetest Nais can bring to the heart.

Tell how your former joys
Have been but sad annoys:
This, only this, doth ease a long-felt smart,
This, only this, doth life to love impart.
Endymion, I no more
Envy thy happy state,
Nor his who had the fate
Ravish'd to be and hugged on Ganges' shore:
Envy nor yet do I
Adon, nor Jove's cupbearer in the sky.
Dear crimson folds, more sweetness ye do bear
Than Hybla tops, or gardens of Madere.
Sweet, sweet'ning Midases, your force is such,
That everything turns sweet which ye do touch.

A LOCK OF GOLD DESIRED.

I NEVER long for gold;
But since I did thy dangling hair behold,
Ah! then, then was it first
That I prov'd Midas' thirst;
And what doth Ind and rich Pactolus hold
Can not my flames allay,
For only ye, fair tresseress, this may,
Would ye but give a lock to help my want,
Of that which prodigal to winds ye grant.

PERSUASIVE DISSUADING.

Show me not locks of gold,
Nor blushing roses of that virgin face,
Nor of thy well-made leg and foot the grace;
Let me no more behold
Soul-charming smiles, nor lightnings of thine eye,
For they, dear life, but serve to make me die.
Yes, show them all, and more; unpin the breast,
Let me see living snow
Where strawberries do grow;
Show that delicious field
Which lilies still doth yield,
Of Venus' babe the nest:
Smile, blush, sigh, chide, use thousand other charms;
Me kill, so that I fall between thine arms.

Prometheus am I,
The heavens my lady's eye,
From which I, stealing fire,
Find since a vulture on my heart to tire.

NON ULTRA. OF ANTHEA.

When Idmon saw the eyne
Of Anthea his love,
Who yet, said he, such blazing stars hath seen,
Save in the heavens above?
She, thus to hear her praise,
Blush'd, and more fair became.
For nought, said he, thy cheeks that morn do raise,
For my heart cannot burn with greater flame.

FRAGMENT.*

Now Phœbus whipp'd his horse with all his might,
Thinking to take Aurora in her flight;
But she, who hears the trampling of his steeds,
'Gins swiftly gallop through heaven's rosy meads.
The more he runs, the more he comes her near;
The less her speed, she finds the more her fear.
At last his coursers, angry to be torn,
Her took; she with a blush dyed all the morn.
Thetis, aghast to spy her greens made red,
All drowsy rose forth of her coral bed,
Thinking the night's fair queen should thole some harms,
She saw poor Tithon's wife in Phœbus' arms.

FRAGMENT.

It autumn was, and cheerful chanticleer
Had warn'd the world twice that the day drew near;
The three parts of the night almost were spent,
When I, poor wretch, with love and fortune rent,
Began my eyes to close, and sweetest sleep,
Charming my sense, all over me did creep;
But scarce with Lethe drops and rod of gold
Had he me made a piece of breathing mould.

* From the handwriting, as well as from internal evidence, these fragments appear to have been juvenile productions of Drummond.

EPIGRAMS.

VERSES WRITTEN LONG SINCE CONCERNING THESE PRESENT TIMES,

Made at random, *a la roguerias de sos amicos.* Skeltonical verses, or doggerel rhymes.

THE king good subjects cannot save: then tell,
Which is the best—to obey or to rebel?

HAPPY to be, truly is in some school-
Master's book, be either king or fool.
How happy then are they, if such men be,
Whom both great fools and kings the world doth see.

WHEN Charles was young, to walk straight and upright,
In boots of lead thrall'd were his legs, though rocks;
Now old, not walking even unto their sight,
His country lords have put him in their stocks.

THE parliament lords have sitten twice five weeks,
Yet will not leave their stools, knit up their breeks;
Winter is come, dysenteries prevail:
Rise, fools, and with this paper wipe your tail.

THE parliament the first of June will sit,
Some say, but is the year of God to it?
Forty: no, rather make it forty-one,
And one to forty, but ye then have none.

ZANZUMMINES they obey the king do swear,
And yet against King Charles in arms appear.
What king do ye obey, Zanzummines, tell,
The King of Beane, or the black prince [of hell?].

—

BEHOLD, O Scot! the reveries of your king;
Britons, admire the extravagancies of our king;
Those he makes lords who should on gibbets hing.
St. Andrew, why does thou give up thy schools,
And bedlam turn, and parliament house of fools?

Par.

OLD dotard Pasquil, thou mistaketh it,
Montrose confined us here to learn some wit.

EPITAPH OF A JUDGE.

PEACE, passenger, here sleepeth under ground
A judge in ending causes most profound;
Though not long since he was laid in this place,
Its lustres ten since he corrupted was.

—

BISHOPS are like the turners, most men say;
Though now cried down, they 'll up some other day.

—

WHEN discord in a town the tocsin rings,
Then all the rascals turn unto us kings.

A PROVERB.

To sing as was of old, is but a scorn,
The king's chaff is better than others' corn;
Kelso can tell his chaff away did fly,
Yet had no wind: *Benedicite!*
The corn unmowed on Dunse-Law strong did shine,
Lesley, could thou have shorn, it might been thine.

HERE covered lies with earth, without a tomb,
Whose only praise is, that he died at Rome.

THE CREED.

Q. How is the Creed now stolen from us away?
A. The Ten Commandments gone, it would not stay.
Q. Then have we no Commandments? O wonder!
A. Yes, we have one for all—Go fight and plunder.

ON MARY KING'S PEST.

TURN, citizens, to God; repent, repent,
And pray your bedlam frenzies may relent:
Think not rebellion a trifling thing,
This plague doth fight for Mary and the King.

A PROVERB.

GOD never had a church but there, men say,
The devil a chapel hath rais'd by some wiles.
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Giles.

—

FLYTING no reason hath, for at this time,
It doth not stand with reason, but in rhyme.
That none save thus should flyte, had we a law,
What rest had we? how would wives stand in awe,
And learn the art of rhyming! Then how well
Would this and all good flyting pamphlets sell!

ON POMPONATIUS.

TREAD softly, passenger, upon this stone,
For here enclosed stays,
Debarred of mercy's rays,
A soul, whose body swore it had not one.

OF THE ISLE OF RHE.

CHARLES, would ye quail your foes, have better luck;
Send forth some Drakes, and keep at home the duck.*

EPITAPH.

SANQUHAR, whom this earth scarce could contain,
Having seen Italy, France, and Spain,
To finish his travels, a spectacle rare,
Was bound towards heaven, but died in the air.†

AN IMAGE TO THE PILGRIM.

To worship me, why come ye, fools, abroad?
For artisans made me a demigod.

RAMS aye run backward when they would advance;
Who knows if Ramsay may find such a chance,
By playing the stiff Puritan, to wear
A bishop's rochet yet another year.‡

MOMUS, with venom'd tooth, why would'st thou tear
Our Muses, and turn Moors those virgins fair?
Nor citizen, nor manners do they brand,
Nor of the town ought, save where it doth stand.
I curs'd, I do confess, some nasty mire,
And lake, deem'd poison by all Pæan's quire:

* In allusion to the Duke of Buckingham, and his ill-fated expedition in the year 1627.

† Robert Crichton, Lord Sanquhar, was hanged at Westminster on the 29th of June 1612, for the murder of a fencing-master named Turner.

‡ Andrew Ramsay, professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh, who, by his zeal for the Covenant in 1637, gave great offence to his former friends.

Indwellers safe, I heartily wish'd the town
Turned in one rock, and still wish 't o'erthrown.
Elsewhere a nobler town might raised be
For sky, air, sweeter, and in bounds more free;
The noble town might elsewhere have been raised,
In place more fair, for sky, air, freedom prais'd;
Yet there to dwell no shame is, nor be born;
Pearls dwell in oysters, roses grow on thorn.
His Rome when Cæsar purposed to make new,
Himself straight firebrands on their rafters threw.
If in these wishes ought deserveth blame,
A Caledonian king first wish'd the same.
My Muse, perhaps, too bold is, but far far
From tartness breast, from gall her papers are.

ON A GLASS SENT TO HIS BEST BELOVED.

Oft ye me ask, whom my sweet fair can be?
Look in this crystal and ye shall her see;
At least some shade of her it will impart,
For she no true glass hath except my heart.
Ah! that my breast were made of crystal fair,
That she might see her lively portrait there!

SEXTAIN.

With elegies, sad songs, and mourning lays,
Till Craig * his Kala would to pity move,
Poor brainsick man! he spends his dearest days;
Such silly rhyme cannot make women love.
Morice, who sight of never saw a book,
With a rude stanza this fair virgin took.

* Probably Alexander Craig of Rose-Craig, one of the minor Scottish poets of the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

ENCOMIASTIC VERSES BEFORE A BOOK ENTITLED ——*

At ease I read your work, and am right sorry
It came not forth before *Encomium Moriæ.*
Or in the days when good King James the First
Caroused the horse's spring to quench his thirst;
I durst have given my thumb and laid a wager
Thy name had grac'd the Chronicles of John Major.
Had thou liv'd in the days of great Augustus
(Hence, vulgar dotards, hence, unless ye trust us),
Thy works, with geese, had kept the Capitol,
And thou for ever been a happy soul;
Thy statue had been raised near Claudianus,
And thou in court liv'd equal with Sejanus.
Cornelius Tacitus is no such poet,
Nor Livy; I 'll say more ere that I go yet:
Let all that here do wear celestial bonnets,
Like thine, they cannot write four-squared sonnets,
Which shine like to that mummy brought from Venice,
Or like the French king's relics at Saint Denis.
It is a matter of regret and pity
Thou art not read into that famous city
Of Constantine, for then the Turks and Tartars
Had drunk with us, and like to ours worn garters;
And the strange Muftis and hard Mamelukes
Had cut their beards, and got by heart thy books.
If any them detract, though he were Xenophon,
Thou shalt have such revenge as e'er was ta'en of one,
From this our coast unto the wall of China,
Where maids wear narrow shoes; thou hast been a

* The word, partially erased in the manuscript, seems to have been *Follies.*

Man for envy, though such forsooth was Horace,
Yet thou no less dost write than he, and soar as
As far in this our tongue as any Latins,
Though some do read their verse that wear fine satins;
Rome's latest wonder, great Torquato Tasso,
Writing, to thee were a pecorious ass, ho!
Now to conclude, the nine Castalian lasses
Their maidenheads thee sell for fans and glasses.

EPITAPHS.*

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS MUCH LOVING AND BELOVED MASTER, JOHN RAY.†

No wonder now, if mists becloud our day,
Sith late our earth lacks her celestial RAY;
And Phœbus mourns his priest, and all his quire,
In sables wrapp'd, weep out their sacred fire;
Farewell, of Latin Muses greatest praise,
Whether thou read grave proses, or did raise
Delight and wonder by a numbrous strain;
Farewell, Quintilian once more dead again;
With ancient Plautus, Martial combined,
Maro and Tully, here in one enshrined.
Bright RAY of learning, which so clear didst stream,
Farewell, soul which so many souls did frame!
Many Olympiads about shall come,
Ere earth like thee another can entomb.

* Of these Epitaphs, the verses upon Dalyell and Lindsay have been printed among Drummond's Poems, but the inscriptions and names are not given.

† John Ray was professor of humanity, while Drummond was a student, in the University of Edinburgh.

D. O. M. S.

WHAT was mortal of THOMAS DALYELL of Binns lieth here. He was descended of the ancient race of the Ls. of Dalyell, now deservedly advanced to be Earls of Carnwath. His integrity and worth made him an unremoved Justice of Peace, and . . . . . years Sheriff in the county of Linlithgow. He left, successors of his virtues and fortunes, a son renowned by the wars, and a daughter married to William Drummond of Riccarton. After 69 years' pilgrimage here on earth, he was removed to the repose of heaven the 10th of February 1642.

JUSTICE, truth, peace, and hospitality,
Friendship, and love, being resolved to die,
In these lewd times, have chosen here to have
With just, true, pious, kind DALYELL their grave;
He them cherish'd so long, so much did grace,
That they than this would choose no dearer place.

T. Filius manibus charissimi patris parentavit.

EPITAPH.

IF monuments were lasting, we would raise
A fairer frame to thy deserts and praise;
But avarice and misdevotion's rage,
These tumbling down, or brought to nought by age,
Twice making man to die, this marble bears
An emblem of affection and our tears.

To the Memory of the virtuous Gentlewoman RACHEL LINDSAY, Daughter of Sir Jerome Lindsay, Principal King of Arms, and wife to Lieutenant-Colonel Barnard Lindsay, who died the . . day of May, the year 1645, after she had lived . . . . years.

THE daughter of a king, of princely parts,
In beauty eminent, in virtues chief,
Loadstar of love, and loadstone of all hearts,
Her friends' and husband's only joy, now grief,
Enclosed lies within this narrow grave,
Whose paragon no times, no climates have.
Maritus mœrens posuit.

TO THE MEMORY OF ———

As nought for splendour can with sun compare,
For beauty, sweetness, modesty, ingyne,
So she alone unparagon'd did shine,
And angels did with her in graces share.

Though few here were her days, a span her life,
Yet hath she long time lived, performing all
Those actions which the oldest do befall—
Pure, fruitful, modest, virgin, mother, wife.

For this perhaps the fates her days did close,
Her deeming old; perfection doth not last,
When coarser things scarce course of time can waste;
Years lives the worthless bramble, few days the rose.

Unhappy autumn, spoiler of the flowers,
Disheveler of meads and fragrant plains,
Now shall those months which thy date contains,
No more from heavens be nam'd, but eyes' salt showers.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE WORTHY LADY, THE LADY OF CRAIGMILLAR.

THIS marble needs no tears; let them be pour'd
For such whom earth's dull bowels have embower'd
In childhead or in youth, and left to live
By some sad chance fierce planets did contrive.
Eight lustres, twice full reckoned, did make thee
All this life's happiness to know; and we
Who saw thee in thy winter (as men flowers
Shrunk in their stems, or Ilium's fair towers,
Hid in their rubbish), could not but admire,
The casket spoiled, the jewel so entire;
For, neither judgment, memory, nor sense
In thee was blasted, till all fled from hence
To thy great Maker; earth unto earth must,
Man in his best estate is but best dust.
Now, even though buried, yet thou canst not die,
But happy liv'st in thy fair progeny
To outdate time, and never pass away.
Till angels raise thee from thy bed of clay,
And bless'd again with these here lov'd thou meet,
Rest in Fame's temple and this winding-sheet:
Content thou liv'd here, happy though not great,
And died with the kingdom and the state.

D. O. M. S.

WHAT was mortal of W. RAMSAY lieth here. He was the son of John Ramsay, L. of Edington, brother to the Right Honourable William the first Earl of Dalhousie, a lineage of all virtues in peace, and valour in war, renowned by all times, and second to none; a youth ingenuous, of fair hopes, a mild sweet disposition, pleasant aspect, countenance; his kindred's delight and joy, now their greatest displeasure and sorrow; having left this transitory stage of cares, when he but scarce appeared upon it, in his tender nonage.

So falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
At half that doth her bashful bosom close;
So a sweet flourish languishing decays,
That late did blush when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays.
Though untimely cropp'd, leave to bemoan his fate,
He died with our monarchy and state.

His mother $\frac{\text{from}}{\text{out of}}$ that care and love she carried to him, to continue here his memory some space, raised this monument anno 1649, mense . . .

Immortale decus superis.

VII. DRUMMOND'S LINES ON THE BISHOPS: XIV. APRII MIDCXXXVIII.

[From a Manuscript in the Advocates' Library, in the handwriting of Sir JAMES BALFOUR.]

DO all pens slumber still, dare not one try
In tumbling lines to let some pasquil fly?
Each hour a satyr craveth to display
The secrets of this tragic-comic play.
If Love should let me write, I think you 'd see
The Pyrenees and Alps come skip to me,

And laugh themselves asunder; if I 'd trace
The hurly-burly of state business,
And to the world abused once but tell
The legend of Ignatian Machiavel,
That old bold smoking monster, and the pride
Of these usurping prelates that dare ride
Upon authority, and look so gay
As if, good men, they ought forsooth to sway
Church, state, and all. Plague on that damned crew
Of such hell's black-mouth'd hounds; it 's of a new
That Roman panders boldly dar'd to woo,
Nay, strain a gentle King these things to do,
That move the French, Italian, and Spain,
In a luxurious and insulting strain
To sing *Te Deum*, cause they hope to see
The glory of the popish prelacy
Raised above his royal throne apace,
To drown his minor light with prouder face.
These hounds they have engaged him on the stage
Of sharp-eyed Europe, nay, there 's not a page
But thinks he may laugh freely when he sees
Kings buffoons act, and bishops tragedies.
Should any dally with the lion's paw,
Then know a distance, serpents stand in awe.
Nay, pray you heavens, once lend me but your thunder
I 'll crush and tear these sordid slaves asunder,
And level with the dust their altar's horn,
With the lascivious organs, pity's scorn;
Or let me be as king, then of their skin
I 'll cause dress leather and fine maroquin,
To cover couches, where they wont to ride,
And walk in boots and shoes made of their hide;

Whip them at neighbour princes' courts to show
That no novations Scots zeal can allow.
I sacrifice would such presumptuous slaves
To my dear people, beat to dust the knaves,
Then of the powder of their bones to dray
The hair and periwig of the pope's lackey.
I nobly should resent and take to heart
These pedants' pride that make poor Britain smart,
Confound the church, the state, and all the nation
With apish fooleries and abomination;
Leaves churches desolate, and stops the mouth
Of faithful watchmen who dare preach but truth;
Incendiary firebrands, whose proud words
Drop blood, and sounds the clatt'ring noise of swords.
Had I but half the spite of Galloway Tom,
That Roman snaky viper, I 'd fall from
Discreeter lines, and rub their itching ear
With Spanish novels: but I will forbear.
Because my foster and my amorous quill
Is not yet hard, proud pasquils to distil,
I do entreat that droll John de Koell
To sting them with satires hatch'd in hell;
Each dog chid these tobacco-breathed divines.
Each pen dart volumes of acutest lines,
And print the shame of that black troop profane
In livid words, with a Tartarian strain.
Since I a lover am, and know not how
To limn a satyr in half hideous hue,
Like to polypragmatic Machiavel,
In pleasant flame, not strife, I love to dwell.
But now to Paris back I go to tell
Some news to plotting Richelieu: fare you well.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA INTER VITARVAM ET NEBERNAM.

NYMPHÆ, quæ colitis highissimâ monta Fifæa,
Seu vos Pittenwema tenent, seu Crelia crofta,
Sive Anstræa domus, ubi nat haddocus in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, et fleucca et sketta pererrant
Per costam, et scopulis lobster monyfootus in udis
Creepat, et in mediis ludit whitenius undis;
Et vos skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foris, iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas bottas shippasque picatas,
Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate bloodæam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda deûm, et nympharum cockelshelleatarum,
Maia ubi sheepifeda atque ubi solgoosifera Bassa
Swellant in pelago, cum sol bootatus Edenum
Postabat radiis maddidis et shouribus atris.
Quo viso, ad fechtæ noisam cecidere volucres,
Ad terram ceeidere grues, plish plashque dedere
Sol-goosæ in pelago prope littora Bruntiliana;
Sea-sutor obstupuit, summique in margine saxi
Scartavit prælustre caput, wingasque flapavit;
Quodque magis, alte volitans heronius ipse
Ingeminans clig clag mediis shitavit in undis.

Namque in principio, storiam tellabimus omnem,
Muckrelium ingentem turbam Vitarvâ per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos:
Ite hodie armati greppis, drivate caballos
Crofta per et agros Nebernæ, transque fenestras.
Quod si forte ipsa Neberna venerit extra,
Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo.
Hic aderant Geordie Akinhedius, et little Johnus,
Et Jamie Richæus, et stout Michel Hendersonus,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios dansare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonæas;
Duncan Oliphantus valde stalvartus, et ejus
Filius eldestus joly boyus, atque Oldomoudus,
Qui pleugham longo gaddo drivare solebat,
Et Rob Gib wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin, [ken,
Et plouky fac'd Wattie Strang, atque in-kneed Alshinder At-
Et Willie Dick heavy-arstus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
Valde lethus pugnare, sed hunc corngrevius heros
Noutheadum vocavit, et illum forcit ad arma.
Insuper hic aderant Tom Taylor et Tom Nicolsonus,
Et Tomie Gilchristus, et fool Jockie Robisonus,
Andrew Alshinderus, et Jamie Thomsonus, et unus
Norland-bornus homo, valde valde anticovenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter
(Heu pudet, ignoro nomen) slaverybeardius homo,
Qui pottas dightavit, et assam jecerat extra.
Denique præ reliquis Geordæum affatur, et inquit,
Geordie, mi formanne, inter stoutissimus omnes,
Huc ades, et crooksaddelos, hemmasque, creilesque,
Brechemmesque simul omnes bindato jumentis;
Amblentemque meam naggam, fattumque magistri

Cursorem, et reliquos trottantes sumito averos,
In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
Crofta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
Nebernæ, et aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur,
In sidis tu pone manus, et dicitō, fart, jade.
Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illi
Extemplo cartas bene fillavere jigantes:
Whistlavere viri, workhorsosque ordine swieros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes, et sic turba horrida mustrat,
Haud aliter quam si cum multis Spinola troupis
Proudus ad Ostendam marchasset fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios dux piperlaius heros
Præcedens, magnam gestans cum burdine pipam,
Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare Batellum.
Tunc Neberna furens, yettam ipsa egressa vidensque
Muck-cartas transire viam, valde angria facta,
Haud tulit affrontam tantam, verum agmine facto
Convocat extemplo horsboyos atque ladæos, [mannos,
Jackinannum biremannos, pleughdrivsters atque pleugh-
Trimblantesque simul reekoso ex kitchine boyos,
Hunc qui gruelias scivit bene lingere plettas,
Hunc qui dirtiferas tersit cum dishcloute dishas;
Et saltpannifumos, et widebricatos fisheros,
Hellæosque etiam salteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more divelli;
Lifeguardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas,
Maggæam, magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctam sweepare flooras, et sternere beddas,
Quæque novit spinnare, et longas ducere threedas;
Nansæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,

Yellantemque Elpen, longoberdamque Anapellam,
Fartantemque simul Gillam, gliedamque Katæam
Egregie indutam blacko caput sooty clouto,
Mammæamque simul vetulam, quæ sciverat apte
Infantum teneras blande oscularier arsas,
Quæque lanam cardare solet olifingria Betty.
Tum vero hungræos ventres Neberna gruelis
Farsit, et guttas rawsuinibus implet amaris,
Postea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus haustum:
Staggravere omnes, grandesque ad sidera riftas
Barmifumi attollunt, et sic ad prælia marchant.
Nec mora, marchavit foras longo ordine turma,
Ipsa prior Neberna suis stout facta ribaldis,
Rustæam manibus gestans furibunda gulæam,
Tandem muckcreilios vocat ad pellmellia fleidos.
Ite, ait, uglæi felloes, si quis modo posthac
Muckifer has nostras tentet crossare fenestras,
Juro ego quod ejus longum extrahabo thropellum,
Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc
Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
Heartbloodum fluere in terram. Sic verba finivit.
Obstupuit Vitarva diu dirtfleida, sed inde
Couragium accipiens, muckcreilos ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem turnare coegit.
O qualem primo fleuram gustasses in ipso
Battelli onsetto! pugnat muckcreilius heros
Fortiter, et muckam per posteriora cadentem
In creilibus shoollare ardet: sic dirta volavit.
O qualis feirie fairie fuit, si forte vidisses
Pipantes arsas, et flavo sanguine breickas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia fantas!
O qualis hurlie burlie fuit! namque alteri nemo

Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat:
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta caterva.
Tum vero e medio mukdryvster prosilit unus,
Gallantæus homo, et greppam minatur in ipsam
Nebernam, quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes,
Dirtavitque totam peticotam gutture thicko,
Perlineasque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,
Vasquineamque rubram mucksherda begariavit.
Sed tamen ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit
Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque profundum;
At non valde procul fuerat revenga, sed illum
Extemplo Gillæa ferox invasit, et ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, et tigridi facta,
Bublentem grippans berdam, sic dixit ad illum:
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit gilliwhippum,
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gashbeardam besmeariavit.
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneezing valde operativum
Pro præmio, swingere, tuo. Tum denique fleido
Ingentem gilliwamphra dedit, validamque nevellam,
Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit iguem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis: sic Gilla triumphat.
Obstupuit bumbaizdus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset, et O fy!
Ter quater exclamat, et O quam sæpe neezavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Lausavitque supra et infra, miserabile visu,
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurrit absens,
Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worsa tulisset.
Hæc Vitarva videns, yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy, fy! exclamat, prope nunc victoria losta est.

Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti Monsmegga cracasset:
Tum vero quackare hostes, flightamque repente
Sumpserunt, retrospexit Jackmannus, et ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.
Quod si King Spanius, Philippus nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare Sluissam, Sluissam dingasset in assam;
Aut si tot magnus Ludovicus forte dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,
Ipsam continuo townam dingasset in yerdam.
Exit corngrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Consiliumque meum si non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras scarbato facies, et vos worriabo.
Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stobbatus, greitans, lookansque grivate,
Barlafumle clamat, et dixit, O Deus, O God!
Quid multis? Sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris.

FINIS.

TUCKER AND CO. PRINTERS, PERRY'S PLACE, OXFORD STREET.

00053701

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016